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MY CONSULATE IN SAMOA.

MY CONSULATE IN SAMOA

A RECORD OF FOUR YEARS' SOJOURN IN THE NAVIGATORS ISLANDS, WITH PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF KING MALIETOA LAUPEPA, HIS COUNTRY, AND HIS MEN.

BY

WILLIAM B. CHURCHWARD

LATE ACTING BRITISH CONSUL,
AND
DEPUTY COMMISSIONER FOR THE WESTERN PACIFIC

Late H.M. 14th Regiment.

LONDON:
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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Explanatory — Interview with the Governor of New Zealand—Accredited to Samoa—Arrive in Auckland—Awful Tales of Samoa—Sydney, N.S.W.—The *John Wesley*—The Loafer Brigade—Unemployed in Botanical—Scene in Hyde Park - - - - - 1—8

CHAPTER II.

The *John Wesley* in Trading Trim—Heavy Weather—Off Port Stephens—Gale subsides—Ablutionary Difficulties—Mixed Nationalities—The Inevitable Deported One—Sunday Island—Arrive at Tongatabu—Leave for Samoa—Metis Rock—Arrive at Apia - - - 9—16

CHAPTER III.

Going into Harbour—Visitors on Board—Supercargo's Martyrdom—Call at British Consulate—View of Apia—Roman Catholic Mission—Visit to Consuls—Opinions of Residents—Samoan Idea of the Franchise—Talking Men - - - - - - - 17—25

CHAPTER IV.

Description of Group—Savaii—Mountain Streams—Food-trees—Productions—White Traders—Beachcombers—Having a Baby—Savaii Squires—Monkey Jack—Upolu—Daybreak from the Lagoon—Harbours—Tutuila—Leone—Roman Catholic Church—London Mission Premises — Blow-holes — Massacre Bay — Manua-a Group — The King of Manua-a — Manono and Apolima - - - - - - - 26—43

CHAPTER V.

PAGE

Trip on the Western Road—Asaga—Public Works—Old Fort of Tamuafā—Vaitele—Malietoa's Forts—Destruction at War-time—Political Town Alliances—Agreeing to Differ—First Experience of Kava-drinking—Kava: its Introduction to Samoa—Chewing the Kava—A Drinker's Inside—Unrequited Attention—Ceremony of Presentation—Beachcomber's Improvement on Native Style - - - - - 44—59

CHAPTER VI.

Visit from Malietoa's Chief Adviser—Business before Politics—Benevolent Tekori—A *quid pro quo* in Ambush—King wishes an Interview—Seat of Government—Building, a Sign of Peace—A Heathen Star—Samoan Parliament—Introduction to Royalty—Malietoa le Tupu o Samoa—His Men—Kava and Smoke—A Samoan 'Pooh Bah'—No Money—No Taxes - - - - - - 60—69

CHAPTER VII.

Municipality of Apia—Rowdy Half-castes—Municipal Convention—Magistrate—Native Ideas of Municipality—Police Incidents—Attempted German Autocracy—One-sided Disqualification—Factious Opposition—Restrictions on Liquor—Munitions of War—Hell of the Pacific reformed—White Agitators—Those Tyrant Consuls—Board Members—Indignation Meeting—Hunting up the Demagogues—Pernicious Visitors—New Zealand and Samoan Information - - 70—79

CHAPTER VIII.

Malua College—London Mission Students—Truculent Pastors—Clerical Court—Johnny Upolu: his Case—Samoa annexes the Ellice Group—Stop at Saliemoa—Beautiful Coasting—Arrive at Falelatai—Palolo—Bathing Embarrassments—Unnecessary Apology 80—89

CHAPTER IX.

PAGE
A Row in the Dark—Canoe Company—No Palolo—Extempore Regatta—Omahs—Nearly Capsized—Good-bye for the Time—Remarks on Receptions—Adviser-ship again—Consult the Consuls—Talolos - 90—102

CHAPTER X.

Good Work for a Philanthropist—Official Botheration—Pressing a Princess—Start Across the Island—Bush Track—Monkeydom—Ready-made Board-tree—Tongan Traces—Malietoa—Difficult Descent—Pigeons' Playground—Arrive at Lotofagā - - - 103—112

CHAPTER XI.

Beautiful Lagoon—Community of Property—Begging—Political ditto—Effect of Sun upon Scenery—Tipping—On the Track—Ambassador to America—Arrive at Falelatai—Palolo again—Return to Apia - 113—126

CHAPTER XII.

Meeting with Malietoa—Lauati the Talking Man—I am considered Native Property—Tuiatafu on my Objections—Samoan Oratorical Perseverance—A Tongafiti—German Official Recognition of Malietoa—Twenty-one Guns for the King—Mad after Two Years—Dulness of Life - - - - - - 127—135

CHAPTER XIII.

Sports—Club and Spear—Wrestling—Tigā-tia—Surf-riding—Pig-hunting—Pigeon-catching—A Pigeon buys a whole Family—Sport in Earnest—Indoor Games—Introduction of Cricket—Becomes a Disease—German Objections—Cricket Processions—Two Hundred a Side—Political Cricket—Warlike Cricket—The Electric Circus—Consuls at a Discount—Topsy-turvy Natives—Samoan Imitation—Chance for Salvation Army - - - - - 136—151

CHAPTER XIV.

PAGE
High Commissioner's Court—Limited National Authority —British severely Handicapped—Irresponsible Nationality—Armed Return Labour—Consular Case—Scullery Fight—Britannia's Care for her far-off Daughter—Consular Arbitration—Convenient Witness—The Sliding Rock—Yankee Man-of-War's Men on Shore—A Restaurant - - - - - 152—162

CHAPTER XV.

Rumours of War—Native Signs—Indication by Visitors—Old-hand Prophecies—A Well-informed Man—Signs of Peace—House-construction—Trades Unionism—Stone House—Building Material—Primitive Man—Dragging the Log—Lady Thatchers—A Nailless House—Threatened Bread Famine—Left in Charge - 163—172

CHAPTER XVI.

Fale o le Fe'e—The Devil as Food—Pineapple Obstructions—Ferocious Mosquitoes—Ready-made-Board Tree —Musu-oe—Banyan, its Growth—Tongan Fort—Steep Descent—River Scenery—Philistine Judge—Awkward Travelling—The Hallowed Ground—Seeking the Oracle—Recovered Appetites—Wet Night—Return to Apia - - - - - - - 173—183

CHAPTER XVII.

Succeed to Office—Mysterious Burglary—Smart Prisoner —Cat-o'-Nine-Tails—Support in Affliction—Theft-swearing—A very Precise Thief—Chinaman's Dollars —Hanky-Panky Man—A Modern Cannibal—Making Use of a Friend—Never Cannibals—Queen's Birthday —Flag-wagging—My Portrait Gallery—The German Boy—The Asteroid—Visit to Manono—Girl's Deceitful Trading - - - - - - 184—201

CHAPTER XVIII.

PAGE

Corpus Christi Festival—Grand Ceremony—Why not All Roman Catholics?—Feather-Worshippers—The Rival Lady Companies—Awkward Fix—Outrage at Magia —A Stubborn King—*Diamond* arrives with High Commissioner—Disposal of Fine—Murder of Labourer —Emblem of Civilization—Rehearsal à la Marwood— A Grisly Farce—Royal Prerogative—Ten Years on the Roads - - - - - - 202—215

CHAPTER XIX.

Samoan Value of Words—Samoan Parliament—No Voting —Success to the Strongest—Samoan Incapacity for Self-government—No Benefit from Treaties—No Child of mine—Preference for Great Britain - - 216—222

CHAPTER XX.

Start on a Cruise — Lovely Morning — Saluafata — House-decoration — Papalagi — Preparations for Siva —Samoan Band—Tiny Performers—Warriors at Work —The Pride of the District—Falifā Bay—Beautiful Cascade—White Coral Church—Mistake of a New Chum — Tell-tale Girls — Native Bigotry — Start for Home—Tinted Corals—Blue Lightning—Terrible Squall — Hurricane Sunday — Awful Wreckage — A Sight for an Insurance Office—Cápricious Path of the Storm - - - - - - 223—244

CHAPTER XXI.

A Modern Pirate—Bully Hayes—Very like a Bishop— Steals a Barque and Cargo—A Coolie Spec—Bankok —A Trial Trip to Hong Kong—Diamond cut Diamond —Samoa—Tried and Acquitted—Strong's Island— Bailed-up—Hayes hunts himself—Under Arrest— Crafty Mr. Pease—Manilla Courtesies—Elopes with Yacht and Wife—Fatal Difference with the Cook 245—255

CHAPTER XXII.

PAGE

To Mulifanua—Aoba Boys' Dance—Long Legs—Musical Instrument—War-dances—Resisting the Devil—Tapa Manufacture—Mallet Music—Samoan Music—Mat Drum—The Syrenic Accordion—The Jew's-harp, its Guile—Return to Apia—Sunday Lecture—Secrets of the Boudoir—Ladies Dressing—Horrible Hats—Male Attire - - - - - - 256—269

CHAPTER XXIII.

Murder again—Headless Girl—Tapitouean Sign-Manual—Trial—Suspensory Arrangement—Black-faced Police—Chief Justice shows Signs—Important Arrival—Interested Philanthropy—Five Hundred Dollars' Worth—Those Consuls—Private Annexation—Colonial Misrepresentations—To Utimapu—Bulli-ma-cou—Solafanuas—New Britain Labour—Caroline Islanders 270—279

CHAPTER XXIV.

Utumapu again—Regions Below—Light *v.* Gloom—Fall-climbing—Razor-edge—Stone-heaving—Nineteen Hundred Feet of the Wrong Height—Terrible Travelling—Tropical Freezing—Eagle Mosquitoes—*En route* to the Silver Thread—Beautiful Bush—Banyan Trees—Head of the Silver Thread—Half-way Down Fix—Stinging Tree—Foot of the Silver Thread—Camp out - 280—297

CHAPTER XXV.

Consul in Office—Liability to Insult—Rights of the Britisher—Piratical Visitor—Consuls under Review—Wild Female—British Fetishism—Arrogant Consul—Family Biography—Half-caste Quandary—Consular Mild Deceit—Beauty in Tears—Swimming on Shore—Mr. B. Brown—Wife-retrieving Bureau—A *Rara Avis*—Marriages in Samoa—Attempted Matrimony at Long Range - - - - - 298—309

CHAPTER XXVI.

PAGE
Roman Catholic Talolo—Brilliant Processions—Master of Ceremonies—Privileged Samoans—The Kava-chewing—Delicate Work—My Share of the Feast—Furious Cannonade—High Mass and Processions—Protection *v.* Free Trade—Cunning Councillor—Fish Robbery—Falelatai—Origin of Names of Islands—Woman's Rights—Back to Apia - - - - 310—324

CHAPTER XXVII.

Savaii Squires—Sail for Savaii—View of the Island—Monkey Jack—Two Sorts of Patriarchs—An Awful Liar—Spanish Mike—Bad Travelling—Heat in the Scrub—'Latomai'—Pāla Pāla—Sufferings of the Boys—Lālātēlē—Fagamālo—Return to Pāla Pāla—Awful Back-track—In the Bright Lagoon—Mānono—The Lovely Sālu—Offer of Marriage—Moonlight—Arrive Home - - - - - - 325—334

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Bad News from Tutuila—Manumā *v.* Lei—Old Grudges—Title Names—Declaration of War—Malietoa and the Consuls—Arrival of H.M.S. *Miranda*—Distinguished Old Soldier—Reception Fono—Words upon India—Battles in Tutuila—Entrance to Pango—Fagotogo—Butcher's Bill—Armed Natives—The Two Maugas on Board—Both Sides of a Big Gun—Very nearly a Fight on Quarter-deck—Return with Hostages - 335—346

CHAPTER XXIX.

Troublesome Inquirers—Taupō Visitors—Kava—Duties of Taupōs—Severe Boudoir Discipline—Taupōs Political Valuables—Bread-fruit—Odoriferous Food—Bananas—Yam-growing—Taro—Pork a General Lever—Pig related to Man—Fat Pigeons—Fishing on Reef—'Peasoopo'—Tinned Chinaman—Dog-eating—Samoan Cookery - - - - - - 347—358

CHAPTER XXX.

PAGE

The Maid of Matafangatele—'May' Meeting—Use of Consulate—Picturesque Camping—The Tamaitai Dressing—Umbrella Tree—Missionary Gathering—Food Offerings—Fale-tele—Village Procession—Distribution of Food—Pretty Ceremony—Appearance of Consulate—Ornamented Orange Trees - - - 359—367

CHAPTER XXXI.

Faithless Faa-Piu—Burial Ceremony—Samoan Hades—Spirit Journeys—Unburied Spirits—Extra Pressure—Deputations—Extraordinary Performance for a Government—Samoan Diplomatic Cunning—One-aided Agreement—Another English Petition—Paltry Charges—Kidnapping a King—Weber again—Flag-Hoisting—Nice Picture for a Friendly Consulate—Pulling down the Samoan Flag again - - - - 368—382

CHAPTER XXXII.

Convict Importation in the Pacific—Arrival of a Stranger—Speculation in a Smithy—A Pool of Blood—Double Murder—Watching his Eyes—Discovery of Plunder—German Difficulties again—Partial Confession—False Accusation—Murderer commits Suicide—A Récidiviste—Four Years' Labour—Samoan Petition for my Stay—Official Leave-taking—Malietoa's Farewell Banquet—Farewell Dinner at Apia - - - 383—389

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Description of the Samoans—Disposition—White Intrigue—Adverse to Bloodshed—Respect for Property—Tattooing—Costume—Novel Use for the Union Jack—Outraged British Sentiment—Success of Trade—Women's Dress—Headdress—Hair-dressing—Language—Final Remarks - - - - 390—403

MY CONSULATE IN SAMOA.

CHAPTER I.

Explanatory—Interview with the Governor of New Zealand—Accredited to Samoa—Arrive in Auckland—Awful Tales of Samoa—Sydney, N.S.W.—The *John Wesley*—The Loafer Brigade—Unemployed in Botanical—Scene in Hyde Park.

At the outset of my narrative, I wish it to be understood that it was not intended as a personal biography, but only as an account of my four years' official life amongst the Samoans, which I thought might prove acceptable to my friends at home. I did not even contemplate putting these recollections into print until I perceived the public attention Samoa had attracted within the last two years, and the misstatements made and inaccurate descriptions given with reference to its social and political condition.

Seeing that the subject was one of increasing interest and importance, especially in connection with the progress which it is understood is now being made with the Panama Canal, I determined to collate my notes, and, with the assistance of my diary of

events, give to the public my record of actual experience amongst the Samoans. Should I succeed in drawing sympathetic regard to this amiable and intelligent people, I shall be amply rewarded for my pains.

Although the first two chapters do not treat of subjects actually Samoan, yet I trust their introduction will be excused on account of the story they tell being inseparable from my whole experience.

I arrived at my first notion of going to Samoa after an interview at Wellington, New Zealand, with Sir A. Gordon, then Governor of New Zealand, also Consul-General and High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, with whom I had been in correspondence with the view of obtaining some Government employment. His Excellency informed me, at our meeting, that the only billet he had in view was that of Deputy-Commissioner at the New Hebrides; but the appointment was as yet only in contemplation, and he could give me no idea how long I should have to wait before a decision would be arrived at. At the same time, he said that if I desired immediate employment, he would recommend me for the position of Adviser and Chief Secretary to King Mahetoa of Samoa. He had been requested by the Samoans, when on a visit to them, to send some reliable man to act as their adviser in forming a proper Government. His Excellency offered me the post on its merits, which were small, it being, as he said, held at the caprice of semi-savages, with no guarantee or even mention of emolument. I shall not readily forget the

significant manner in which Sir Arthur closed the conversation on the secretaryship. It was thus: 'In taking over this duty, I must tell you that you will be in a position to do an immense deal of good——' A long pause ensued here, and, thinking the interview was finished, I was about to reply, when he added, in a severe tone, 'and a great deal of harm!' I did not quite like the prospect laid before me, but, being assured by his Excellency that when the Consul at Samoa went on leave, for which he had already applied, I could take over the vacant office with his approval, I accepted the mission.

I was forced to find my own way to the islands as best I could; so, on receiving my credentials, I took the first steamer for Auckland, in search of a ship. There I could hear of nothing going to Samoa, so I determined to go on to Sydney, New South Wales, in search of the means for continuing my travels.

Whilst wandering about making inquiries, I heard the most awful tales of my land of promise, being told on every hand that life there was one continued orgie, and decency very much at a discount. To be thoroughly respected there, it seemed that one must oppose the Consuls in all their efforts to establish law and order, and that no Britisher was worth his salt who did not of stringent necessity defy the High Commissioner and devote to perdition the Deputy and all his works.

All this was so pleasant to hear that I did not think it advisable to disclose my identity, nor the errand I was bent upon, but had serious thoughts of

casting about for some more happily reported country to pass a year or two in, rather than proceeding to a place which some undoubtedly respectable people informed me was the headquarters of all the bad characters of the Pacific who could scrape up dollars enough to get a passage, and whose ranks had been lately reinforced largely by hordes of scamps from Fiji.

The 19th of July, 1881, again found me on board ship *en route* to Sydney, seeking a chance to get to my destination, which was soon found in a smart-looking brig, the *John Wesley*, formerly, as will be suggested by the name, in the Wesleyan Mission service, but now the favourite trader in the South Seas.

The vessel not sailing for a fortnight, I was of necessity reduced to loafing about the town and suburbs, a by no means enjoyable occupation, and a forced amusement in which I very soon discovered I had many companions. I may say, without fear of contradiction, that in their varied ranks could be found representatives of every known profession under the sun, ministers and army men galore, backed up by a large phalanx of gentlemen of no occupation, and sad to say, in some cases, of less principle. It must not be supposed that this army of martyrs is composed entirely of recruits from the Old Country, for there are to be found many unlucky ones from the adjacent colonies, not to mention a fair sprinkling of enforced or voluntary idlers from the place itself. Although this very plump brigade of impecunious and unemployed was visibly strong in numbers, yet I was

assured that I only saw it in a most attenuated condition, in fact a mere skeleton of its ordinary self. This was owing to a great many of the rank and file being employed temporarily by the New South Wales Government in the census-taking for the Colony. The headquarters of these gentlemen in the evening is at the Café Français, in George Street, where, however dismal may be their prospects, brooding over them is never indulged in. Many of them are men of good family, most of them have respectable connections, and a very decent proportion are known to possess professional or mental talent. They invariably appear to be in good spirits, are well dressed, and don't seem to have any coin. A great many of them sing the old hackneyed 'waiting for remittance' song, and all say they are on the look-out for some appointment. Now and then one will tell you in confidence what he expects to get next week through the instrumentality of Mr. Blank, M.L.C., C.M.G., etc.

But, alas! the wished-for never comes, for in the Colonies there is a poor chance of anyone who has not some relation or friend in the Government ring ever drawing colonial pay. Jobbery and nepotism carry off all the plums; an outsider stands no chance whatever. Nor are the colonists to be blamed for reserving all benefices for their own people. They are increasing in numbers in the most rapid manner, and soon there will be the same question as exists at home of what to do with the younger sons, who now are, as a rule, equally well

educated and capable of supplying the demand for qualified candidates for all the Civil Service billets.

A most interesting study of another class of unemployed, the serious, may-be-despondent class, is to be found by anyone paying a morning visit to the Botanical Gardens, a practice of mine to help kill the time before lunch. Standing apart on the rising ground, and casting an eye over the many seats and benches within view, it will generally be seen that they are all occupied; and what makes it strange, is that a seat is very rarely occupied by more than one person. There is no attempt at sociability, but very much the other way. A pair may be seated on the same small bench, but there they will sit moodily, with as much of their backs towards one another as it is possible to present when seated facing in the same direction. All seem to be deeply plunged in thought of the most serious nature, and each no doubt is resolved into a personal internal committee of ways and means, without being able to solve the knotty question of how to provide the necessary sinews of war with which to fight the battle for independent existence. Every now and then one will start up and walk a few paces, but never far, and will either return to his old seat, or sink down in a listless fashion on the nearest one. About mid-day the Gardens become too thronged for these loungers to indulge further, privately, in their woes, so they one by one gradually fade away, goodness only knows where to, and do not reappear until the next morning, which is passed in a precisely

similar manner. Poor fellows! I suppose that the early afternoon company, consisting chiefly of nursemaids and children, with their joyous shouts, laughter, and gambols, but poorly chime in with their own heavy cogitations.

Another equally interesting experience, but with reference to a lower class of life, is to be found in Hyde Park, Sydney. Here, however, it will be seen that there is little or no struggle to keep up appearances, nor is there so great a disposition to brood over misery in solitude. The descent, if there is one, from the Botanical Gardens level is accepted as *un fait accompli*, and the struggle is over; while the ordinary street loafer, whose class greatly preponderates in this locality, has perhaps never known any other method of passing his almost worthless life than lolling about and begging, no doubt varied with periodical retirements to the gaol. As in the Gardens, every seat will be seen occupied; if by only one, he will most likely be stretched out at full length upon it; but generally there will be three or four on the same bench. Judging from the personal appearance of these Hyde Park tenants, inquiry would elicit that they had passed the night there 'sub Jove frigida,' so far as such a thing is possible in this climate. Scattered by twos, threes or more, or singly, will be seen at times more than a hundred men, women and children, who, from the want of a better resting-place, or perhaps from choice, have camped there the whole previous night. Some, however, are most certainly not there for want of money, as occa-

sionally a single man, or perhaps a group, will rise and sluggishly move off to the nearest grog-shop, where having refreshed themselves, they will slope back again to their favourite spot, and swinishly take another forty winks or so. Here these people stay from day to day, and apparently from week to week —for there always seems to be the same number about.

How they live is a mystery to most people, for they never appear to do anything but loll about on the grass; and when tired of lying on their backs, seek grateful relief in turning over on their faces.

It was quite a month before I was enabled, by the *John Wesley* being declared ready for sea, to bid adieu to 'our harbour,' and take my joyful discharge from the noble army of loafers I had unwillingly made one of for so long.

CHAPTER II.

The *John Wesley* in Trading Trim—Heavy Weather—Off Port Stephens—Gale subsides—Ablutionary Difficulties—Mixed Nationalities—The Inevitable Deported One—Sunday Island—Arrive at Tongatabu—Leave for Samoa—Metis Rock—Arrive at Apia.

When I first inspected the *John Wesley*, I inwardly congratulated myself upon my luck in having dropped upon so smart a vessel, affording every promise of a most comfortable trip to Samoa. All that was wanted was fine weather, and that secured, nothing more could be wished for—bar, perhaps, that she were a steamer. Alas for the sight that met my eyes on joining! Where was the spacious poop-deck, white as snow, with all its metal fittings shining brightly in the morning sun, on which I had pictured myself pacing in the most approved nautical manner between the periods apportioned for sleeping and eating? All was changed now, and most distinctly for the worse. She was filled from stem to stern with lumber—timber for Tonga—main-deck and poop. On the latter it was piled up as high as the wooden part of the bulwarks, leaving but a small space clear in front of the companion, and just room

enough for the man at the wheel. These two spaces, with the gratings on both sides of the steering-gear, were the only portions of the ship's deck to be seen. Of course the whole of the top of the timber pile was available, but this sort of perch was by no means inviting. The main-deck was very much worse for travelling upon, being full of spars, planks, and casks of all descriptions, in the stowing of which security was more studied than comfort. I did not like the sight at all, and nasty thoughts concerning deck cargoes and overloading would keep cropping up, and unpleasant conjectures as to how the ship would behave in a sea-way with all that top-hamper. However, it was no use thinking about it; I had gone so far, and must go the remainder.

In the saloon things were just as badly crowded. When I last saw it, there appeared right aft a spacious semicircular transom sofa, handsomely upholstered, giving one the pleasant idea of many an afternoon's forty winks, or comfortable lounges with an interesting book; but, oh dear! the chance of such luxuries had been sadly interfered with since then. The whole of the stern portion had been cut off by a rough wooden grating, behind which was piled up in the most inextricable confusion such a cargo of 'notions' as I never saw before, and most probably will never see again. There were chairs, sofas, toys, boot-boxes, hat-boxes, soap, cutlery, millinery, and velocipedes, in a most glorious general mix, on order for the frivolous whites of the Pacific. No Yankee-notion ship ever had a more varied

cargo than we carried. There was no place in which anything extra could be fastened that was not made available for the purpose, to the utter discomfort of individuals wanting to move about. Even under the table was lashed a full-length row of biscuit-tins, which most effectively destroyed any sort of comfort that one might have had when sitting there; for they were so cleverly placed that if one was not particularly careful in depositing one's legs beneath the mahogany, cuticular abrasion was sure to ensue.

This preliminary survey was indeed very disgusting, and the departure of the ship being put off until early the next morning, I went on shore again, returning to my floating museum the same evening. The next morning our troubles began. No sooner were we outside the heads than a gale sprang up, and before night a heavy sea was running, which, with all our unwieldy deck-load, caused the ship to labour heavily. The force of the wind increased gradually, though surely, during the night, until in the morning it was blowing fearfully strong, and the sea running mountains high. Battened down below, the situation was something awful, everything in a frightful state of confusion, thrown about anyhow and anywhere, the state of affairs in general being rather too serious outside to allow interior disarrangements to be much noticed. We could not show a rag more than a small portion of the spanker, just to keep the ship's head up to the seas continually breaking over us. About three o'clock in the morning an enormous wave

broke right on board over the taffrail, carried away one of the boats, and, to make our condition worse, burst through the skylight and flooded the whole cabin; which in one way, however, was a blessing, for it gave us what was badly wanted—a little ventilation. What with bilge-water, parrots, dogs, canaries, magpies, and about fifteen people all sea-sick at the same time, a change of air was sorely wanted. From this to the 25th everything remained *in statu quo*, with the exception of the sea, which naturally became worse and worse from the sustained violence of the blow. The wind was in the most dangerous position, viz. right on shore, and directly from the quarter to which we wanted to go. Not a rag could be shown but that little piece of the spanker, whilst every now and then a great green sea would break right over the ship, pressing her down in the water until she looked as if she would never come up again. She did, all the same; although I imagine that a good many of us would not have minded if she never had, so miserable were all things at that time, with no signs of amelioration whatever.

In the afternoon land was sighted, and yet no change or sign of abatement in the weather; and we retired that evening to our dismal swampy berths, with the consciousness that should there be no favourable shift in the weather, nothing short of a miracle could save us from running on the rocks at Port Stephens, and finishing our voyage on the same bank where the bones of many a tall ship lie bleaching. As luck would have it, we got a shift of wind during the

night; and none too soon, as another twelve hours must have put us on shore without hope of salvation on such a coast. We had run before the storm for nearly five days, and such a time I honestly don't want to pass again.

Although the wind had changed to a favourable one, yet the ship was very uneasy, jumping about on the sea which was still running high, but nothing to what it was when receiving the assistance of the gale. It was about time to seek for a wash, which until now had been an impossibility; I really do not think that anyone even thought of such a thing during those awful five days. Our minds were too full of our miserable surroundings and bodily feelings to find room for expectation of shore luxuries; but now it was the other way, everyone wanted to wash at once, and no portion of the requisite apparatus could be found.

At last I fathomed the mystery, but certainly did not find the ablutionary tackle on board this craft either so complete or so luxurious as on board the P. and O. One first had to get a tin basin from the nigger steward, then go on deck, draw the water from the scuttle-butt, which was found jammed away in some almost impossible place amongst the lumber; and after that, one was at liberty to make use of any part of the ship, bar the wheel or binnacle, as a wash-stand, and to procced at one's own sweet will. When sufficiently washed, those who wished to demonstrate their good-breeding emptied the water over the side and politely handed the empty basin to the next

customer, who was in waiting close at hand; otherwise, the utensil was left just as it was, and perhaps the next candidate was recommended to empty the thing himself.

My fellow-passengers were now visible for the first time; and, with regard to extraction, were as mixed a lot as one will ever get amongst in so small a party. There were representatives of the Australian Colonies, England, Scotland, German pure and Germano-British, colonial naturalized German, half-caste Samoan, to wind up with a nondescript half-caste Pacific Islander and a full-blood African negro in the saloon; whilst the crew were, with one or two exceptions, Danes, Norwegians or Swedes.

Of course there was the inevitable young man temporarily deported by his friends to separate him for a time from scenes of chronic indiscretion. No ship ever leaves for a cruise round the islands without one or more of such cattle. The relations of the one we had the pleasure of journeying with, people of position and wealth, offered our supercargo a large premium to leave him on some desert island or other, so anxious were they that he should not be again exposed to temptation in their neighbourhood.

The usual travelling scientific lunatic, without whom no vessel's complement of passengers is perfect, was also on board. This department was fully represented in the person of a very decent young fellow badly gone upon sugar-boiling, who was travelling with his models as part baggage.

On the 7th September we sighted Sunday Island, the largest of the Kermadecs, a volcanic group lying north of New Zealand, in almost a direct line between that colony and the Tongan group. We were going to land there to look up the solitary occupier, who owed our ship some money; but the wind springing up in a favourable direction, the skipper decided to continue the voyage. On the morning of the 11th we sighted Eoa, the southernmost island of the Tongan or Friendly group; and in the afternoon arrived at Tongatabu, the principal one—our first port of call—and were soon at the anchorage off Nukualota.

Here we stopped eighteen days, during which time I remained the guest of the British Vice-Consul, Mr. Symonds, whose hospitality is a household word with all travellers in the Western Pacific, and to whose kindness I am indebted for a pleasant stay in a new and interesting place. I realized here once again the fact that the world is really not so vast as it appears to be, for on comparing notes we discovered that we were old friends, having met at the marriage of his brother, who was my chum in the old regiment. I did not see very much during my stay, but what I did was of so novel a character that I could, I fancy, fill many pages in recording my eighteen days' sojourn in this my first Pacific Island.

The next day we passed by the Metis rock, an active volcano, starting abruptly from the water, covered all over with sulphur, and from whose sides were pouring clouds of steam and smoke. At night

it presented a grand sight, the whole rock appearing dull red in colour, speckled all over with brighter spots of various densities of flame-colour. It is put down in the old charts as being only 29 feet high, so it must have grown considerably since, as it seems to be more like 290 feet now. On the 3rd of October we sighted the easternmost island of my land of sojourn, named 'Tutuila,' and shortly afterwards came in sight of the central and principal one, 'Upolu.' We were in hopes of getting in the same evening, but the wind falling light we did not arrive off the harbour of Apia until dusk, when, not being able to get in, we stood off until the next morning.

CHAPTER III.

Going into Harbour—Visitors on Board—Supercargo's Martyrdom—Call at British Consulate—View of Apia—Roman Catholic Mission—Visit to Consuls—Opinions of Residents—Samoan Idea of the Franchise—Talking Men.

THE next morning everyone was on deck the very first thing, when we found the ship, which had been standing off shore under the easiest possible sail all night, was about eight miles from the island, which at that distance, and in the weak light, appeared an uninviting, lofty, dull mass of verdure, as dark in colour as a pine forest.

The wind springing up, sail was got on the brig, and soon we were bowling along merrily towards Apia on the first gust of the sea-breeze.

Approaching nearer and nearer, with the morning light increasing apace, we were in time able to distinguish the masts of the shipping in harbour, amongst which, although there were some three-masted ships of good size, were to be distinguished the lofty spars of the ever-present German man-of-war.

Between us and them, with no apparent break, as it were forbidding any too familiar approach to the inside smooth water, was a long line of white foam

stretching right across the bay, from point to point, caused by the heavy ocean swell breaking on the barrier reef.

On the eye becoming more accustomed to the novel sight, a difference could be detected—a small dark spot in the unbroken line of snowy white; and that was pointed out to the uninitiated as the entrance to the harbour.

About a mile off the reef to windward, we hove-to and picked up the pilot, an American citizen, one of the oldest and most respected inhabitants of Samoa, who had been waiting for us in his whaleboat, manned by four splendid-looking Samoans, whose favourable appearance gave me that good opinion of the race that I never after had occasion to change.

Under his charge we made direct for what had appeared to be the small dark spot, which, on close approach, opened out into a deep and sufficiently wide break in the reef, through which we safely passed, and soon were at anchor in deep water within 300 yards or so of the shore.

The anchor was no sooner down than a crowd of visitors, white, native, and half-caste, poured on board, and then began the martyrdom of our genial supercargo.

It was nothing but 'Mr. B. Johnstone! Hi! I say, where are my things?' 'What is the price of copra?' 'Got any hats? I'll take all you have got!' 'Any papers, old cock?' 'Jim Smith's dead!' 'Laurina is looking out for you on shore!' etc., etc. All shouting at the unfortunate man at the same

moment, and creating a din more suggestive of Bedlam let loose than anything else.

Soon, however, after the first burst our friend, in a manner peculiarly his own, had reduced this shouting mob into something like order, when I was introduced to many of the gentlemen amongst whom it was my fate to live for four years.

Bearing in mind the awful tales I had been told during my journey of the sort of men I should meet in Samoa, I scanned my new acquaintances closely, but failed to see anything particularly dreadful about them, either in manner or appearance.

I landed as soon as I had put my things a little in order, and immediately paid my respects to the British Consul, who courteously invited me to take up my quarters at his house pending my negotiations with the natives, to whom I bore letters through him.

My baggage not being ready to hand, I returned on board ship for the rest of the day, when, the decks being pretty clear, I had a good undisturbed chance of viewing my surroundings, the bay and harbour of Apia.

By some authors Apia Bay has been favourably compared with the far-famed Bay of Naples, but the framers of this comparison can only have been to one of the two places. It is doubtless very pretty, but with a scenic effect due to the part of the world in which it is situated, and only to be found there.

The bay opens to the north-north-west, and has a barrier reef stretched right across it from Mulinuu

Point to Matautu, the westernmost and easternmost horns of the bay ; which directions are, in island parlance, termed windward and leeward, on account of the prevailing wind for the greater part of the year standing from the east.

A large break in the outside reef, right in the centre, forms an entrance to the harbour. An inner reef, starting immediately from shore and almost dry at low water, running to about 300 yards in width in the widest part, then falling sheer into deep water, forms, between its edge and the barrier reef, the harbour of Apia.

The name of Apia, applied generally to the whole bay and its various settlements, is in reality but the name of one small part of it, each portion of the beach being known by a separate and distinct name, and always so designated by all resident whites and natives.

The town is situated immediately on the seashore, and consists of a straggling line of European-built houses of all sorts and sizes, placed at intervals round the edge of the horse-shoe bay inland of a fair road running its full length.

A short distance from the centre to leeward the houses are in double row, and form a regular street, some of them of very respectable size and handsome build. Here are the principal hotels and retail stores, also the Municipal Court House and Gaol, over which during the meetings of the Municipal Board the flag of Samoa will be seen floating, significant of the recognition of Malietoa's sovereign rights over all Samoa.

The constitution and working of the municipality of Apia I shall make the subject of a future chapter, explaining the apparent anomaly of a foreign jurisdiction existing in the midst of an independent kingdom.

Farther on are the stores, business premises, and cotton-ginning establishment of the 'Deutsche Handels und Plantagen Gesellschaft der Sud See Inseln zu Hamburg,' a trading company formed on the ruins of the old house of Goddefroy, the erst merchant autocrats of the Pacific, the director of which, combining as he did the offices of manager of the company and consul for Germany, was in his official position judge of his own acts, and thus, aided by the proximity of his liberally furnished men-of-war, was in an unusually favourable position for conducting business.

About the centre of the bay stands the coral European-built Roman Catholic Church on spacious grounds, enclosed within a white wall of masonry, with the quarters of Monseigneur the Bishop and the Marist Fathers.

This Mission owns a large quantity of land about Apia, devoted chiefly to food-cultivation, worked by the catechists. On the hill immediately in rear at Vaea stand their college and another church, approached through a fine avenue of tall native trees; whilst judiciously scattered around are to be seen many useful trees and plants, introduced by these good people for the benefit of those to whom their lives are devoted.

The Mission has also a convent-school for the

education of girls, situated in very pretty grounds to the west of the bay. Here, under the care of the kind Sisters, are trained in civilized habits, and for a future career of usefulness, many girls, whom one only has to see for a few times to appreciate the good work done, to assist in which have been admitted several native Samoan nuns, under the same vows and wearing the same ungainly costume as their white sisters.

One of the greatest compliments that can be paid to these good ladies is to bear testimony that a 'Sisters' girl' can be recognised on meeting her anywhere in the group.

Farther along the beach to the east stands the native church of the London Mission, built of masonry with shingled roof; and I believe it is one of the only two buildings of the kind in Samoa, all the others being constructed on the native plan. Continuing in the same direction, we come to the iron Protestant Church, with the substantial-looking residence of the member of the London Mission resident at Apia almost at the back of it, standing in the midst of a garden filled with many native and exotic trees and plants, both useful and ornamental.

Almost opposite the native church the inshore reef ceases, caused no doubt by the excess of fresh water continually flowing from the river Vaisigago, which empties itself into the sea about 500 yards higher up.

Across the river, about a quarter of a mile still farther east, are the extensive premises of Mr. Ruge, a

most courteous and highly-respected German merchant, close to which the flag-pole at the Pilot Station marks the extreme end of the bay.

The town is built upon an extensive flat, a considerable portion of which at the immediate back is fresh-water swamp, over a large extent of which the salt water flows at high tide. The houses are built upon a hard bank between the swamp and the sea.

The plateau opens out as it extends to the westward, backed towards the interior by rolling foot-hills and ridges of tropical verdure, gradually ascending until they reach the topmost height of the lofty backbone of Upolu, carrying with them the densest bush to the very summit of the range.

To the east the hills appear to close in, coming right down to the coast at Vailele, a few miles farther to windward. Set in the hills far back, at a high elevation, thrown out vividly by contrast with the dark bush background, appears a grand waterfall flashing like silver in the bright sunlight, making a most useful landmark for ships arriving.

Very few native houses are to be seen from the sea; apparently they have all been thrust back by the Europeans, who have wheedled the entire frontage out of the Samoans by means more or less fair.

The next day I landed for good, and was soon very comfortably enjoying the grateful change from the cramped life on board ship.

As it was with the concurrence of the other Consuls—German and American—that Sir Arthur Gordon undertook to procure a suitable man to take

over the Samoan Advisership, I called upon those gentlemen, and likewise upon the most influential inhabitants, who one and all warmly welcomed me. Naturally the subject of conversation was the object of my visit, as to the success or otherwise of which there appeared to be but little difference of opinion.

However, coming backed as I was by the prestige of the gentleman who had sent me, it was thought that at the least I should be able to make a favourable start and get on comfortably for a time; but whether I should be able to overcome the difficulties of assimilating the antagonistic native factions in a general, honest contentment, or to endure patiently the petty intrigues, both Samoan and white, which in a short time would inevitably make their appearance, was quite another matter.

The natives had not long ceased fighting, but, I imagine, loved one another very little more than before; for the peace lately concluded was, I fear, more out of compliment to the foreign Powers who essayed to bring it about than from their own honest desires.

By the peace agreement a dual monarchy was established, one party supplying the King, the other a vice-King, who both presided over a government supposed to be elective, divided nominally into two houses, Lords and Commons, and called Taimua and Faipule.

Their elective system, I found out afterwards, exists only in name, and in all my experience I never found a Samoan who troubled himself a bit about his fran-

chise. The chiefs not only ignore the whole system, but do not stick to the same representative for a continuance; for when one man becomes tired of legislating, home he goes, and up to the seat of Government travels another in his place.

When visiting at the west-end of Upolu once, I inquired of some chiefs of the place at which I was stopping, how they elected their 'Alii tofia'—appointed men—and pointing at the same time to a crowd of men outside, asked whether they were the voters.

The head-man with great scorn replied, 'We are chiefs! Do you think that we should let those pigs have anything to say about who should go to Mulinuu (the seat of Government)? No fear! We three talk the matter over, and decide who shall go; that is, if we think it worth while to send anyone at all.'

Chiefs or no chiefs, the greatest power is most undoubtedly wielded by the talking-men of the various districts, in many cases men of low extraction, but invariably of more than ordinary intellectual parts. These men make early Samoan precedent their careful study; for the more they can illustrate present affairs by ancient references, the stronger they are in leading public opinion, on which they trade. Of course they always speak for their chief, who, according to severe Samoan custom, now rapidly dying out, is supposed never to injure his dignity by speaking for himself.

CHAPTER IV.

Description of Group—Savaii—Mountain Streams—Food-trees—Productions—White Traders—Beachcombers—Having a Baby—Savaii Squires—Monkey Jack—Upolu—Daybreak from the Lagoon—Harbours—Tutuila—Leone—Roman Catholic Church—London Mission Premises—Blow-holes—Massacre Bay—Manua-a Group—The King of Manua-a—Manono and Apolima.

The Samoan or Navigation group consists of an extended chain of islands, eight in number, lofty, and of volcanic formation, varying in area from seven to seven hundred square miles. They are, in fact, a line of extinct volcanoes, of the beauty and fertility of which no one can form a true estimate without a personal visit.

They lie between the latitudes of 13° 30′ and 14° 30′ south, and the longitudes of 169° 24′ and 172° 50′ west. An imaginary line drawn through the centres of the principal islands would be about west by north.

Upolu, the middle of the three principal ones, although smaller in area than its westernmost neighbour, Savaii, is the most important of the entire group, being not only the centre of European and

American commerce for Samoa, but also the collecting port for all the adjacent islands, from whence numerous small craft are continually bringing produce for exportation to Europe or the United States.

Upolu is separated from Savaii by a channel about eight miles in width; whilst to the eastward lies the lovely island of Tutuila, about 40 miles away as nearly as possible on the continuation of the imaginary central line.

Extending this line still farther to the east, it would not be very far from hitting off, at a distance of about sixty miles, a small group of three islands, known collectively under the name of Manua-a, from whence, as Samoan tradition has it, springs the Samoan royal family, and also, as some natives aver, the whole Samoan race.

The names of these three islands are Tau, Oloosenga, and Ofu, which, with Manono and Apolima—two small islands situate off the west corner of Upolu, between it and Savaii—make up the eight islands worthy of especial notice. There are other small islands scattered round the larger ones, but of no great significance.

Savaii, the westernmost of the Navigators, is somewhat rhomboid in shape, and measures some forty miles in length by twenty broad.

Approaching from the east, the island appears to be conical in elevation—the land very gradually rising from the shore and converging towards a common centre from both sides, gives it that appearance; but in reality the interior consists of three parallel ranges running east and west, across which history does not

record that anyone, white or native, has ever journeyed.

The island, like the others of the group, is in parts encircled by coral reefs, which form convenient boat-harbours and shelter for vessels of small tonnage. There is, however, but one so-called harbour in the whole island, that of Matautu, a haven of very doubtful character, and positively unsafe from November to February, when the north-westerly gales prevail.

The coral reef partly surrounding Savaii breaks off to the south and west, when the coast becomes iron-bound both in reality and appearance. The frowning black lava-rocks and cliffs, against which the vast billows are continuously pounding themselves into foam, present anything but an inviting face to the passing sailor seeking shelter from the storm, and enforce long, dreary stretches of dangerous navigation before safety can be found.

The inhabitants of Savaii are supposed to number about one-third of the population of the whole group, and reside mainly on the coast in scattered villages of beehive-shaped houses, only one town, Pala-Pala, existing in the interior, and that only about six miles inland in a straight line.

A native road runs round the edge of the whole island close to the shore, which at certain places has to be made use of, the interior being perfectly impassable, owing to the immense rough blocks of lava strewn chaotically for miles inland, rendering travelling a matter of impossibility. This occurs more particularly in the region of Asau, where thousands of acres

are composed of nothing but rock pitched confusedly from the last volcano in action, and but sparsely covered with coarse vegetation and a few cocoa-nuts.

In the rainy season the ground apparently cannot absorb a tithe of the water which falls; then the different mountain torrents fill to the brim, and rushing down to the coast with incredible violence, cut off all communication with the opposite banks for weeks together; but the rains once over they quickly subside into their normal state, which, under ordinary circumstances, is little more than a chain of water-holes, and often not even that.

The traces in the beds of these mountain streams show very plainly what they can do when in a mischievous mood. Trunks of large trees, torn no doubt from the ranges above, about thirty or forty feet long, are to be seen perched aloft on pinnacles of rocks, evidently carried down by the resistless force of the flood, and left stranded on its subsiding. It seems incredible on viewing the thin babbling little brook at one's feet, not deep enough to drown a mouse, that on occasions it could develop energy sufficient to perform such marvels.

The whole island, from the top of the mountains down to the very seashore, is densely covered with bush, in the midst of which, on the mountain-slopes, flourish timber trees of a very large growth, which must turn out to be of great commercial value when means are provided for bringing them to the coast.

Besides timber trees, cocoa-nuts grow most luxuri-

antly all along the sea-coast, but decrease in yield the farther they recede from it.

The only article of native production worthy of mention is copra, the dried kernel of the cocoa-nut, sold to the traders at from 1½ to 2 cents per pound, and conveyed to Apia in small collecting craft, whence it is shipped to Europe or America in bulk. There the oil is pressed out, and the refuse made into cattle-feeding cake, or sold to the manufacturing confectioners, who convert it into that bygone sticky delight of my youth, most gorgeously coloured pink and white, known under the name of cocoa-nut rock, and many other juvenile delicacies.

There are a good many white traders on Savaii, stationed at various points, collecting for the several firms at Apia in Upolu, who supply them with goods of all descriptions to use in payment for native produce, for which every now and again they have to account to their principals, receiving so much for the copra they deliver as is determined by agreement.

All these men are married either 'Faa Samoa'—Anglicè, according to Samoan custom—which in the eye of the law means nothing at all, or have been properly married at their own consulates, if they possess any; when, as a matter of course, in the latter case their children are recognised as subjects of the nation to which they themselves belong. It is not often that you can get these men to talk much of their antecedents; and if they do, there is every reason to take their statements *cum grano salis*. But take them all in all, they are not nearly so bad

or such abandoned characters as people make them out to be.

Although in most cases rough, they are in their way kindly inclined towards all men. The greater part of their misdoings is distinctly attributable to the malign influence of square-face, which is to be procured direct from Hamburg at the marvellously cheap price of about eightpence per bottle. This is the vile, poisonous trade gin, one of the principal articles of barter all over the Pacific, and which has caused so much desolation amongst the various native races.

Inquiring once for a certain trader in Savaii, I was told in the most serious manner in the world, 'Oh, you have no chance of seeing him. He is across the bay having a baby!' Seeing my astonishment, it was soon explained to me that such an expression was merely a synonym for going to bed with a case of square-face and not getting up until it was all consumed.

I can from personal experience mention amongst the Savaii Squires—as these British residents in that particular island have been styled from time immemorial—some good men and true who, although occasionally wild, were never really vicious, and in their chequered life could only be accused of doing harm to themselves.

John Stowers, better known as Monkey Jack, was one of the best. He is dead now, but has left behind him full and abundant proof of the fact that a beachcomber can be a worthy man, having well brought up

a most respectable family, the sons to mechanical trades, the daughters being as well educated as the opportunities of the country permit. They are proud of their British descent. Monkey Jack was in fact the patriarch of his neighbourhood, Amoa, and a man of no small influence with the Samoans about him, to whom in one way or another, through his children or wife, he was related. His house, a stone one, built by himself, always was, and is now—in the hands of his widow, a pure Samoan—perfectly at the service of any traveller, especially if British.

Another Squire of note, named Jack Keys, lives some distance farther up the coast, and is reported to be a man of means; and though rough to look at, is a straightforward and plain-dealing man, who probably owes his prosperity to minding his own business, and showing common-sense in not scattering his hard-earned dollars in too much dissipation.

Another friend of mine, William Crichton, a most respectable man, lives a short distance still farther to the westward. He is legally married to a pure Samoan, and has already brought up one family in great respectability.

Other gentlemen of the same occupation could be mentioned, who, not actually bad, at the same time cannot boast of many virtues beyond the ability of somehow getting out of scrapes with the same facility as they get into them, and whose nicknames, though perhaps appropriate, would not look particularly well in print.

Altogether, I can fairly say that during my four

years' tenure of office the Savaii Squires gave me little or no trouble. They received me well and hospitably when amongst them; very soon forgot their woes if their fancied wrongs were not redressed exactly as they thought they should be, and were always respectful in their way, although I did represent, to them, that abominable tyrannical High Commission, and had to be, as they termed it, 'down upon them' every now and then for infractions of its regulations.

Upolu is the middle island, lying to the eastward of Savaii, and separated from it by a channel about eight miles in width from reef to reef; and although somewhat less in area than Savaii, boasting only of an acreage of five hundred and eighty square miles, is by far the most important of the whole group. It is about forty-five miles long, having an average breadth of fourteen miles. At the east end, as seen from the sea, prominently stands up in all its solitary glory a flat-topped, conical-shaped volcano, Totua, rising to a height of about two thousand five hundred feet, and forming an unmistakable landmark. On the slopes of this mountain, as also on the crater itself, flourish timber trees of great age.

From end to end of the whole island runs a high mountain ridge, as it were a backbone, the centre of which lies more to the south than the north coast. In some parts this ridge is flattened out on the top into extensive table-lands, whilst in others it merely rises from the one side to descend immediately on the other.

The sides are plentifully supplied with spurs running

in every conceivable angle from the main chain, and forming numberless gullies of great and precipitous depth, scarcely ever penetrated by even the searching rays of a tropical sun, which afford a happy hunting-ground for the fern-hunter, and descend in some places to the sea in a series of table-lands or ledges, some of large extent and susceptible of moderately easy conversion into agricultural land for the growth of any tropical plant. In other cases, after a preliminary short but sharp drop, the land falls away towards the seaboard very gradually, spreading out within a mile or so from shore into almost level land, of which, with the exception of the Falita plains, about twelve miles eastward of Apia, there is little or none in the whole group. The extreme east end of the island of Upolu is very rough and mountainous; nearly all communication, except occasional foot-traffic, has to take place by sea; whilst to the west are to be found large tracts of land capable of being made commercially productive.

The mountains, as in Savaii, are densely bushed from the very summit right down to the water's edge, finishing there in a thick belt of cocoa-nuts.

The soil generally is very rich, that collected on the table-lands especially so, and is of the most productive nature. It is of a deep chocolate-brown in colour, and consists of decomposed lava mixed with a large proportion of decayed vegetable matter, the deposit during ages of the products of perhaps the most rapid-growing bush in existence.

Sailing along the coast inside the reef through the

calm amethystine waters, the view of the land is really grand. Stretched out beneath the awning, the boat moving smoothly and steadily, with no more perceptible movement than if she were standing still, the motion of travelling seems to be transferred to the shore, which to the mind appears to be passing by in ever-changing beauty and panoramic procession. It is, indeed, like a scene from fairyland; and if viewed at sunset or daybreak, the picture baffles all true delineation.

After travelling perhaps all night in the boat, a practice very much in vogue to avoid the heat of the sun, some unaccountable and indescribable sensation warns the traveller that day is about to break. Soon, imperceptibly and gradually, the hills to the eastward, until now barely to be distinguished against the sky-line, begin to adopt some defined form and shape, becoming every moment more clearly outlined against the dull gray sky. If such a term is allowable, there is now a sort of tangible light diffused around—a light to be plainly felt, inducing the same sensation that takes possession of the observer during a solar eclipse.

Soon the clouds hanging above the hills become flecked and spangled with bright gold and pink, all objects on the previously dark hillside grow momentarily more and more visible, whilst the close approach of the ruler of the day is announced by huge, spear-like, fiery-coloured beams of light thrown defiantly high aloft from behind the sombre mountain-ridge, now more sharply cut out

against the rapidly brightening sky, swiftly changing her cold gray mantle for one of azure-blue of wondrous depth, the promise of a lovely day. How dark and dismal about this time appear the deep valleys and gullies formed between the mountain-spurs, the whole sides of which are by force of contrast thrown into a profound shade! They convey the idea of black spots on a black ground, indistinguishable, yet to be seen.

Now the illuminated clouds begin to lose their splendid tints, which, slowly fading away, finally leave them altogether in their everyday robes of fleecy white; the radiating bars of fire springing heavenward from the mountain gradually lose their form and colour, and slowly melt away into nothing; and the lofty peaks and ridges having for a short period been gayly adorned with a purple and orange fringe, absorbed by degrees into the general diffusion of light so rapidly in progress, old Sol in all his glory springs into sight with a bound, and as rapidly a grand transformation scene is presented to the beholder.

The whole country wakes into life, as it were, by magic. The inky waters assume at once their lovely amethystine hue, and stretch their placid course shorewards to meet in friendly embrace the bright white coral sand now sparkling joyously in the sun's glancing rays.

Here and there, as it were protesting in sullen and threatening silence, like so many goblins of darkness viciously, though powerlessly, resenting the

advance of light, lie scattered numerous jet-black rugged volcanic rocks, serving by their dismal colour only to bring into greater prominence the splendid and joyous awakening of Nature all around.

Behind, again, is the shore proper, deeply fringed with graceful cocoa-nut palms, whose lofty heads, proudly erect, crowned with their elegant lace-like leaves, seem to keep watch and ward over the many beehive-like native houses peeping out here and there from amongst their tall stems.

The brighter green foliage of the bread-fruit and bananas greatly assists, with its varied shades of shimmering green, in proclaiming Nature's great bounty in providing pleasure and rest for the eye, and at the same time support for mankind's bodily requirements in the shape of food. The magnificent colours of the bright bush flowers, scattered indiscriminately about, leave but little to be desired in forming a beautiful picture, worth going to a great distance to behold. The sun is now high enough to disperse all the gloomy shadows of the hillside, and its searching rays have penetrated the deepest gullies—a short time since so forbidding and harsh in the half-light—and the country-side stands forth in all its graceful contour. Elevated plateaux rise, one above the other, to the very summit of the mountain-range, covered with luxuriant forests bright and smiling in the morning sun, and these no doubt, at no very far-off time, will discover to the people who have the enterprise to provide the means, their at present unworked treasures.

Upolu is much better off for harbours capable of accommodating vessels of respectable size than her companions, with the exception of the grand harbour of Pango-Pango in Tutuila. Of all the other harbours, Apia is the largest, and can contain twenty or thirty full-rigged vessels without crowding. Saluāfātā can accommodate with safety vessels of good size, whilst on the south coast Falealilii and Lefagā in a minor degree are available for commercial purposes.

We now come to Tutuila, the most eastern and smallest of the principal islands, about forty miles from the nearest point of Upolu, and considered to be the most beautiful of the trio. It is seventeen miles long and about two hundred and thirty in circumference, nearly cut in two in the centre by the great indentation forming the renowned harbour of Pango-Pango.

As in Upolu and Savaii, it has a range of mountains running its whole length, with spurs at all angles right down to the seashore, leaving at any spot but little margin for the Samoans to locate their villages. The whole island is densely bushed down to the water's edge, or to the edge of the perpendicular cliffs that every here and there show a considerable drop to the ocean-level. Every little space available, however, is taken up by the native settlements, which peep out so prettily from all sorts of unexpected points amongst the avenues and groves of cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, and bananas, made gay with the variegated tints of the numerous dracænæ and Ti-tree foliage, and the bright-coloured flowers of the ever-present scarlet

and yellow hibiscus, assisted by many more humble bush companions.

The principal town is Leone, situated in a bay of that Italian-sounding name, observable from a great distance by reason of the gleaming white spire of a large Roman Catholic Church in the very centre of the town, built after the European model. There is a small reef there, but only of sufficient size to form a boat harbour; all vessels wishing to communicate having to anchor outside.

Quite close to the Roman Catholic Church is one of the largest and finest Protestant Chapels in Samoa, built and used by the London Missionary Society, to whom so many thousands of Pacific Islanders owe their rescue from heathendom, and admission to the blessings of civilization. All churches built under the auspices of this society are constructed upon the native model, the only departure from which is in the walls, made usually of stone and lime-mortar, or a sort of concrete, instead of posts and blinds.

To the right, looking into the bay, perched upon the southernmost headland, a black volcanic cliff about forty or fifty feet high is the residence of the London Missionaries' representative in charge of the island, whose hospitable doors have received many a European visitor with a simple and hearty welcome, and where many a Samoan has had the great benefit of good advice for his mental ailments and medicine for his bodily ones.

The coast-line of Tutuila is particularly bold and irregular, and what sheltering reefs there may be are

confined to a few insignificant boat harbours in the various coastal indentations.

Elsewhere, the ever-restless billows are day by day and hour by hour with unsparing violence hurling themselves against the jet-black rocks, throwing on high their snow-white foam, rendered all the brighter by the contrast with the sombre colour of their objects of attack.

At many points on the coast where the liquid lava fresh from the crater has irregularly cooled, caves have been formed with openings to seaward, running some little distance inland, and communicating with the upper level of the cliff by a shaft or crack of natural formation.

The advancing wave, rushing headlong into the cave below, forces itself and the confined air into the upright shaft, which resembles a funnel, and expends its full force with a dull roar in throwing a column of snow-white, feathery spray high into the air through the topmost opening, only to fall back on its retirement, and *da capo* so long as the tide will permit. There are many blow-holes such as these on the south coast of Savaii.

A short distance in a westerly direction is Massacre Bay, unenviably notorious as the scene of the so-called massacre of M. de Langle and eleven of the boat's crew of the exploring expedition under the command of La Perouse, in 1787, which gave the Samoans for some time, and until the arrival of the first missionary in 1830, the character of blood-thirsty savages. This, like many other massacres

reported, if the truth were known, would be found to have been more of an outrage on the Samoans than one committed by them. Anyhow, it is acknowledged that the quarrel began with the slaughter of a native visiting the ship who had been detected in some slight act of theft by the French ; but no statement has ever been made of the lives lost by the natives in return. They only carried out one of the first and best known laws of nature, not to say a scriptural injunction, and, to show that it was merely what they considered to be a just act of retaliation, the bodies, as is not the invariable custom amongst Pacific Islanders, were left unmutilated.

About sixty miles east of Tutuila will be found the nearest island of the Manua-a group, containing an area of about ten square miles ; a very rough island covered with the usual Samoan verdure. And separated from it by an inconsiderable channel of about a quarter of a mile wide, lies the second-large one, Oloosenga, rocky in the extreme, about twenty-four square miles in area, some three miles long, with a breadth in parts of not more than five hundred yards, precipitous on every side. On the south-west, close to the water's-edge, a perpendicular precipice rises quite to the height of thirteen hundred feet ; and on a narrow strip of land between its foot and the sea stands the town, which in time of war the inhabitants desert for the mountain, some eighteen hundred feet above.

Six miles easterly, again, lies Tau, the principal island of the small group, boasting of about a hundred square miles.

Here, although belonging to the Samoan group, the people have a king of their own, and their own laws, and, keeping pretty much to themselves, neither interfere with politics on the other islands, nor are interfered with from them.

Although the people here are as civilized as those on the other islands of the group, they still retain with regard to their royalty many superstitious pagan customs, such as not permitting the King to drink water, bathe in the sea, or walk anywhere; which, should he do, and many other things necessary in common life, misfortune is supposed to be sure to befall the community.

From this island springs the royal family of Samoa.

About three miles off the easternmost end of Upolu lies the small island of Manono, connected with the larger island by the same reef. It is triangular in form, rising very gradually from the sea-level to a height of about three hundred feet.

In consequence of having to support a large population in proportion to its size, some nine square miles, frequently of old left to its own resources in fighting times, every available space is cultivated; in fact, it is one entire garden.

From its position it is, and always was, of the greatest strategic importance in war-time, being handy both to Upolu and Savaii, either for offence or defence.

In troublous times the defenders almost surrounded it with stone walls, loopholed for musketry and carronades, several of the latter being carefully stowed away in the houses.

From their insular position, necessitating more frequent use of canoes and boats, the inhabitants of Manono have attained the character of being the most proficient seamen in Samoa; and in fighting-times the Manono fleet is considered to be of no small advantage to the cause it embraces.

About two miles from Manono, and belonging to it, lies the small island of Apolima—Anglicè, the hollow of the hand—a perfect natural fortress in itself. It is the summit of an extinct volcano; a small portion of the crater-wall has fallen down to the sea-level, and forms the only entrance into the interior, which bears the character of being the most prolific piece of ground for its size in the whole group. It is well watered within by a never-failing running spring, which produces without effort everything that its about a hundred regular inhabitants require, together with an abundance to spare for trade purposes.

Its highest point is about four hundred and seventy-two feet above sea-level, and its precipitous side, upon which there is no landing, running sheer down almost perpendicularly into deep water, forms a complete barrier against invasion.

In old times the method of defence was a rope stretched across the narrow opening, which was drawn tight on the enemy's canoe trying to enter, thereby capsizing the occupiers into the water, when they were easily disposed of. Although the Manono men have once or twice been driven out of their island, they have never been ejected from their ironbound fortress, which, like Gibraltar, is always ready to stand a siege.

CHAPTER V.

Trip on the Western Road—Asaga—Public Works—Old Fort of Tamuafã—Vaitele—Malietoa's Forts—Destruction at Wartime—Political Town Alliances—Agreeing to Differ—First Experience of Kava-drinking—Kava: its Introduction to Samoa—Chewing the Kava—A Drinker's Inside—Unrequited Attention—Ceremony of Presentation—Beachcomber's Improvement on Native Style.

9th October, 1881.

SHORTLY after my arrival I took an early opportunity of exploring the surrounding country, and by way of becoming acquainted with my new neighbourhood, I rode out on a voyage of discovery on the Western road.

Immediately on leaving the town it becomes nothing more than a bush-track, curving in and out beneath the lofty cocoa-nut trees and bananas belonging to the Roman Catholic Mission.

The Asaga creek is an ugly piece of swamp, covered with salt water at high tides; but a mass of fœtid black mud overgrown with dismal mangroves at low water. We crossed on a very roughly-built causeway with a bridge of primitive construction in the middle of it, joining on to the path on the other side, the first and, at the time, the only pride of the Municipal Board of Works.

Rough though this work is, it is an inestimable boon to the travelling public, as, before it was constructed, wading was the only way of crossing this filthy spot.

About a mile from home we came to the fort of Tamuafā, the scene of the infamous massacre of July, 1877. It was now in a ruinous state, but still the high earthen parapets and ditch remain distinctly to be seen, standing as monuments to native trust and white man's perfidy — passing under the title of diplomacy.

Crossing a very briskly running little river, bounding out with startling suddenness from the dense dark bush and disappearing as quickly again in a sharp curve amongst the thick bananas on its way to the sea, and passing, on a broad road, through the German plantation of Vaitele, with the sea close on our right hand, we again plunged into the bush, and in about an hour arrived at Malietoa's outposts, erected during the late war, and constructed in the most skilful manner known to Samoan military engineering.

There was altogether, I should say, about a mile and a half of encircling parapet built up of the best material to hand, sometimes stones, sometimes logs; at other places there would be a combination of both.

At different points, towers built up of logs were erected to give an overlooking defence, whilst every here and there—whether intentionally or not I can't say, but rather imagine not—were run out projecting works giving a flanking advantage for repelling a direct attack on the front line, which was continued right down to the water's edge.

To prevent the enemy from creeping round in their canoes and taking the shore-position in rear, were six block-houses of heavy logs built in the water on piles, and extending at regular intervals in a straight line to the very edge of the reef, a distance of quite a mile, which would have rendered a good account of any sly attempt at an advance upon Apia.

In the old times, before the introduction of fire-arms, the natives not using bows and arrows, and the war-club not being a weapon of greater range than its own length, immediate personal encounter and close fighting were necessary. Since, however, white civilization has conferred upon them, among other doubtful blessings, the repeating-rifle and revolver, they rarely get within range of each other's guns, and make a great deal more fun over little damage to human life.

The sight, though, of a native town after the enemy has paid a visit is very dismal. Everything that would burn has passed through the ordeal of fire; and if there has been time, the growth of forty or fifty years of food-trees has been ruthlessly destroyed, leaving the once smiling and cheerful little town a heap of blackened ruins surrounded by the stumps of cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees that it would take at least two decades to replace.

One thing, however, that must be placed greatly to the credit of the Samoans is that they do not intentionally kill women or children, although with them a decent-sized boy in war-time stands a very good chance of man's treatment.

The women, even when the two opposing armies are facing one another with deadly intent, pass to and fro between the belligerents without molestation, visiting their relations and friends on either side.

The inhabitants of each town seek marital alliances in as many other towns as possible, the farther off the better, so that they would have friends in any part they might wish to go to, and allies in case of war.

Some districts on the approach of war will agree to differ amongst themselves, especially if the scene of operations is in their neighbourhood. They will divide into two parties, and join the fighting on opposite sides. Thus they preserve their lands and property, whichsoever side may win, and besides that, have friends in court when the war is over.

About a mile beyond the forts we came to a pretty little village, where dismounting, we entered one of the houses for a chat.

We did not know the people, but, as is customary in Samoa, where hospitality is almost a religion, as travellers requiring a rest we were made as welcome as the resources of the place permitted.

After shaking hands with the gentleman of the house, and the two ladies we found there, clean mats were spread for us to recline upon; the usual visitors' compliments were delivered, and responded to by the stereotyped apologies, peculiar to the country, for not having anything sufficiently good for our acceptance.

Having brought a piece of Kava-root with us, it was duly presented to the goodman of the house,

who after eying it for a minute or so, in a similar manner to that in which a connoisseur at home would a glass of wine, and making many complimentary remarks thereupon, sent for two girls to make a brew.

This was my first personal experience of Kava-drinking; and I think that before proceeding any further, I may as well initiate my readers into the mysteries of the brewing thereof, which partakes of the nature of a ceremony at all times, and on great occasions of a mysterious rite.

The plant *Piper methisticum*, producing the root from which is manufactured the national drink of Samoa, is a sort of pepper growing luxuriantly all over the group.

Its proper Samoan name is 'Avā,' which somehow or other has of late years adopted an initial K. This innovation, however, is not generally in vogue amongst the natives themselves.

The same article in Fiji is called 'Yanonga,' and Samoan tradition has it that it was from thence it originally came, at the same time as the sugar-cane. The story reads thus:—In old times, by some means or other, a Samoan girl went to Fiji, where she married a great chief, and lived with him very happily for a long time.

At last she became homesick, and determined upon returning to her country as soon as she could. When all her plans were completed, she looked about her to discover something to take back that might be useful to her countrymen.

One evening, after searching all day without success

and becoming very tired, she sat down at the foot of a small mound and fell asleep.

Two plants only were growing on this mound, with none other near them.

After sleeping for some time she awoke, and spied a rat gnawing at the stem of one of these plants. Soon after, the rat desisted, curled himself up at the foot of the plant, and went to sleep. From this the girl drew the conclusion that this plant was calculated to comfort the body, so she determined on taking it with her to Samoa. This was the sugar-cane.

Still watching, not long afterwards she saw the animal wake up, and burrowing in the ground at the foot of the other plant, come forth again with a portion of its root in his mouth, which he commenced to chew with great relish. The effect of this last plant on the rat was very different to that of the first. He now became bold and strong, whereas before he was weak and nervous.

This she saw would be good for her people, and accordingly determined upon taking that plant with her also. In course of time she departed for Samoa, and arrived at Savaii, the westernmost island, where she took up her abode, having as a neighbour a great chief, who had just received the first fowls yet known in Samoa. The sugar-cane here drops out of the story altogether.

On landing, the woman planted her Kava, which grew with exceedingly great luxuriance, and was immensely coveted by this neighbouring chief, to whom, however, she refused a single plant.

At the same time she was very anxious to acquire some of his fowls, in order to raise a brood of her own, and he in his turn refused her one single hen ; wanting no one to have fowls but himself, as she in a similar way wished that no one but herself should have Kava.

At last they came to an agreement, to the effect that on her presenting him with two roots of Kava, he should in return give her two hens.

The exchange was accordingly made, neither, however, intending to act fairly in the matter ; for he gave her old birds who could not lay, whilst she, equally cunning, gave him two dead roots.

It was a case of diamond cut diamond ; each party complained to the other that the articles supplied were worthless ; but each being bent on satisfying their individual desires, matters were at last settled by the woman giving the chief two good Kava roots, and his returning the compliment with two laying hens. Subsequently he married, and she married ; each had their family, who on leaving the parental roof took with them both fowls and Kava, and in their turn their children did likewise : and thus these two articles became spread over all Samoa.

The Kava root, when in good order, is somewhat saponaceous in nature, cutting smoothly and easily, and is used both green and dried, in which latter state it will keep for any length of time, and becomes an article of commerce, fetching at the stores from two to three shillings per pound, according to quality and supply.

Without Kava-drinking nothing necessitating the

assembly of two or more individuals is correctly done in Samoa. Its presence is expected and *de rigueur* on every social occasion, and is associated with every occupation, be it manual or political.

When visiting, it is the correct thing to take a root by way of a present to the person called upon, who, on graciously receiving it, will send for his girls, and instruct them immediately to get a bowl under weigh. If none should be brought, and the host should have any, it will be all the same—the inevitable beverage will be produced; and should he have none, profuse will be his apologies for not being able to entertain his guest properly.

It does not matter what is the incentive, whether it be in political or everyday life, Kava is omnipresent and indispensable. It even follows the working-parties to the bush, where, seated in the shade, the untiring damsels will preside over the festive bowl, for the refreshment of their relations working round about them.

The preparation of Kava in Samoa is different from that practised in the neighbouring groups of Fiji and Tonga. In the former it is chewed solely by the boys, whilst in the latter it is against the law to chew it at all—a missionary innovation, I believe. There it is pounded between two stones, or grated.

In Samoa it is invariably chewed by young girls. None but they are permitted to chew Kava, for strangers or guests, or upon any public occasion. A native in the retirement of his own house, requiring a stimulant, will at times avail himself of the services

of his wife, should there be no girls at hand; but this would not be considered proper before strangers.

Each and any maiden in a town may be called upon, without any chance of refusal, to make the brew; even a strange girl passing by may be pressed into the service, and will obey without a murmur.

The chief Kava-maker is always the maid of the village, who, by way of conferring distinction on favoured visitors, attends with her satellites on occasions worthy of such condescension.

The necessaries for the manufacture beyond the raw material are the 'tanoa,' or bowl; the 'hipu,' or cup; and the 'fou,' or strainer.

The bowl is made of a very hard red-coloured wood, either circular or oval in form, more frequently the former. It is of all sizes and depths, and invariably supported on four short thick legs; the lower part of the bowl, as it stands on a level surface, nearly touching the ground between them.

Some bowls, from constant use, become magnificently enamelled with an opalesque deposit precipitated from the liquor used, short though the time is that it is ever allowed to remain there.

This enamel accumulates but slowly, beginning at the bottom of the bowl, and is susceptible of a very high glassy polish. On every occasion after use, a well-kept bowl is carefully polished up with a soft piece of tapa, until in course of time it presents the appearance of an enormous concave opal framed in a dark-brown border—the flat edge—and forms a very

handsome and unique ornament, much sought after by visitors.

It is said, I imagine jokingly, that the stomach of an inveterate Kava-drinker in course of time becomes similarly encrusted; and I have also heard it said, with what veracity I must leave the reader to judge, that there once was a man who when in that condition caught cold, and whilst sneezing cracked his enamelled inside, and died.

The 'hipu,' or cup, is the lower half of a cocoa-nut shell scraped thin and polished, sometimes highly ornamented. It is used for apportioning out the Kava.

The 'fou,' or strainer, consists of a bunch of vegetable fibre produced from the bark of a tree of that name, and is used for the purpose of straining and separating from the Kava in solution, all particles of woody fibre that will not dissolve.

On special occasions, Kava-drinking partakes of the nature of a ceremony, and is carried out on the most serious lines.

Dressed in their best, the maid of the village and her attendants will be perceived seated in a row in the centre or at one end of the house of assembly, with the 'tanoa,' 'hipu,' and 'fou' before her. At the bidding of the chief, some pieces of Kava root will be given her; after a little dressing to remove any worthless part, she or one of her fair companions will slice them into convenient pieces for chewing, which, after carefully rinsing their mouths, they will all proceed to do.

Now is the time for a young man to show his polite breeding, perhaps with the idea of inducting himself into the good graces of one of the lovely damsels sitting ruminating the Kava in a most unsympathetic, stolid and business-like manner, by stepping up and assisting in the cutting department.

However well he may do this, his attentions are received without the smallest semblance of thanks. If perchance a stray glance be cast upon him, it is invariably one of the greatest indifference and most lofty superiority; no acknowledgment of a favour conferred, but very much the other way. Perhaps he gets his reward from these apparently scornful ones after all is over; he certainly does not get it during the operation.

Perseveringly, however, he will continue to supply the ladies with piece after piece of sliced root, until in time it becomes a physical impossibility for the most capacious mouth amongst them to contain any more, and the facial attractions of these dusky ones are considerably discounted by the distended condition of their cheeks. When sufficiently masticated, the Kava is ejected into the hand, carefully held up before the mouth during the process; and after two or three turns in order to consolidate the lumps, they are placed in the bowl with an audible thud, looking, for all the world, like so many egg-shaped masses of damped oatmeal. The attention of the chief is then drawn to the work, to decide whether there is enough material chewed to furnish Kava for the company present, and for this purpose the bowl is tipped

towards him. If in his opinion there is not enough, he sets the girls to work again ; but if he is satisfied, the proceedings pass on to the second stage of manufacture.

Again the nice young man comes into play. The beauteous damsel selected to continue the process now holds forth her pretty bright-olive hands just outside the house, over which he pours the contents of a cocoa-nut shellful of water. She then resumes her position in front of the bowl, and grasps the 'fou,' in the folds of which are placed the chewed lumps. Once more the young man is requisitioned to pour water slowly into the bowl, whilst she with many dexterous twists and turns kneads the material vigorously, expressing all the virtue therefrom that her skill and strength will permit. The mixture then assumes a turbid greenish-yellow colour, and bears by no means an inviting appearance as a desirable potation to the uninitiated stranger. The 'fou' is now worked to and fro in the liquid, with a studied elegance impossible to describe, to separate from it all particles of woody fibre that the water does not take up in solution. This being satisfactorily concluded, a loud clapping of hands proclaims the Kava ready.

The third and last act of the ceremony now approaches ; the most important one by far, especially when the assembly consists of people from all parts of the Samoan group, when the greatest care and most consummate tact is required to avoid injuring susceptibilities, or giving offence by any neglect of rights of precedence or custom. Many a quarrel in

Samoa has had its origin in the Kava distribution, merely from one chief receiving the cup before another believing himself to be of higher rank, and as such entitled to prior service.

As soon as the hand-clapping is over, one of the home party, who is appointed a sort of toast-master, and upon whom devolves the duty of correctly distributing the Kava, calls out in a loud sing-song tone of voice: 'Here is the Kava. Let it be shared out!'

One or more of the girls will then arise, and taking in hand a 'hipu,' will present it to be filled by the one in charge of the bowl. This is done by plunging the 'fou' into the liquid, and squeezing the contents into the cup, which for the purpose is held over the bowl.

Even in this simple performance there is found room for the display of considerable grace, the bearer swinging the cup away from the bowl, and returning it to its former position; on each occasion the 'fou' is recharged in time to receive the next squeeze, and so on until the cup is filled. She will then face about, and, with the cup held delicately by the farthest rim level with her dimpled chin, and with raised arm, stand in a most charming attitude of expectation, awaiting the crier's instructions to whom she is to take the cup. He, of course having made his arrangements beforehand, calls out at the top of his voice with a loud introductory shout, the more prolonged the better, 'Oh!!!!! a cup of Kava for ——!' mentioning the name of the highest individual in rank, to whom our bronze-tinted Hebe, with all dignity possible,

crosses over, and standing in front, cup in the same position, bends down elegantly, at the same time lowering it with a grand sweeping motion until it reaches the recipient's hand.

She then, with the prettiest air of studied humility, stands back and to one side, awaiting the further pleasure of the individual she has just assisted, who either returns the 'hipu' to her, or skims it along the matted floor with more or less dexterity towards the bowl, the highest aim of which practice is to make it stop exactly in front of it. Some Kava-drinkers are past-masters in this method of return, putting a rotatory motion on the cup that brings it up, still spinning, exactly on the spot required. And thus the distribution goes on until all have been served.

There can be no doubt that the preparation of Kava, as practised in Samoa, is in the abstract repugnant to European tastes and ideas, and that there is every excuse for entertaining a sensation of disgust with regard to it; but nevertheless, as a fact, it is not very long before the feeling wears off, and the stranger takes to the national beverage as kindly, if not more so, than the native himself. The aversion to the operation of chewing the root is made vastly more easy to be overcome by the visible and careful precautions taken to assure perfect cleanliness; whilst the appearance of the girl herself who performs this duty, the very incarnation of purity and glorious health, together with the graceful manner in which she does her work, go a very long way towards reconciling the tyro to patronizing a practice which,

under very slightly different circumstances, he would never be brought to consider at all without loathing.

The taste of the beverage to the virgin palate is by no means tempting, being somewhat of the flavour of soapsuds with a curious twang of ginger about it; leaving, however, after swallowing, a not unpleasant sense of smoothness in the mouth. Nor does the dismal colour of the liquid assist in any way in its pleasurable introduction to the débutant in Samoan dissipation. It is a perfect outrage to the critical eye, a turbid, nasty looking greenish-yellow, and only differs in degree of repulsive appearance accordingly as it is brewed from the green or dry root. It cannot, however, be denied that it is a very appropriate drink for the climate, being a moderate stimulant, and at the same time an astringent and a very useful diuretic. When taken in any great and long-continued excess—and immense must be the effort to attain the effect—it produces a sort of scaly skin disease, more especially to be noticed amongst whites, and also a most unsightly condition of the eyes. Intoxication of a peculiar and local nature may be produced from indulging too freely in this flowing bowl, but can only be arrived at when the patient's system is thoroughly saturated with the seductive fluid, and in this desirable condition of body he imbibes an inordinate quantity with but little time between drinks.

From the hips upwards all will be correct and as usual. The head will be perfectly clear, but on the experimenter essaying to rise, he finds that he has entirely lost the use of his lower extremities, render-

ing it impossible for him to stand, much less walk. His legs are as much good to him as wooden ones, and about as sensitive ; and in this state of helplessness he has to remain, until the baneful effects of his excess wears off.

It does not take very long for a new arrival to become a convert to Kava, in spite of the predetermination invariably indulged in to abstain from, as is at first considered, so uncleanly a habit ; whilst most old stagers are never without a full bowl somewhere near them, taking it as strong as it possibly can be made. There are tales of improvements by papalagi (whites) on the native manufacture, such as blending it more or less with square gin, even to the total exclusion of water, to make it a little more satisfying to European taste, thus providing temporary agreeable paralysis for the rest of the body in addition to the legs. I have also heard of 'painkiller' and laudanum being added to make, as was stated, the stuff more comforting ; but this was in Tonga.

CHAPTER VI.

Visit from Malietoa's Chief Adviser—Business before Politics —Benevolent Tekori—A *quid pro quo* in Ambush—King wishes an Interview—Seat of Government—Building, a Sign of Peace—A Heathen Star—Samoan Parliament—Introduction to Royalty—Malietoa le Tupu o Samoa—His Men—Kava and Smoke—A Samoan 'Pooh Bah'—No Money—No Taxes.

10th October.

In answer to the letters I had brought for the King and Government of Samoa, informing them of my arrival and its intended purpose, I received a visit from the King's chief adviser, a very intellectual-looking man of advanced age, named 'Tekori.' It was from him that I had hired my horse for yesterday's trip, so before we entered into public matters we squared up the account between us. He would not let me pay the full price agreed upon, returning me half with much talk, of which I did not understand one single word.

Of course at the time I was not acquainted with the manners and customs of the country, and permitted this refund, not wishing to offend the gentleman. As I afterwards discovered, it was a very bad move; for unwittingly I had put myself into the old

fox's hands, who, having conferred a favour, was, according to his custom, put quite at his ease in demanding one from me in return ; nor was it long before he did so.

After we had finished our private affairs I was officially informed that his Majesty, King Malietoa, had read his letters, and would be most happy to see me at my convenience. Accordingly I started off the next morning for Mulinuu, the seat of Government, to make my first official acquaintance with the people to whom I was accredited.

The Government buildings, differing in nowise from ordinary Samoan houses, I found were situated in two long rows, running the entire length of a narrow peninsula, which forms the leeward or west end of Apia Bay. In public offices one generally looks for something above the ordinary style of house ; but here the distinction was noticeable in the inverse ratio, for they were one and all inferior-looking in every way to the tenements in other parts of the town, and in some cases were mere temporary shelters, the whole surrounding districts being very untidy. This was public property, and had so often changed hands during the wars, that, although peace had been for some time proclaimed, no one felt quite at ease, or cared to embellish a place, or to go to work erecting good buildings on a site, from which he might be turned to-morrow. There was very evidently no real sense of security of tenure or visible sign of a Government that had time or money to devote to public works.

Building good houses, no matter where, in Samoa has always been the best sign of genuine peaceful intent, and says a great deal more than can be told by word of mouth; and so long as the people are content to live in makeshifts, and neglect appearances in their villages, so sure is it, in spite of what any native may say, that a repetition of disturbance may break out at any time.

About half-way along the peninsula, on the sea-side, looking right across the bay, a break is made in the line of houses, permitting the formation of a large public square, in the midst of which is erected the Government flag-pole, on whose summit was flying the Samoan standard—a red flag with a white cross, bearing a five-pointed star in its upper canton. It must have been an oversight on the part of the Christian flag-inventors when a heathen star was chosen for the Samoan symbol.

Arriving at this square, I was met by old 'Tekori,' my friend of yesterday, who, after a great hand-shaking, escorted me smilingly across the green towards a house in which I could see seated a large number of men in solemn conclave, without any movement amongst them but the monotonous swing of the fly-flaps with which each individual was armed.

Arrived within a few yards, three of these men, who I afterwards discovered were leading chiefs of Malietoa's Government, came out from the house, advanced, shook hands, and ushered me into the centre of the room, where I was formally introduced to his Majesty, who rose and received me in a very friendly

manner, bidding me welcome, and requesting me to take a seat by his side on the mat.

I found him to be an intellectual and pleasant-looking man of about forty years of age, with a very agreeable and subdued manner of address, without the slightest suggestion of the savage about him. He also gave me the idea of a studious man, in which, as I afterwards found out, I was not mistaken. His distinctive name, 'Laupepa,' signifying sheet of paper, would point to that inference, but I never could satisfactorily ascertain whether it was given him on that account or not. As a fact, he was educated at the London Mission College at Malua, and wished to lead a peaceful life; but his high birth would not permit it. By force of circumstances he was obliged to put himself at the head of his family. It was only late in life that, in a great political crisis, he consented to be tattooed, to unite his people, some of whom refused to serve in a cause the head of which did not possess a warrior's first qualification.

He was attired, as were nearly all the rest, in a white shirt, and wore a lava-lava of tapa, or native cloth, very full round the waist, secured there with a white girdle of finer stuff, a dress invariably worn on State occasions, and one that admirably suits the light-bronze faces of these people. A good many of them wore necklaces of the scarlet fruit of the 'pandanus,' and nearly all were seriously puffing away at their 'seluis,' or short cigarettes of tobacco wrapped up in a piece of dry banana-leaf, duplicates of which were to be seen carried behind the ear, handy for future use.

On looking round I found that there were quite fifty of these dignified gentlemen present, with each of whom it appeared *de rigueur* that I should shake hands. It was impossible not to be much impressed with their gentlemanly manner and bearing, not conventionally so, but perfectly natural. Without the slightest show of servility, there appeared in their address, humble though dignified, an earnest appeal for goodwill towards themselves, and for assistance in something that they greatly desired, but were conscious of their inability to effect without kindly help. There was not one unhandsome face amongst them—nothing whatever of the Papuan about them; and they were really as fine a body of men as one would wish to see.

Seated cross-legged on the mats for some length of time in dignified silence, which it appears is a conventional preliminary to all Samoan meetings, the time hung heavily, until his Majesty's scribe commenced a speech of which I could not understand one word, and managed by signs to tell them so.

Of course I had expected to meet an interpreter there. A messenger was then despatched to find one, and in the meantime Kava was produced from a neighbouring house.

I wished in my heart that they had kept it away, for I had no very pleasant recollections of my first bowl, when I registered an inward vow not to encourage what, at the time, I thought to be so very repugnant a practice.

Little did I think then that it was in the remotest

degree possible that I should ever be able to overcome my dislike to the beverage or its process of manufacture, and take to it as regularly as any Samoan; yet such was the case, and in no very long time either. During my whole stay in Samoa, I don't think I met one white resident of more than two months' standing who had not in a greater or less degree become a convert to the use of the national beverage.

Not wishing to offend, especially at the first start, I dubiously swallowed the nauseous draught, then hastily continued my previous occupation of exchanging smiles with my dusky friends, or rather exchanging for theirs what I intended for smiles, the pleasant appearance of which I was rather doubtful about. I soon recovered my peace of mind, however, and was patiently awaiting the arrival of the interpreter when my martyrdom began again.

I was in the full swing of an animated bout of pure English and dumb-show for the benefit of a splendid fellow who had monopolized me for some time, when a very lovely young lady, probably the one who had made the Kava in the adjoining house which had so nearly proved fatal to me, came gracefully in, stooping low before the assembled chiefs, and sitting down in front of me, from behind her lovely ear produced a 'selui' (native cigarette) which she lit up, and after puffing it into a comfortable state of glow between her own sweet lips in the most bewitching manner in the world, presented it to me, and retired in the same stooping position as when she entered.

If there is one thing more than another that I

can't do with any degree of comfort, it is to smoke; it has the most baneful effect upon my constitution possible. And what was to be the result of the mixture of the two abominations in my system? I could only have the most horrible imagination.

I should have liked to decline the obnoxious weed; but presented to me with such ceremony, I felt constrained to accept it, not knowing how great or little importance these people attached to the acceptance or refusal of tobacco from their hands, and which might have made a great difference in my future relations with them.

A non-smoker, I have always observed, when he does venture on a weed, labours over his contract to a most unnecessary degree; and so it was with me. I managed two strong pulls at my smoke, and that was enough. On top of the previous atrocity I had swallowed, the sensation was simply dreadful. Not even the presentation to the exalted position of heir-presumptive to the Samoan throne would have induced me to take another draw—and position was what I had then come about.

I was much too confident in my attempt to appear sociable at all points, basing my ideas of the immediately destructive effect of tobacco upon the strength of the ordinary British article, of which I thought I could stand a puff or two without exposing my weakness.

This material was, however, a nefarious manufacture of their own of prodigious virtue, which took all the presumption to pass myself off as a practised smoker fairly out of me.

When I recovered my breath, and wiped the moisture from my eyes, I found that my position as centre of interest had increased in extent, but whether for the better or the worse I could not gather.

The King, however, seeing my embarrassment, signed me to put away the deadly 'selui,' and I was not long in obeying his Majesty's first command.

An interpreter shortly afterwards arrived, and my business began. The King's chief talking-man uttered a long string of compliments and fulsome thanks to Sir Arthur Gordon for sending me, and to myself for having come, to help so insignificant a people in their struggle to qualify themselves as a nation before white men (*sic*), and to become as civilized and as enlightened as they through communication with friendly Powers. The letters they had received were then produced and read, and by general consent proclaimed to be highly satisfactory and encouraging to the Samoan future, to which they all looked forward with the most patriotic hopefulness.

They were glad to meet me there that day, which they said was but preliminary to my official recognition, which would take place after my position was properly fixed by the entire parliament in a sitting soon to take place.

I noticed throughout the proceedings that there was not the slightest apprehension of the possibility of my declining the appointment, and the assumption appeared to be that they were in receipt of a very

useful sort of present that they had been promised, and of which they intended to avail themselves when it suited them.

This did not, however, suit me, for not a word was said about remuneration or duties, so I made a few inquiries anent these subjects.

Concerning the former, I could get no straightforward answer except that they were very poor, but would see what they could do when their assembly met; whilst as to the latter, there was no difficulty in deriving full information—I was to do everything. Pooh Bah in 'The Mikado' had no offices at all, compared to mine.

I inquired whether they had any Government funds, and was answered 'No; but they would soon get some.' 'How were they to be got?' 'By taxation.' 'Had they any system of taxation in force?' 'No; but they had discussed the matter often.' 'Would the distant provinces consent to paying taxes?' 'They did not know, for at the present time they were not all of one mind. The people in some parts were suspicious, as the taxes raised formerly had been kept and spent by the officials, and also had been paid away to white men who had told them lies.' 'Had they tried to collect taxes since the last peace?' 'No; they had been waiting for Sir Arthur Gordon's promised man to come and show them how to do so properly.' 'Had they any published and recognised law?' 'Yes; but up to the present time they had ruled themselves mostly according to native custom. They were as

yet not sufficiently wise to carry out the laws the whites had recommended for them.'

After a lot more conversation of the same tenor, I again underwent the ordeal of shaking hands all round, and left them to themselves, saying I would write to them as soon as I had made up my mind on the matter, a remark they did not appear to understand.

CHAPTER VII.

Municipality of Apia—Rowdy Half-castes—Municipal Convention—Magistrate—Native Ideas of Municipality—Police Incidents—Attempted German Autocracy—One-sided Disqualification—Factious Opposition—Restrictions on Liquor—Munitions of War—Hell of the Pacific reformed—White Agitators—Those Tyrant Consuls—Board Members—Indignation Meeting—Hunting up the Demagogues—Pernicious Visitors—New Zealand and Samoan Information.

THE establishment of the Municipality of Apia is a British institution, due almost entirely to Sir A. H. Gordon, when, as British Commissioner for the negotiation of a treaty with Samoa, he visited that place in August, 1879.

In effecting the Municipal Convention he was cordially assisted by the German Consul, who saw equally the necessity for such an institution.

The Americans were but lukewarm in the matter; in fact, objected to it. Their Consul, however, provisionally agreed to it; but up to this day the Senate have not confirmed his action. Previous to the convention, law and order were quite at a discount in Apia.

The Consuls had a certain amount of control over their own countrymen, who, however, obeyed their

decisions, for want of proper appliances, just as they pleased; but there were in the community many whites of no nationality whatever, or with no representation, who were responsible to no one, and acted accordingly.

A particularly rowdy half-caste population had sprung up, who led the natives into all the vices of their beachcombing progenitors; the sale of liquors of the vilest and most maddening description was permitted, without restriction, to natives and whites, amongst whom were many men whose very existence depended upon disorder, and who occupied their whole time in fostering it. It was, according to report, a very pandemonium, and at that time well deserved the name of the 'Hell of the Pacific!'

Under the convention the Government of Samoa gave up all jurisdiction over the town, harbour, and neighbourhood of Apia, within certain defined limits; the power to be invested in a Municipal Board consisting of the Consuls and their nominees, one apiece.

This Board was authorized to levy rates and issue licenses for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the government of the municipality, police, etc., and for carrying on the necessary public works, such as gaol, roads, and bridges.

A magistrate was to be appointed, who, within certain limits, could impose fines and imprison for breaches of the regulations, and who also had charge of the police and prisoners, superintending all public labour. At his court, always sitting, investigation

of complaints and redress of wrongs could be obtained by any and every one.

The magistrate in Apia, however, has no pleasant billet. The undeserved abuse that is being continually heaped upon him by a certain class of whites, of degraded principles, and the vexatious obstructions that such men are for ever throwing in the way of his carrying out his duties, would deter many a good man from remaining long in the position. The natives are easily managed, and very rarely give any trouble. At first they imagined that the new rule was established for the purpose of squeezing dollars out of them; but soon they came to understand its intention, and seek its assistance for protection against foreigners, and redress of wrong amongst themselves.

As usual with native courts, cases occur of a very amusing nature, one or two of which may perhaps beneficially vary the monotony of dry details.

Two natives were arraigned before the municipal magistrate on a charge of stealing cocoa-nuts. The evidence against one of them was most conclusive, he having been found up the tree throwing down the nuts, and on trial he made no defence. Now the noise made by throwing down a nut of an average weight of eight pounds, from a height of thirty or forty feet is considerable, and the thump can be heard to a long distance; yet the second man, who owned to having been at the time within a few yards of the tree from which the plunder was taken, most manfully stood out that he heard nothing, saw nothing, and, moreover, was

not in the prisoner's company. He was quite accidentally on the spot, and was attending to nothing but his smoking. The convicted one was asked whether this innocent was not in partnership with him in the robbery, and answered most emphatically that he was not, and that he knew nothing at all about him; whereupon the magistrate acquitted No. 2, and gave No. 1 a term of imprisonment. As soon as this decision was given the prisoner declaimed loudly against alone being punished, when the other man, who had planned the job with him, got off scot-free; but after his evidence nothing could be done, so the *de facto* gentleman had to suffer alone. Shortly after his release for the cocoa-nut robbery the same two men again faced the judge, this time for a most barefaced theft of bananas. No sooner did the culprits toe the line in front of the Municipal Rhadamanthus, than, before any charge could be made or word spoken, the man who had served his time for the first robbery burst out in vigorous speech as follows:

'Last time I was in this court I did not tell the truth, and said that my companion here did not steal with me, and I got locked up alone for that of which he was as guilty as I. This time I mean to tell the magistrate the whole truth of the case, so that all the guilty people shall be punished. This man at my side now, arranged with me to steal those bananas, and stole them with me. He took two bundles—I took one. It is no use his saying he did not; please not to believe him if he does. We

arranged it together, and we stole together. Lock him up !'

The magistrate's salary is nine hundred dollars per annum, and the pilot's eighteen hundred ; whilst the treasurer would realize about two hundred.

The municipal funds are derived from the imposition of licenses for stores, hotels, and businesses of all descriptions, in proportion to the value of the trade done ; also upon handicraftsmen and professional men of all kinds, doctors and clergymen excepted. Besides these, there is a rate exacted of not more than one per cent. on all property within the limits, from which, however, churches, schools, and native holdings are exempt—the latter tacitly so, although liable ; and also a levy of harbour dues and quarantine fees, which, together with the magisterial fines inflicted, make up an annual revenue of some five thousand dollars.

One of the first restrictions forbade, under heavy penalty, the supplying of liquor to natives of any Pacific island ; the beneficial effect of which regulation was immediately felt. Also the reckless sale of firearms and ammunition received a most necessary check, to the great and loud-spoken indignation of the purveyors thereof.

It is most difficult, if not impossible, to compel strict observance of the former regulation, there being a lot of blackguard half-castes in the place who do not come under this restriction, and who are useful in procuring liquor for their mother's side of the family ; and also an African native or two who live upon and drive a thriving trade in this practice. It was a

common thing in the evening to see the ladies one after another coming out of the dancing-dens when a sailors' ball was going on, with their mouths full of spirits, which they would eject into the mouths of their relations expectantly waiting outside.

With regard to firearms, long after the prohibition of sale in the municipality, suspicion was aroused that such a trade was going on, and inspection was made in the town, with the view of putting all munition of war under seal, to prevent their sale in Samoa. The inspection brought to light over six hundred breech-loading rifles, sixty-three thousand rounds of ball-cartridge, three tons of powder, and a large quantity of cast bullets.

Salutary regulations were rapidly made and put into force, and soon Apia emerged from its degraded status as the 'Hell of the Pacific,' into a well-ordered district, with a community particularly jealous of the maintenance of law and order; where property and person were as safe as they would be anywhere in England; and whose criminal record would compare most favourably, in proportion to its inhabitants, with any seaport town in the world.

The establishment of the municipality, and the consequent insistence on the observation of law, was obnoxious to a certain class of whites, some of whom were of doubtful antecedents, and had found it convenient, for reasons more or less private, to repudiate their home obligations, and seek the great and hitherto irresponsible freedom of Samoa. To these men the settlement of Samoa meant ruin, at all

events so far as their living at ease on the troubles of others was concerned.

Having no stake or interest in the country, beyond filling their pockets anyhow, and caring nothing who lost, so long as they held some sort of position whereby dollars could be ever so doubtfully obtained, they were ever at work inciting international animosities and ill-feeling towards the municipality, both from native and white sources.

A great amount of nonsense was continually being publicly talked about popular representation, '*vox populi*,' 'freedom of election,' 'Consular oppression,' etc.; but when any of the agitators was requested by his Consul to take a seat on the Board, and render him his valuable assistance in legislating in the most popular manner, a refusal was certain to be met with, and it was ever with great difficulty that the Consuls could persuade anyone to sacrifice his convenience for a few hours each month for the public benefit, and assist in the duties of the municipality.

One or two of them did try it, but sang very small when the really responsible business came on, and the amount of abuse they had to endure after each meeting of the Board, when they were put through a lively course of cross-examination by their friends before what was called the beach 'parliament,' caused them very quickly to throw up such a thankless billet.

One instance of a general meeting in Apia, got up by people who had nothing better to do, will suffice to illustrate the value of all such. It was to protest against the rates and licenses.

The instigator was a German who, the whole time of his residence, had never paid a single rate or one halfpenny of license, from which he was by profession free.

The meeting, as a matter of course, took place at one of the hotels, where, after much beer, a protest against pretty nearly everything was drawn up, duly signed, and forwarded to the Consuls, who could not constitutionally see their way to notice it favourably, and in due course returned an answer to that effect.

A meeting to receive this answer, and to discuss further proceedings—which, by-the-bye, were threatened to be of a most severe nature—was advertised by placard to assemble in full strength, and pass the usual vote of censure upon those arbitrary Consuls and all their works.

Punctually at the time fixed upon, the saloon-keeper had got his place brilliantly illuminated, and lots of beer handy for the refreshment of these Apian Magna Chartists, who from that night forward were going to revel in revolution.

One hour elapsed, but not one demagogue had put in an appearance ; nor did one even of the figurative thousands of an indignant populace who were to support his ravings arrive. Becoming impatient after another half-hour's law, off started the publican down the street in search of his meeting.

He found some of the agitators in the road calmly taking their evening stroll, others in various saloons refreshing themselves in a most unfair manner to him, and discussing anything but politics. He lost no time

in informing the doughty leaders that if the public indignation meeting did not come off soon, he would put the 'qualified' lights out, and they might go somewhere else to boil over.

He managed to rouse some ten or so to a sense of what a Consularly outraged and downtrodden community required of their leaders, and started them off to the scene of the demonstration that was to be.

By way of beginning business, a dozen of beer was put on the table, which was duly discussed as a 'shout.' A little pleasant desultory conversation then took place, when, no more refreshment at the same price making its appearance, the party broke up, and did not assemble again in its thousands until it was time for the discussion of the regular bi-monthly grievance, without which the citizens of the municipality would not be happy, but of which they would hardly be conscious were it not placed before them by such men as those before mentioned, whose loss would be a real gain to everyone concerned.

Incredible as it appears, these agitators received considerable encouragement from outside visitors from the neighbouring Colonies, whose carelessly ignorant maunderings would occasionally appear in the Colonial Press, giving the outside world the most erroneous ideas of the real state of affairs.

These people, some of them of certain professional position, others mere adventurers in search of something to do, would invariably rush headlong into opposition to the municipality, as it was conducted; openly hinting, in their ignorance, that the Consuls

were carrying on an illegal legislation, oppressive alike to both natives and whites.

One gentleman in a responsible position in the Colonies told me that the general Colonial impression was that the whole system was the creation of the Consuls, who paid themselves out of the money levied from the people.

In fact the fuss and bother the Colonies, New Zealand in particular, have made lately over Samoan affairs would have been very much more justifiable had they, previous to crying out, taken the trouble to obtain correct information concerning the country and its method of government.

CHAPTER VIII.

Malua College—London Mission Students—Truculent Pastors—Clerical Court—Johnny Upolu: his Case—Samoa annexes the Ellice Group—Stop at Saliemoa—Beautiful Coasting—Arrive at Falelatai—Palolo—Bathing Embarrassments—Unnecessary Apology.

13th October.

THIS morning, G. and I started away with a boat's crew of Samoans on a cruise to the westward.

Stopping at Mulinuu to pick up our Kava-girl, a mischievous little chit of about fifteen years old who wished a passage to visit her friends somewhere in the direction we were going, we coasted along lazily in the sunlight until we came to Malua, the headquarters of the London Mission, where is situated the college of the establishment, presided over by Dr. Turner, the senior member, who made us heartily welcome.

Here are always in residence some fifty or sixty Samoan students, training for teachers and missionaries. When qualified, which takes a course of four years, they are either set to work at home in Samoa, or sent to the different islands of the Pacific whenever required to assist in the good work.

These Samoan teachers are to be found almost

everywhere, and almost invariably well sustain the best characteristics of the amiable nation to which they belong, and do credit to the noble efforts of the gentlemen who have rescued them from ignorance and heathendom.

The principle upon which the London Mission works is, I believe, not to preside over the Samoan Church, but to educate the natives to a fit and proper condition to conduct their own affairs, affording them every assistance in their power for so doing. This, in my humble opinion, has been let go just a little too far.

Many of the pastors, as they are called, feeling the great power over their more ignorant countrymen that education has given them, cannot curb their ambition, and beyond their missionary influence assert a sort of temporal authority, ruling the districts in which they live with a veritable rod of iron, and in a manner worthy of the old Presbyterian ascetics. The following is an instance of their interference in matters not concerning them :

'Johnny Upolu,' the chief of our Municipal Police, was a pure-bred Samoan, and one of the most intellectual men in the group ; a chief of his section and deacon of the church, of which he was the most forcible and favourite preacher. He could speak English, and was very often in my house, discussing Samoan affairs in general and seeking news.

Amongst other subjects of conversation the question arose, from him, as to whether the Samoans required the aid of missionaries any longer.

He said that this had for some time past been the subject of many great discussions amongst the pastors and church members, and that they had almost arrived at the conclusion that they were now sufficiently educated to get on very well by themselves.

Shortly after this, Johnny Upolu, in the strict execution of his duty, had occasion to roughly handle a Samoan who resisted arrest.

In a few days I noticed that our usually smart and active Chief of Police was wandering about on his duties in a very slack manner, avoiding everyone as if he were conscious of having done some shameful act, and could not look anyone honestly in the face: so I called him in, and inquired what was the matter.

He informed me reluctantly, after much pressing, that his pastor had turned him out of his position in the church, and that consequently he felt degraded in the eyes of all his compatriots.

It appeared that the man whom Johnny had arrested was a close relation of the pastor's, who on the absurd plea, justified from some obscure Bible-text, that he, Johnny, had spilt blood without a cause, had held a sort of court, and taken his family revenge in the manner above stated, not only unfair to the man but most detrimental to the efficient carrying out of the police duties in the municipality.

This interference with public duties of course could not be endured; and on complaint being made, the tyrannical clerical verdict was quashed, and Johnny, reinstated in his former position, was soon going about his business as smartly as ever.

It was not long afterwards that I received a visit from him, when he referred to his former conversation about Samoa not requiring further missionary assistance.

He said: 'You remember what I told you some time ago? Well, since I got turned out of the church for doing my duty, we have had several more meetings on the subject, and have come to the conclusion that it would not be a wise thing for the people to get rid of the white missionaries; for if they went away there would be no one to keep the pastors in check, who would do just as they pleased, and we should be their slaves. No! we want the missionaries to stop with us.'

A case of another good man gone wrong is that of a minister of the rebel party, a native Christian who, whilst professing to be a most devoted follower of the King, got hold, it was reported, of a copy of the petition to England, and sold it to the Germans for thirty dollars, which gained him the name of Judas from the Samoans, who are most apt in bringing Biblical incidents into comparison with latterday occurrences, and never miss an opportunity of doing so. Their Bible knowledge is extensive; and woe to the man who enters into discussion with them on such matters, for it is very certain to end in his confusion.

This man, after his alleged thirty-dollar perfidy, perverted his educational attainments for a peaceful mission to the very opposite, and became one of the most ardent advocates of bloodshed.

Another ex-Maluan graduate, who had been

relieved from the cares of his district for presuming too much on his position, went to the Ellice group, which he formally annexed to Samoa in the name of Malietoa.

His forte appears to have been geography. On arrival he hoisted the Samoan flag, and at once proceeded in the most free and easy manner to tax and fine the islanders all round—his idea of the duties of a Viceroy.

On the natives, a very peaceful set of men (in any other place his reign would have lasted no longer than the time it would take to swing a club), asking him his authority for these doings, this worthy man seated himself on the ground, and drawing a circle round him, divided it into four quarters, and from the centre thus held forth to the newly annexed: 'This spot on which I sit is Samoa, which has treaties with all the Great Powers, who must accordingly do as Samoa wishes them.' Pointing in succession to each of the four intersections of the quartering lines on the circumference of the circle, he continued: 'And here are Great Britain, Germany, America, and France. If Samoa is disobeyed, Malietoa has only to stretch forth his hand, and these people will come in from all four sides and force the Ellice men to do what he orders.'

It is, I am aware, the fashion to contemn missionary work in the islands, attributing all sorts of unworthy motives to it; but wherever that is met with, investigation will invariably discover that there exists some interested cause for the abuse.

I, personally, have found all missionaries that I have had the privilege of dealing with, men of sterling zeal and probity, interfering in no way in affairs beyond their strict sphere of action ; and I am most happy to have an opportunity of acknowledging how greatly I am indebted to them for many little but important assistances in social Samoan problems, of interest to myself and most useful in directing my public relations with the natives.

When we re-embarked it was raining, but the wind being favourable, we were constrained to refuse many kind persuasions to remain under shelter, and pushed on.

Setting sail we stood out from shore to get into deep water, and reap the full advantage of the wind. It was soon evident to me that neither the crew nor the coxswain knew much more about boat-sailing than letting her go anyhow before the wind, which now began to be felt both squally and strong, and at last, on our following the coast-bend, almost headed us.

When within about a hundred yards from the reef, on which the sea was pounding heavily, I suggested to our skipper that we should go about—a manœuvre which no one appeared to understand. It was soon too late to do it, so I tried to make them lower the sails ; but even that they could not do, but sat staring at one another like so many idiots. So I had to do it myself, and only just in time to avoid a smash that might have proved more or less unfortunate.

After this we stuck to rowing, and seeing that it was impossible for us to reach our intended halting-

place before very late that evening, we put in at a place called Saliemoa and took up our quarters, 'faa Samoa' (according to Samoan custom), at the very first house we met.

We soon got a meal under way, after which our hosts erected a small square tent of native cloth, suspended from the roof at one end of the house, under which we crept, and upon a pile of soft mats were soon enjoying the repose of the weary, in spite of a terrible odour emanating from a masi-pit (rotten bread-fruit used as food) just opened somewhere in the immediate vicinity.

The next morning we were up at daybreak, and were off again on our journey. The day was very hot, with no wind; so with awning spread we rowed slowly, having a panoramic view of a most lovely coast, resplendent with an indescribable wealth of colour, its brightly glittering snow-white beach of coral sand tenderly limiting the affectionate approach of the timid blue water.

Every surrounding seemed peaceful and joyous—with a sensuous kind of joyousness, not of energy, but of a most beautiful dream; it was impossible to realize that this same slumbering coast had been but a few short months ago swarming with tattooed demons, almost naked, with hideously painted faces, shedding each other's blood merely for the lust thereof.

The snugly pretty and comfortable-looking native brown houses, at one place just peeping out coquettishly from amid the brilliant green thickets of

bananas and bread-fruit groves, at other places boldly perched upon the many scattered rocky promontories, with their inhabitants circulating amongst them in pursuit of their individual daily duties, gave to the entire *coup d'œil* that amount of sense of actual life which alone was required to make a most perfect picture.

Nor was there wanting some gratification of the sense of hearing, if it were not too hypercritical; for from the unseen tapa-workers rang merrily out on the morning air the not unmusical cadence of their clanging hammers, whilst beating out the mulberry bark for their future adornment.

About three miles to sea was Manono, with Apolima her sister, and eight miles away, looking a rich purple in the distance, towered skywards the lofty mountains of Savaii, more interesting spots for visiting at some future time.

Keeping still inside the reef, in about another hour we arrived at our destination at the windward end of Falelatai, where we intended to pass the night in the house of a chief, a great friend of G.'s, and, under his auspices, assist in the Palolo catch which was due for arrival on the morrow.

The Palolo is a very curious thread-like sea-worm, appearing in the reef-openings once a year, only for the single hour immediately before sunrise. On their arrival the natives assemble in their canoes and scoop them up in bailers of all sorts, esteeming them immensely as an edible delicacy.

The Samoans can calculate to a moment when

their arrival is due, by observing the juxtaposition of the moon with a certain star. However, should they not appear upon that day, they can be safely calculated upon to arrive that same day four weeks.

This fishing, one of the romps of the season, is looked forward to by both young and old. When collected, the natives send the Palolo all over the island post-haste, as complimentary presents to one another, in the same manner that presents of game are made in the old country.

On arriving at the house, we were unfortunate enough to find that the good-man was absent electioneering. But that was of no consequence; his wife and daughter, a very fine specimen of Samoan beauty, were at home, and received us with all the signs of a hearty welcome.

The girl, as is Samoan custom, was at once told off to look after and amuse us, and well she performed her duty during our too short stay.

Our first care was to get a fresh-water bath, if possible. So off we started, under the personal guidance of our young friend, who would not be contented without carrying all our dressing-tackle and clean clothes to a pretty lagoon in the bush, where, donning the native lava-lava, we enjoyed a most splendid tub; our guardian angel sitting in the pool at the same time, washing the clothes we had taken off.

There was something so refreshingly innocent about the whole transaction, that I almost overcame the bashfulness so nearly overpowering me in such a situation, so novel to all my previous experience; but

when the obliging damsel volunteered to scrub my back with her own nut-brown hands, I must say all my pristine awkwardness returned, and I moved in haste to the opposite side of the pool.

What would the good people at home say to such a sight? One thing I learnt there, and that was never to lend a Samoan young lady your soap, if you wish to see it again. It is her recognised perquisite, and she will think it very mean if you ask for it back.

The bath over, we returned escorted as before to the house, where we found that our kind hostess had prepared a good feed for us. Having to rise very early the next morning for the Palolo, we turned in under the mosquito-screen erected for us, and soon were balmily slumbering ; but not before we had heard the lady of the house apparently speaking to her friends of what was really meant for our ears, and bewailing how grieved she was that she could not make us more comfortable, or give us better food, and boasting of what she would have done had she only known that we were coming.

I thought it a most considerate method of apologizing, although unnecessary, for it spared us all the bother of explaining that we could wish for nothing more satisfactory than she had already supplied us with.

CHAPTER IX.

A Row in the Dark—Canoe Company—No Palolo—Extempore Regatta—Omahs—Nearly Capsized—Good-bye for the Time—Remarks on Receptions—Adviserships again—Consult the Consuls—Talolos.

BEFORE daylight this morning we were aroused, and soon in the boat *en route* for the passage in the reef where the Palolo were expected to assemble in their millions for their annual single hour's outing, either that morning or in four weeks' time.

After an hour's slow rowing in the dark we arrived somewhere, at what particular spot it was impossible to tell; but judging from the heaving of the boat, we knew that we must be where the sea had an uninterrupted passage through the reef, whose immediate presence was announced by the deafening boom of the breakers dashing on it.

We were soon aware that we were not the first arrivals, for, lying on our oars whilst the mysterious change heralding the approach of light was taking place, we could catch occasional glimpses of canoes swiftly and noiselessly gliding about, ghost-like in the murky gloom. It was the hour, just before daylight, when the darkness clings and seems re-

luctant to leave the ink-like black waves, only just to be distinguished in blunt outline against the scarcely less dismal-coloured sky.

A huge smooth oily swell was setting in through the reef-opening, giving the canoes, as they rode over it, the appearance of leaping aloft right out of the water, a sight most bewildering to see. As soon as there was sufficient light, we found that we were in the company of quite fifty canoes of all sorts and sizes, prettily and lightly balancing themselves, for a moment at a time, on the summits of the swells as they sullenly rolled in through the now visible passage, guarded on both sides by an expanse of seething water, where the interrupting coral bars the onward course of the ever-persistent billows.

As the light grew apace everyone there, scoop in hand, prepared alike for business and for a practical joke, which here consists in upsetting one another's canoes; and each one determined, with light heart devoid of all care, to make the best of the most cherished though shortest annual festival.

The canoes now scattered about in all directions, the occupants anxiously scanning the water as they flitted here, there and everywhere in search of the game, but with no result. The little animals had evidently determined upon availing themselves of the four weeks' grace that nature, in obedience to some inexplicable law or in some freak, had granted them.

The natives soon made up their minds, and turning their canoes shoreward, went off at top-speed, regatta

style, shouting and laughing, the devil take the hindmost, to their diurnal occupations; and the last we saw of that merry band was their becoming indistinguishable in the distance under a cloud of spray, thrown up by the desperate strokes of their busily-plied paddles, first one side then the other, in their frantic race for first home.

Against my wish we went out to sea through the passage, intending to return again to its shelter some distance to windward, which would bring us in about opposite to the house where we were staying. There was a very decent lump of a swell on, but nothing dangerous to a good boat's crew.

I knew that these swells in certain localities had an awkward habit, even in the calmest weather, of suddenly developing a crest, making boat-travelling most dangerous. The natives call these suddenly breaking swells 'omahs,' and treat them with the greatest respect.

What causes these intermittent dangers, peculiar to certain localities, no one has as yet satisfactorily explained; but there they exist, and although for a week or more not a break is to be seen, they are liable to rise and capsize a passing boat at any moment.

To make things more unsafe, I saw that the coxswain had taken to flirting with our lovely young friend of the village, who, as in duty bound, was seeing us safely through our perils on the deep. These two were dividing the steering between them, taking charge of a yoke-line apiece, which did not

make me feel any the more at home with the navigation, but it was of no use to object.

We kept about a hundred yards from the edge of the reef, near enough to see well and safely the enormous bodies of water that were continually passing beneath our keel, and which on meeting the opposing reef would rise high in the air, and with suddenly developed mighty crests, furiously dash against the obstacle; then, pounding down upon the unflinching barrier with a thundering crash, rebound heavenwards in myriads of fountains of feathery spray, but only to roll ignominiously back again and rejoin the ocean from whence they came, with a curiously audible sighing, seething hiss, as of powerless and ineffectual hate, each saying, as it were, to the succeeding wave, 'Avenge me; I am crushed, and no longer able to contend.'

Everything went right for about half a mile, when suddenly a great wave with a towering white crest upon it, one of the very identical 'omahs' of note, came rolling in straight to us from seaward. I at once called to our dual steering-gear to throw the boat's head up towards the wave, and to the crew to pull a few hard strokes to give us way to go through it, but neither one nor the other responded; the former left off rowing entirely, to stare vacantly at the 'omah' coming down upon us broadside on, whilst the steering, as I anticipated, should occasion be required for sharp work, broke down altogether, for each part of the dual apparatus tugged frantically

at his and her line, with the effect of producing no steering at all.

How we got through that wave and even survived a second smaller one that followed immediately afterwards, I can't imagine ; I only know that we ought to have capsized.

At last we got safely in through a handy crack in the reef, and arrived at our destination. After breakfast, and a bath—attended, as before, by our dusky chaperon, who this time was given no opportunity for annexing her perquisite, the soap—we sent the boat on to meet us at a village farther down the coast, and started off on our return voyage, escorted by the lovely creature who had been so attentive to us during our short stay with our friends at Falelatai.

In an hour we picked up our boat, and after an affectionate farewell—made all the more touching, at the expense of romance, by the presentation of a dollar or two—we embarked, and were soon bowling gaily along on the home track with a fair wind ; but this time I took the helm.

At Falelatai our reception and treatment was perfect. Our hostess, in a quiet and most unobtrusive way, made us feel at home at once ; although I must confess that, in my condition of 'new chum,' I did feel rather abroad under the bathing régime. We got to Apia the same evening, and thus finished my first trip.

Time now for some weeks hung very heavily on my hands, to the unpleasantness of which was

added the sickening consequent on acclimatization, and what with prickly-heat and slight febrile attacks, together with having to fight mosquitoes and flies all day, I had rather a bad time of it.

It gave me, however, plenty of liberty to consider my position that was intended to be, and to make inquiries with regard to the native advisership and its duties.

I could hear from all sides nothing but the most dismal tales of trouble upon trouble, intrigue upon intrigue, bribery, corruption, and lying, which foreshadowed an amount of disagreeable work that no single white man could ever conscientiously get through, even if he could be in a dozen or more places at the same time.

Alone I could see my way to nothing but dismal failure; for, in my opinion, to carry out the duties there should be a reliable white man in each province; and that was an impossibility, there being nothing to bear the expense.

I consulted the Consuls as to the support I might expect from them, and received very similar answers from each, to the effect that, so long as my efforts pleased each one individually, so long would each individual Consul approve of them; but should my measures meet with individual or collective disapprobation, steps collective or individual would be instituted for their suppression.

I was thus to have four masters of different nationalities, and at times of direct antagonistic interests, and to please the lot.

The thing was absurd, so I wrote to the King, declining the honour of his service.

On the 4th of November I went to see a Talolo or food-offering to some Tongan visitors, and was greatly interested with my first sight of a Samoan ceremony. One description of a Talolo will serve for all.

There are several kinds of Talolo observed, each one having its own distinct significance and importance. The Talolo proper is the presentation of food, whatever may be the object, of a whole district, the resources of which are put under general contribution for the purpose. The scene of operations is the Malae or town square, in which all public meetings of whatsoever description are held.

Here, in the shade of some house or tree, the recipients of the compliment will seat themselves in solemn state, and with the most profound gravity await the coming event. Beyond this and the houses in the immediate vicinity being unusually full of sight-seers, and perhaps a knot or two of strangers gathered together under the shade of some convenient tree, there is nothing to indicate that any unusual occurrence is about to take place.

In the neighbouring bush, however, or at all events out of sight, the chiefs of the bearers are marshalling their processions, and putting the finishing-touches to their own gorgeous array. Here is a busy scene; crowds are hard at work painting, oiling, and otherwise getting themselves up within an inch of their lives in all methods that severe Samoan masherdom demands.

All are dressed in their very best, or the very best they can borrow from their friends, and shining with as much oil as will cling to their bodies. The oiling department is severely attended to by the ladies of the company, who are to be seen very busy going from one to another greasing them up in the latest approved fashion. The chiefs are most particularly dressed in full war-paint, their extraordinary fighting head-dresses of human hair standing about two feet high above a bandeau of gleaming pearl-shell knobs clasped round the forehead. In the centre of the hair plume, immediately above the bandeau, worn as an aigrette securing a bunch of the long red feathers of the boatswain-bird, is fastened a round mirror of about three inches diameter. The inevitable necklace of scarlet pandanus fruit is there; round the waist is the usual green bush-creeper girdle, with two or three fine mats for full dress; and club or spear in hand, with bodies redolent and shining with perfumed oil, the head-men stand ready to lead their divisions.

The maids of the district, too, are there, bare to the waist, and attired in all the barbaric splendour they can muster, sporting anklets and what I suppose may be termed kneelets of leaves; proud as they possibly can be, letting every outsider know it, they stand ready, able and willing to do their best for the credit of their different towns, and to assist their chiefs in working their followers into a sufficient state of noisy hospitality, worthy of a nation to whom entertainment of strangers is a fixed principle.

Attached to each division are funny men grotesquely arrayed, at whose antics during the march all spectators are bound to laugh, and whose sayings, witty or not, are sure to bring down the gallery. Samoan jokes are, however, untranslatable, being of a nature that, if printed, would ensure the suppression of the medium for their circulation.

Everything ready, each division will form up in a column four-deep, with all the intended gifts shouldered—and a most comprehensive lot it is. Barrels of beef, pork and salt salmon, roasted and live pigs of all sizes, tins of biscuits of all sorts, live fowls, taro, yams, tinned meats of all descriptions generally recognised under the head of 'peasoopo'—a name, I believe, adopted from the fact that the first canned provision the Samoans ever saw was the preserved peasoup that the visiting whalers used to carry. Everyone must offer something, even if it is only a single biscuit. With a loud shout the provision train, headed by its chiefs and maids, issues from its hiding-place, and, all chanting loudly a song of welcome or their particular district song, one division will march slowly towards the Malae, where sit, with the most dignified stoicism, the recipients of the honour, to all appearance unaware of, or indifferent to, what is going on. The whole time of the advance the chiefs and maids, not to mention the buffoons, are hard at work dancing in front or round their men in a great state of excitement. Every now and again one of them, not omitting the maids, will trot out in front of the brigade, go through all the

postures of real warfare with spear or club, and then retire to the men.

The buffoons employ themselves chiefly with the spectators, lavishing upon them large doses of the usual Samoan style of *plaisanterie*, in return for their roars of appreciative laughter. High chiefs generally have some wretched little humpbacked dwarf in their suite, who, impishly capering about with an exaggerated swagger, adds no little to the universal fun. As the troops get nearer and nearer their destination, the fun becomes wilder in proportion. Clubs and axes are hurled in the air and cleverly caught descending, or whirled round and round the bodies and under the arms and legs of the warriors with great dexterity, until at last the march is ended, and with one great shout, more like a huge sigh of gratification on being relieved of a heavy burden, each man deposits his load in front of the recipients, and then retires to some appointed spot on the edge of the Malae, where that particular division will sit down in a group, making room for the other divisions to come on in like manner.

So proceeds the Talolo until each division has performed its appointed duty, and all are calmly seated preparatory to the delivery of speeches, without a fair share of which no Samoan meeting is complete. Everything is now as quiet as a Quakers' meeting for some little time, when one of the donors of the good things, generally the chief talking-man of the district, will rise, and, throwing his fly-flap across his shoulder and gracefully leaning on his long orator's staff with

both hands, his head inclined on them, stand, as it were, mutely seeking inspiration for the speech he is about to make, although there is very little meditation needed to get an oration from a Samoan. At last, having satisfied native etiquette by a sufficient pause, he begins, usually calling over all the titles of his division and of those present, which takes no little time; he then profusely loads the objects of the show with the most high-flown compliments, both personally and in honour of the position they may be holding.

He invokes all conceivable blessings on the happy day that has been so fortunate as to give them—a most unworthy set of men—the never-to-be-sufficiently appreciated honour of so distinguished a set of visitors, or so enlightened a Government, as the case may be, who have so graciously deigned to receive their worthless offerings. After having thoroughly run himself out of compliments, he will launch into apologies for the poverty of their gifts, asking the recipients over and over again to be so good as to excuse the poverty of the country.

When the first speaker has completely exhausted all the compliments and apologies that he can remember or invent, he takes a back seat amongst his crowd, giving the other side an opportunity for reply. A decent interval having elapsed, the leading talking-man of the opposite side starts up, and after precisely the same preliminaries as narrated above, which are *de rigueur* in Samoan oratory, he will, elaborately and with care, proceed to return more than verbatim

all the compliments paid to his side by the donors of the Talolo, and of course praise in most lofty terms the prodigal liberality shown in the gifts bestowed; and if he is a visitor, no description of what Utopia should be is sufficiently high-toned to express adequately the appreciation by himself and crowd of the beatific country they have had the good fortune to visit. When the principals have finished, anyone of position who may wish to air his rhetoric may take a hand; and all Samoans being born orators, the complimentary mill is ground *ad nauseam*, at all events to the papalagi (foreign spectator) who, by-the-bye, has no concern whatever in the matter but curiosity.

All talking over, the hosts generally depart, leaving the visitors to their own devices. One, or perhaps two of the party then go amongst the gifts, and loudly proclaim their quantity and description; an equitable division of them then being made with marvellous rapidity and accuracy.

How it is done is most astonishing to a looker-on, a mistake rarely occurring. Not only has the stuff to be divided quite equally with regard to quantity, but certain portions are the perquisites of certain ranks, and care has to be taken that these are told off to the proper persons. Any mistake would most inevitably cause a man who considered himself slighted, to refuse the share allotted him, as being inferior to the claims of the position he holds, and perhaps be the means of a general row, even leading up to the commencement of a war. Many a serious fight in

Samoa has had its origin in such a manner. Sometimes the food will be eaten on the spot, when all will join in its discussion, and what remains will be carefully gathered into baskets and carried off to the various houses for future consumption.

Whilst on the ground watching the Talolo, old 'Tekori' came up to me, and said that the Government were about to put up a house for me, when I could immediately take office. I could see that the cunning old man had been made acquainted with my letter of refusal, and wanted to ignore it altogether; so, informing him that I had written to the King refusing the billet, I shook hands and left him there, wondering that any white man should refuse a chance which up to that time many had been fighting for.

CHAPTER X.

Good Work for a Philanthropist—Official Botheration—Pressing a Princess—Start Across the Island—Bush Track—Monkeydom—Ready-made Board-tree—Tongan Traces—Malietoa—Difficult Descent—Pigeons' Playground—Arrive at Lotofagā.

I WAS, indeed, sorry to have to refuse the advisership, for I can imagine no more interesting or useful work than that of organizing in civilized ways and government a docile and intellectual people like the Samoans, to whom I had already taken an immense liking ; but in my position it could not be.

The natives have seen, for many years, white after white advising them, and striving by lies and deceit to thrust themselves into some position of authority amongst them, in order to use it, when granted, for the purpose of robbing them.

On their specious talk and false representations, the natives had employed some of them, thinking in their simplicity that with such assistance they would be enabled to rise from out of the social confusion that seemed to increase the more they mixed with foreigners, and from which they despaired of ever emerging without some foreign help.

They had seen, also, each foreigner whom they had employed take their dollars on the most flimsy pretexts, and finally fade away in turn, leaving them in a worse condition than before.

Samoans would very quickly realize the difference between such cattle and the man who would unselfishly be working amongst them.

Petty white intrigue would very quickly disappear, as the natives would see that such a man was not working for the sake of their dollars or land, and would trust in a Government so advised, instead of opposing a general settlement with any little scheme they could think of, or that white intrigue could invent for them.

In spite of what I could say, they would not realize that I had honestly declined their service, for I was the first white that had done this extraordinary thing.

Their experience showed them that their greatest trouble had ever been to keep foreigners out from taking up Government positions amongst them, whether they wanted them or not; that white volunteer Premiers, Land-Commissioners, Chief Justices, Treasurers—the latter especially—were to be had for the asking, and that they could fill these positions four-deep any day they pleased; yet here was a man who refused to come to them and revel in the glory of all these titles, although, as they thought, he had been commanded to do so by his great chief.

Old Tekori was again after me this morning on

the subject, and arriving about breakfast-time, was induced to sit down and join us. On rising, the old gentleman, after fumbling in his lava-lava for some time, produced a half-dollar, which he very solemnly laid down on the table and turned to go; but he was, of course, stopped, and made to take it up again. I don't know where he had been breakfasting last, but he told us that was what he had done at some other places.

In a few days he was down again on the same errand as before, which now had become very annoying; but I did not show my vexation to the old man, knowing that parliament was meeting and that they were honestly discussing the situation. Whilst he was in the house a country visitor arrived, who brought with him a present of Kava-root.

The etiquette on such occasions is to have it immediately made up into a brew, and to discuss it for the entertainment of the visitor; but having no girl on the premises to chew it, we were about to apologize for the seeming want of good manners, when Tekori, seeing our quandary, went out on the veranda and ordered in the first girl he saw passing; a right, no matter whom she may be or what errand she may be on, that may be exercised by any Samoan chief.

Our catch was of no less exalted rank than that of Princess Royal; but even so being, she could not refuse, and was soon squatted, Kava-bowl in front of her, philosophically ruminating the root that cheers the dusky Samoan, and but seldom intoxicates him;

and when she had finished her work, a few thanks and a stick of tobacco sent her on her way rejoicing.

I really thought that by this time I had made it quite clear to the most obtuse native alive, that I declined to take up their billet. But the first thing this morning, before I was out of my bed, the King's chief man came with a message from his Majesty, who wanted to know the reason why I refused to come to him, and to beg me to reconsider my decision. I tried to explain, but, getting on very badly without an interpreter, I postponed the meeting to some future time, when I would finally expound all my reasons before them with the aid of an efficient exponent of their language.

At five o'clock this morning, the 11th November, G. and myself packed up a change or two, and set out, accompanied by a black New Hebrides boy, 'Cæsar,' obtained at the price of seventy-five dollars through the German firm who import such for plantation work in their labour-traders, and two Samoans to carry our things. We were, in reality, again bound for Falelatai; but wishing to see some more of the country and gain Samoan experience, we arranged to walk right across the island, to follow the opposite coast round the west end, and passing through Falelatai—where we hoped to be in time for the certain arrival of the Palolo—from thence along the south coast, home.

It was a beautiful morning when we took to the track in the lightest possible marching order. The

dew was thick on the grass, the air was deliciously cool, and being aware that it would not be so for long, we put our best legs forward to get over as much ground as possible while the temperature was comfortable.

When we came to Vai-usu we pulled up for our bearers, who, of course, had lagged behind to finish a gossip.

On their arrival we struck off inland by a bush-track pointing right over the range until we came to Suisega, where the path rose very abruptly, and finished upon a small plateau, from whence a beautiful view of the flat land east and west could be obtained, with the sea stretching out to the horizon in one placid sheet of turquoise blue. Behind rose the steep hills directly over which our path lay. The track was now level for some way, and as we passed along beneath the lofty trees we saw many signs, in the shape of old stone walls, of former occupation. Although now out of the immediate rays of the sun, the heat became oppressive and of the most trying kind—namely, moist heat—and soon I was in a complete bath of perspiration. Arriving at a bunch of cocoa-nut trees we sent Cæsar up to procure some. He deliberately walked right up the tree some sixty feet or so, and threw down some nuts which were most deliciously cool and refreshing.

I never saw an apparently easier performance than Cæsar's climbing, nor one that put me more in mind of monkeydom, for the boy, a very good and amiable one out of his own country, where he is professionally a

cannibal, was ugly enough to put to shame any gorilla.

As we got higher, so changed the character of what may be termed the minor bush, the larger trees remaining just of the same kind as on the lower levels ; and scattered now on all sides, in the protecting shade of their giant companions, were to be seen the gracefully drooping fern trees—which put me in mind of many a stroll in old New Zealand—and other plants not common to the region of the flats below ; whilst every now and then Indian scenery would be brought to the memory by thickets of bamboo, in the vicinity of which the ground was invariably to be found swampy.

Hundreds of handsome plants, with very luxuriant parti-coloured foliage, helped to make up, most harmoniously, a really beautiful bush ; whilst every here and there the flowers of the scarlet and white hibiscus relieved with grand effect what some people might take to be the too severe monotony of the green.

The larger trees were of many kinds, but all described as useful. I am ignorant of their names, but one of the most noticeable is a tree somewhat resembling the chestnut, throwing out to some yards from its main trunk flat buttresses of an even thickness throughout. This is the wonderful tree which travellers have reported, without belief, as growing ready-made boards, and such is really the case.

Wild ginger and arrowroot in profusion, together with tapioca, indigo, and other plants without

number, of sorts and properties unknown, formed the pleasing foliage of the parterre through which we were passing.

We continued rising the whole time until about midday; at the foot of a very steep incline, apparently bearing some traces of man's handiwork, we halted for a rest and a meal. A pretty little stream meandered chatteringly round the base of the steep ascent before us, then taking its busy course in the most gentle declivity obtainable down the side of the hill, to join its larger companions in the gullies below.

We were soon stretched at full length in its deliciously cool embrace, and after washing off as much of the travel-stains as would permit us to rest in comfort, we proceeded to lighten the load of our bearers. Having had nothing but a biscuit and a cup of coffee, and been climbing all the time since five o'clock, a slice of roast-beef, washed down with a bottle of lager, cooled in the brook at the same time as ourselves, went high, as our transatlantic cousins would say.

Whilst resting I tried to catch some craw-fish, with which our grateful little river swarmed, but was unsuccessful. Their presence showed plainly that this stream was no freak of a rainy season, but a permanent institution.

Ready again in about an hour, we started up the almost perpendicular incline in front of us. On arriving at the top we found evident traces of a parapet and ditch, no doubt the work in days of old

of the Tongans, who at one time held almost entire possession of Samoa, and portions of whose handiwork in fortifications and roads may be met with all over the island of Upolu. They were at last driven out of the island by a doughty warrior, who finally compelled them to embark in their canoes to return home: before leaving the shore the Tongans generously expressed their admiration of the deeds of daring of their conqueror by shouting out, 'Malié Toa,' which being translated means, 'Well done, good fighting-cock;' and this was the origin of the family name of the present King Malietoa.

Severe as the last pull was, it brought us to the summit of the range. This passed, the descent began to the south side of the island, and all the way from here the path was most difficult, the country being very irregular, and intersected by a great many mountain streams. Only able to see a few yards in any direction, it appeared as though we were journeying down a spur of the main chain, descending at right angles to it, occasionally making a steep plunge downwards only to rise proportionately a little farther on, evidently in so doing crossing from one spur to another.

Sometimes the path led just on the verge of a precipitous gully, at the bottom of which we could hear the drowsy hum of falling water, but see nothing but what must have been the tops of the trees far below us. Now and then we could get a peep of reasonable extent. When gazing down far in these depths, upon these same tree-tops spread out below

us like a carpet, it was most curious to observe the pigeons in quantities playing about on what appeared to be a flat and solid surface, through which every now and then they would mysteriously dive and disappear.

Every successive spur seemed to be the last, but of course was not; and being thoroughly wet through with perspiration, and tired, as a natural consequence we got very sulky. The people who planned the road came in for any amount of abuse; they seemed to have put it over every available stone and root in the country, and to have enjoyed a fiendish delight in taking it as close to every dangerously precipitous and useless gully as they well could without tumbling down it.

At last we got to a long spur with no better path, but which eventually led us down to a broadish shallow river, crossing which, after going about half a mile through native plantations of all descriptions, we arrived at Lotofagā, very tired and very cross.

Going straight to the bathing-place, we soon forgot all our woes in a most gratifying dip, surrounded by a bevy of dusky maidens of a most inquisitive turn of mind, who, all speaking at once, gave us no peace until they knew all about our business.

By the time we had nicely cooled down and somewhat recruited both our tempers and fatigue, the bearers, who had, as Samoans, taken matters more coolly than ourselves, had arrived with our clean things, as soon as we had donned which we started off for the chief's house. A bowl of Kava, feed, gossip,

and a game of cards with the two daughters of the house, and off we went to sleep, thoroughly tired, on a pile of soft mats, under a mosquito-net spread for us by our kind hostess, intending to start for Falelatai early the next morning to do the Palolo and pass two days.

CHAPTER XI.

Beautiful Lagoon—Community of Property—Begging—Political ditto—Effect of Sun upon Scenery—Tipping—On the Track—Ambassador to America—Arrive at Falelatai—Palolo again—Return to Apia.

At daybreak we sallied forth to try and pick up a duck or two in a lagoon some way to windward.

About a mile up the beach we came to a deep indent in the coast, and Joshua, one of our Samoans, having brought a canoe round, we embarked and paddled slowly up it. We soon reached a place where the dismal, fever-suggesting mangroves appeared to bar our progress; but passing round a gigantic one which acted as a blind for the entrance, we discovered a channel through which the water was sluggishly flowing seaward.

Paddling slowly up this narrow channel, with barely room to clear our outrigger, between two solid walls of dark olive-green mangroves of lugubrious aspect, with their bare roots gnarled and twisted, slimy with fœtid mud, writhing like serpents in the direst agony, we passed along by no means impressed with the aspect of the first portion of our venture,

but which, however, served as a very effective preparation for the pleasant surprise awaiting us.

Having followed this odious gutter for quite a mile inland, we began to abuse Joshua for bringing us to such a beastly place, where nothing appeared likely to be got of any kind except perhaps a turn of swamp fever. He took our abuse in a most philosophical manner, and contented himself with merely pointing forward to what seemed to be an interminable stretch of the same sort of passage.

Soon, with a few strong strokes of the paddle, the canoe shot right out from the dark and dreary mangroves, in whose gloomy shade we had been so long journeying, into a beautiful little lagoon, just awaking into life with the young morning sun which, not yet risen clear of the tall trees to the eastward, threw across the whole basin a most weird light, adding a wonderful charm to one of the prettiest peeps that I ever saw.

An archipelago of miniature islands was dotted all over this miniature sea formed at the very base of the steep bush-clad hills rising abruptly from the water-level, and richly gilt with the new sun's glorious rays. It was indeed lovely. Dense billows of green of all shades appeared to be rolling from off the mountain's side and plunging into the placid waters, deep in whose bosom their reflection, faithfully preserved, made it impossible to determine where the verdure commenced or the waters ceased.

Silently paddling, threading our way tortuously between the flower-bespangled mimic islands in this

fairy ocean, we passed through group after group equally beautiful, revelling in a sense of perfect contentment, and happy with a conscious yet undefined desire to pass dull life away in such surroundings.

A whirl of many hurried wings, and a bang, bang of a double-barrel from one of the party with an eye to the main chance, and disgracefully Philistine even in the face of a scene of such wondrous natural beauty, suddenly brought me down to a consideration of mundane affairs.

It was soon time to return, and the sun, now rapidly rising, was momentarily dispelling many of the charming effects presented to the eye when it was playing its first part in the beautiful panorama; so we again entered our gutter, reached the sea, had a bath, and breakfasted.

Feeling very comfortable in our quarters, and our bearers being anxious to remain another day, we put off continuing our journey until the morrow, and lounging about from house to house, whilst the sun was strong, we had a very good opportunity for studying the natives and some of their customs, and conversing with them on many matters both curious and interesting.

The community of property, especially of food, was most noticeable. Everything appeared to belong to everybody—that is, if it were asked for. If two natives meet in the street, one with food and the other without, they are sure to divide, let the quantity be ever so small—that is, if the one beg a portion from the other.

Amongst other curious Samoan customs is that of begging material for specific objects, and such applications are very rarely refused. There is no shame whatever felt about it; it is the custom of the country, and the persons solicited yield in obedience to that custom, and perhaps the very next week are at the same game themselves for some purpose or other.

This custom they extend at times to foreigners, but unless they are in some way connected with them they rarely do this. At its worst, however, it can hardly properly be termed begging in our acceptation of the term, for, from a Samoan point of view, a native, in begging anything that he may want, is only exercising a right that he might at any future time be required to accord to others.

This communistic custom is the greatest drawback to advancement in civilized industry in the country. It is a drag upon every attempt to raise the social condition of the natives. No sooner does one man successfully strike out an independent line of industry of his own, than down comes a swarm of his relations upon him, insisting, by all family ties and country customs, upon a division of the fruits of his labour. He is reduced at once to the common level from whence he was laboriously raising himself; and no one could, I am sure, blame such a man if he were to give up all ambition, and do no more work than sheer existence necessitated, in preference to working only to provide means for his friends to divide whenever they think there is a sufficient accu-

mulation for a feast or some sort of jollification. Even natives of the highest rank, when calling on casual visitors amongst Europeans, are not above begging some trifle or other from you, such as a piece of soap, some kerosene, tobacco—in fact anything that may chance to meet their eyes.

They are not particular, and don't mind in the least being refused, and if they can't get one thing will gallantly try for another, coming down at last, as they have frequently done with me, to a sheet of paper. All this soliciting is, however, made with the utmost politeness imaginable, and profusely interlarded with the most fulsome apologies for troubling, after which out comes the request. There is, however, amongst them begging and begging, one sort of which, nearly akin to impudence, I am happy to say, for the credit of a generally particularly decent race of people, exists only amongst the lowest class of natives. For instance, a woman one day came to my compound and begged permission to pluck an orange or two. Fancying that she only wanted a few to eat, I gave her the requested leave. She then went home, fetched a big basket and pole, and soon had as much fruit as she could well stagger under. This struck me as being a proceeding rather in excess of the original contract; but when, after handing over the plunder to a big buck who suddenly appeared on the scene to carry it off, she calmly strolled up to the house and suggested that I should give her half a dollar, or if that sum were not convenient, a shilling would be within fifty per cent. as well, my

steadfast faith in Samoan human nature began to waver.

One of the most curious systems of begging in vogue is that of soliciting political support. Supposing some great political movement to be in contemplation, and an important family or section of the community to refuse to join, or perhaps to waver about which side they will take in the approaching struggle; then the head-men of the new scheme will go to the abode of the people in question—that is, if their assistance is of some importance—and, sitting down in front of the principal house in the dust and sun, undergo every sort of humiliation known to Samoans. This they will endure sometimes for days, until at last they get some sort of promise from the family they have been boring so persistently. This proceeding very rarely fails to elicit some kind of favourable answer, as a flat refusal would be equivalent to proclamation of actual opposition measures; but what that almost forced promise is worth is soon known when the movement becomes an open one.

With the sun lowering, we sallied forth in search of duck to a lagoon we had heard of lower down the coast. At Sataua, a village close by, we fell in with an old boatman of G.'s who was about as reliable on a pinch in a boat as the generality of Samoans, who, from being as much at home in the water as on dry land, don't mind a capsize at all, so long as it is within a few miles of land.

This worthy paddled us up the lagoon we were in

search of, which was like as two peas in character to the one we visited in the morning; but what a difference the time of day made in everything! There was the placid lake slumbering; but, oh, how oily it looked at the foot of the same steep hills! there were the islands gaudy with flowers, but all quivering in a blurred and languid manner in the damp miasmatic heat; there was the sun, but not the mild one of the beautiful lagoon; and where was the ardent desire to pass life away in such surroundings? Nowhere; but there was a very strong one to go and shuffle off the mortal coil anywhere else.

The fierce sun, even now strong, had converted what under the same circumstances would have been a sister terrestrial paradise to the one we had so enjoyed in the morning, into as undesirable a location to pass one minute more than was strictly necessary in, as could well be imagined. The matutinal 'inexpressible, etc., etc., of contentment' was completely missing, and replaced by a very particularly emphasized general condemnation of the entire neighbourhood; in which not a moment's rest was to be had for mosquitoes of phenomenal boldness and venom, which tormented us without shadow of mercy, and kept us at fever-heat brushing them away.

Our olfactory senses were violently outraged by the continuous rising of odorous gases in bubbles, oozing from out of fœtid black mud, at the low tide left simmering repulsively in the blazing sun. Each breath drawn was a poisonous effort, and even the eyesight suffered, being rendered giddy, painful,

and dimmed in its effort to define the real shape of the surroundings, quivering and shivering, shaking indistinct and blurred in the superheated atmosphere rising from the red-hot swamp.

We were very glad to get out of this place, and to catch a view of the sea again to draw a comfortable breath. At the mouth of the river our boatman left us, instructing his wife in the most open manner in the world, as if we knew nothing of Samoan, to ferry us to Sanapu, a town farther on, and on no account to forget to squeeze something out of us ; if not money, then to ask for tobacco.

We got back just in time for a bath before dark, attended as usual by many friends for a gossip in the water ; had Kava, dinner, prayers, and cards, and then turned in.

We were up at daybreak next day, and after a cup of tea and a biscuit, got under weigh for Falelatai in the beautiful cool of the morning. Having nothing with us to present to our hostess, we smuggled a few dollars into her hand on bidding her adieu ; and it closed upon them quite naturally, with that unconscious dexterity peculiar to the practised tippee.

This last is the most awkward performance one has to go through when travelling amongst natives. You need not give any present unless you like, but still the lady of the house, as a rule, will expect something, and in most cases it is really deserved, being merely a *quid pro quo ;* for, do what you may, you will not be able to buy anything in the way of pro-

visions whilst you are a guest at the village without the risk of insulting your host, who in some way or other has to pay for what he provides. I have, however, in many cases after having been sumptuously feasted for days, had my present returned me with a sort of sorrowful indignation, until I managed to reintroduce it under some less obtrusive guise. It is, of course, a very different matter with a big chief who has the right of putting the whole district under contribution for any purpose, and with a commoner who has to grow or purchase all he makes use of. In the latter case it is only right to pay for what one has, and not with some paltry gaudy gift, neither of any use to, nor appreciated by, the recipient—who, nevertheless, will accept it with thanks, as if it were really a full equivalent.

It is only experience that can teach one where to draw the line in such cases between fair return and prodigality, and establish a happy medium of contentment; for if you give too little you are put down as a mean man, and if too lavish you are marked in the Samoan memory as a fool, to say nothing of spoiling the market for people following in the same track.

For some time we plodded along on the loose sandy beach, a by no means pleasant style of progression; but by-and-by, a long black volcanic rocky promontory barring our way, we had to take to a somewhat inland bush-path, affording a grateful shelter from the sun, now beginning to become powerful.

Sauntering along on this cool and shady bush-track, under the shelter of the wide-spreading

Barringtonias, catching occasionally a glimpse of the bright blue sea through their thick branches, and passing continually through grand, shore-fringing groves of cocoa-nuts, the road again for a little distance took to the beach across a beautiful little bay, a decided symphony in black, white, and blue; yet each colour of rock, sand, and sea was most distinctly outlined in sharp contrast with the other two.

Here we halted for a few minutes, and sending our boy up a tree for cocoa-nuts, were soon provided with the finest refreshment that ever thirsty tropical traveller could have. In spite of the intense heat the cocoa-nut milk was as cool as if it had been iced, whilst the partly-formed kernel supplied a quantity of a most tasty white jelly, very gratifying to the palate.

Immediately on leaving this we struck upon an elevated sort of causeway, evidently the work of human hands, built up above high-water level, of scoria and lava rocks. Our natives said that it was the work of the good and bad spirits who were in the islands before the missionaries came; but it is no doubt the work of the Tongans in days of yore.

Once again on the genuine bush-track, we passed through many small villages, where almost everyone appeared to be asleep; those who were not so, peering at us grinding along in the sun with a look of wonder at what they thought our misplaced energy.

We arrived at last at Lotofagā, from whence we should have to take to the hills to reach our destination. Here we met the renowned **Mamea**, who went

to America and concluded a treaty which, with lofty scorn of the usual treaty processes, he ratified himself on the spot. He is a very fine specimen of a Samoan, and speaks English very well. His political history is always hinted at as being of a somewhat uncertain nature, but to my knowledge he is no worse than many of his friends. He has always had his weather-eye open for an advantage, and having been rather more successful than his contemporaries, has earned their unfriendly judgment. Our bearers termed him 'the man who went to America and told lies.'

After a few words with him, we proceeded until we came to the extreme west of the bay, at the very base of the hills over which our road lay. All over this flat the vegetation was superb, of the most luxuriant description; some of the Tamū (a sort of giant lily) plants, with their enormous broad leaves, measured at least ten feet high, and every plant appeared in its strongest and rankest growth.

Although we had been rising gradually all the time, for at least an hour we did not reach the foot of the hills we had to cross; and when we did, we found before us the roughest piece of climbing we had had to tackle during the whole journey, and were glad when, after a desperate struggle, we found ourselves descending on the opposite side.

We arrived at Falelatai about dusk, and found a warm welcome from our friends of last month, who had been expecting us to turn up, but not in the toil-some manner that we had taken to get at them; nor would they understand that we preferred occasionally

to travel on foot, when we had a boat to use if we liked. Taking unnecessary trouble over anything is not to be appreciated by any Samoan, any more than being in a hurry.

It was quite dark the next morning when our guardian angel called us to get up, and go out to the reef for the Palolo festival. It was also intensely cold, which we felt very much, having nothing but our linen clothes to wear. In the company of a dozen or more canoes, all bound on the same errand, off we started in a large taumualua for the scene of operations, the same spot in the reef that we went to on our first visit.

As soon as the light would permit of a view, we inspected our company, which appeared to be pretty much the same as before, but by no means inclined to be so lively in disposition ; the cold, I expect, having a somewhat sobering effect on the usual spirits of the crowd.

Spread all about the passage, this time quite smooth, we anxiously examined the water on all sides, in which to some depth nothing at all could be discerned ; but suddenly, as if let loose at the one exact time, were to be seen wriggling and writhing up from the nethermost depths, millions upon millions of long thread-like worms of many colours, all seeming to be racing at their topmost speed to arrive at the surface and make the most of the short time permitted them for their annual exhibition. Up they came in myriads until the surface was thickly covered with one solid vermiculating mass of living animals.

Shouting and laughing, everyone now plied his or her scoop as busily as possible, baling up the writhing delicacies at top speed, to make as good use of the short time available as could be.

No sooner had the sun thrown his first ray on the water than as if by magic, with the same common accord with which they had risen to the surface, they all disappeared, sinking lower and lower to the depths below, until not a single sign of their presence was to be observed in the very spot where, a moment before, the water was perfectly muddy with animal life.

This time there was no going outside for us; we started for shore, about two miles off, with the rest of the fleet, but did not join them in their irrepressible joyous scamper for home.

Our share of these doubtful delicacies was three great pailsful of an almost solid mass of repulsive coloured worms, writhing and twisting about in slimy embrace, in anything but an inviting manner for creating an appetite.

This, however, did not prevent our young lady, and such of the crew as were not paddling, from indulging freely in them, by plunging small sticks into the wriggling mass, and swallowing with great gusto all that they could fish out hanging across them.

As soon as we arrived on shore, all hands set to work making the Palolo up into little parcels wrapped in banana-leaves, which, at the top speed of the messengers, were immediately sent off to their various friends, even to great distances all over the island, as highly valued and complimentary presents.

Although I tried to harden myself to tackle this forbidding-looking tit-bit *au naturel* with a piece of stick, I could not manage it; and our hosts, seeing the failure, had some cooked. In that state they were in appearance like balls of dark-green spinach, and by no means unpalatable, tasting somewhat like a mixture of oysters and seaweed.

After a bath and breakfast we started off for Apia, and leaving our baggage to go round by water under the care of our lovely chaperon, who was about to pay a shopping visit to the metropolis, during which she had freely invited herself and her mother to our house, we set off across the inland track to Fasitootai, and very nearly breaking down about five miles from our destination, arrived at last in Apia.

CHAPTER XII.

Meeting with Malietoa—Lauati the Talking Man—I am considered Native Property—Tuiatafu on my Objections—Samoan Oratorical Perseverance—A Tongafiti—German Official Recognition of Malietoa—Twenty-one Guns for the King—Mad after Two Years—Dulness of Life.

15th November.

This morning had been appointed for my meeting with Malietoa, to explain to him my reasons for declining his service; and accordingly at ten o'clock his Majesty arrived, accompanied by about thirty of his principal men, when after a general hand-shaking they seated themselves all round the room on the floor, the King only on a chair.

After the conventional pause, lasting quite a quarter of an hour, the proceedings were about to commence, when it was discovered that as usual each party had trusted to the other to provide an interpreter, and that consequently neither had done so.

One was found, however, in the person of the Chief of Police, our old friend 'Johnny Upolu;' and then the proceedings began. One of the King's men, Lauati, the chief talking-man of the Faasaalaleaga in Savaii, arose, and gracefully posing himself, fly-flap on shoulder, both hands clasped on the head of his tall

orator's staff, and leaning intently well forward, commenced his harangue.

The first ten minutes were quite taken up with nothing but compliments of the most fulsome flowery description, and then he burst forth in an impassioned yarn about how thankful they were to the Great Chief Sir A. H. Gordon, who had not forgotten his humble and worthless servants (tagata leaga) and who had kept the good promise he had made them in days gone by.

'Other men had promised them every assistance they required, and had taken their money to procure it; but they had invariably found that they had been made the victims of fine talk and lies, and had been robbed of the money they had procured so dearly by selling to foreigners their most cherished possessions.'

They hailed with joy the fortunate day that had brought me amongst them, and thanked from the very bottom of their hearts the great British Chief who was so good to Samoa as to order me to remain with them.

There was no mistake about the meaning of the word in the concluding sentence: 'order' it was, very distinctly emphasized too, showing, as I thought at the first meeting, that I was considered to be a sort of useful present that I had no right to withhold from them.

I told them that I was very sorry, but that could not be, as I considered that it was impossible for any one man to satisfactorily fulfil the multifarious duties

that were expected of me, and would undertake no task so sure of certain failure, which would only leave them in a worse condition than before.

In rejoinder, this time from royalty itself, in the most polite manner in the world, I was asked why I thus disobeyed my Chief's command? and did he not send me to help them in their difficulties?

I tried to explain, amidst incredulous shakes of the head all round, that it was not as they imagined, but that it was left entirely to myself whether I would undertake their service or not; and by way of counter-stroke, I asked them whether they would take any man that Sir Arthur Gordon might choose to send them?

Without the slightest hesitation, they answered that they would, for they were sure that he would send no one who was not good for them, and would blindly accept anyone he might command (*sic*) to come.

They then resolved themselves into a committee, and held a very busy and talkative consultation with one another for quite half an hour, when on resuming, Tuiatafu, the Tuamasagan talking-man, remarked, that judging from my saying that it was in my power to refuse to help them, and my having done so, they imagined that I thought badly of them, or had listened to bad talk about their country. They would like to know what I had seen or heard wrong about them that had made me reject what, in all respect, they considered they had a right to, as they had understood from the great Chief's letter to them.

I told them that they were mistaken in the letter, and that I did not think badly of them, but quite the contrary ; nor had, nor would I listen to anything bad of them, but judge for myself. Nevertheless, I must beg leave to decline the honour they wished to confer upon me.

One after the other now tackled me, each one with some new and cunning argument which evidently had been carefully rehearsed the night before, so like clockwork did they relieve one another in their attempts to tire me into acquiescence ; and it was not until after about three hours' hard talking, a very small thing for them, that they ceased their persuasive efforts, and then only with strong hints that they had not given up their hopes, but intended to try again.

They would not be convinced that in declining their billet I was not disobeying orders and defrauding them of their right to my services, and this feeling, as my after-experience showed me, they kept up the whole time I was amongst them.

Untiring and incessant talking, as a means of obtaining compliance with their wishes, is a favourite dodge resorted to by Samoans, especially when the people they are addressing understand the language. They will try to bear them down with sheer weight of oratory, and are quite aware, in the case of Europeans, that their wonderful aptitude of address goes a great way in their favour. With the greatest facility of manner, and most delicate politeness of address, they will put forward their case in such a way that it must, from anybody but a mere brute, command the

respect of a civil answer; this will lead to argument, and so they will work steadily on, one relieving the other, perhaps day after day, until patience becomes exhausted, and the recipient of all this oratory either throws up the whole affair in despair at ever arriving at an end to it, or the natives procure an adjournment of the question to some future time, which they consider to be almost as much a victory as if they had gained their desire at once. They are given in a most annoying degree to procrastination; whether for their good or evil it is just the same. They are never in a hurry about doing anything; and with them, to-morrow is a fitter day always than to-day.

The adjournment gives them opportunities for preparing what they call a 'tongafiti'—a manufactured word of their own, signifying a scheme. They make no disguise about the matter, but will openly tell you that they are going to prepare a 'tongafiti' during the adjournment. This word has a curious origin, and consists merely of the names of the two groups the Samoans have always had most relations with, Tonga and Fiji—in their language spelt Toga and Fiti. In their communication with the people of these two groups, they have found themselves to be inferior in cunning to them, and have always suffered in consequence; the realization of which has caused them to associate the names of Tonga and Fiji with everything that is wily or sly, and to embody this meaning in the one word 'tongafiti.' It is, however, not always to be taken in its evil sense, as from long usage it has lost somewhat of its primitive value,

and is used as an equivalent to our words 'method' or 'means,' and appears in their Bible.

At times when I have had to find fault with natives and insist upon their doing at once certain necessary things, I have been told, laughingly, by them when all was over: 'Ah, Sirsewatti! it would not have been thus if you understood our language; well, at all events, it would not have been finished so soon.'

On leaving, the King thanked me for my good-will towards him and his people, remarking that I was the very first 'papalagi' who had openly told them his real thoughts when an official position in the Samoan Government was at his disposal.

A few days afterwards a great Fono was assembled for the purpose of receiving the German Emperor's official recognition of Malietoa Laupepa's sovereignty over the whole of Samoa.

Arriving at Mulinuu, we were first received by the King and Vice-King in one of the houses on the public square. It was the first time that I had seen the latter gentleman, by name 'Tupua Tamasese,' who had been in opposition to Malietoa during the late wars as rival claimant to regal honours; but in comparison with him was as a Satyr to Hyperion, and whatever his family rights might have been, his appearance was dead against him.

He and his party, of course, did not like this performance; but he did not publicly show it beyond keeping his following, which formed the parliamentary opposition, in a separate mob by themselves. After par-

taking of the inevitable Kava, we were ushered out to the Malae—public square—and seated right and left of the King; the Vice-King, as leader of the opposition, I suppose, taking up his place on what would answer for the opposition benches with us, at the head of his separately situated party.

The German man-of-war *Carola*, with her gayest colours flying, lying off in the harbour, was ready, on signal being made at the proper time, to add to the dignity of the occasion by giving a royal salute.

All prepared, the German Consul, in full naval uniform and wearing numerous decorations, stood forth and read out loud in English, Germany's formal recognition of Malietoa Laupepa's sovereignty over all Samoa, together with a few remarks upon past relations and future hopes; and then shaking hands with his Majesty, in which he was joined by the other Consuls, British and American, he tendered his personal congratulations. At the same moment the *Carola*, with the Samoan flag flying at the main, thundered out her ratification of the important event with twenty-one guns.

One would have thought that so important a ceremony, with all the efforts made to enhance it, would have occasioned some popular expression of feeling, either assentient or dissentient, but none of any sort was shown.

The whole parliament and onlooking crowd of natives sat as still as deaf mutes, staring fixedly straight before them like so many wooden people, appearing to take the whole impressive ceremony as

a bore; a sort of foreign dose that had to be swallowed whether they liked it or not, and the sooner over, so much the quicker they would be left alone to manage their own affairs. The British and American recognition, when made, took place without any ceremony whatever, beyond a personal visit of the respective Consuls in a private manner to deliver their home letters of congratulation.

Everything now for a long time was very dull with whites and natives alike, and beyond a few earthquakes of mild type, nothing stirred to vary the monotony of the place. It was, besides, about the worst season of the year, when even old stagers get seedy, and in consequence very growly. The heat at this time of the year is felt very much, no regular doctoring trade-breeze blowing to temper the rays of the brazen sun now almost right overhead; and night or day the heat appeared to remain the same, whilst mosquitoes and flies combined together to drive one mad, with continually brushing away their venomous attacks.

It is a common saying here that after two years' sojourn in Samoa a man becomes hopelessly mad; but with all the foregoing discomforts and annoyances, in addition to the sorrows of acclimatization I was then undergoing, I was very much afraid that for me the regulation period would be considerably shortened. The saying goes on to predict that the patient might recover if he should not stop over the third year; but that if he does, it is far better for him to sell his trousers, oil himself, and take to native life

altogether, for he is of no use anywhere else; and when one comes to observe the cabbage-like sort of existence some people lead in the islands, there may seem to be some truth in it.

Two or three times a week in the evening we had cricket or lawn-tennis; but such parodies on the real thing—the former played on a rough grass road, and the latter in a veritable sand-pit!

This sport in such a climate was looked upon by outsiders in the case of the two years' performers as nothing out of the way, they being qualified for irresponsibility; but with people like myself, under the statute date, hereditary mental aberration was at once assumed. Neither love nor money would persuade a Samoan or anyone of other than British nationality to join us in either game.

I could discover no Samoan outdoor games that a foreigner could join in, but shall deal with this subject in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sports—Club and Spear—Wrestling—Tigā-tia—Surf-riding—Pig-hunting—Pigeon-catching—A Pigeon buys a whole Family—Sport in Earnest—Indoor Games—Introduction of Cricket—Becomes a Disease—German Objections—Cricket Processions—Two Hundred a Side—Political Cricket—Warlike Cricket—The Electric Circus—Consuls at a Discount—Topsy-turvy Natives—Samoan Imitation—Chance for Salvation Army.

SAMOANS have not a great variety of games or sports, and certainly no peculiarly national one.

In former times, club-and-spear practice was the most cherished amusement, from the mimic fight of the youngsters armed with reeds for spears, and the rib of the cocoa-nut for club, to the more serious training of the adults with real arms under the tuition of the elders of the tribe grown old and experienced in the field. These last exercises, however, partook of the nature of a duty, and since the introduction of firearms have entirely fallen into disuse. They are all very fond of wrestling, and become most expert at it. On the 'Malae,' or village-green, may often be seen in the cool of the evening, pair after pair doing their best to hurl one another to the earth, and in no mild manner either, amidst the

encouragement and applause of the village elders. These seated solemnly round about, swinging their fly-flaps with studied dignity, would discuss the merits of the various scientific points in the struggle before them, and no doubt, as is usual in every company of old fogies, would compare unfavourably the present style of the sport with that which was in vogue in their wrestling-days, and bewail the decadence of the generation they were criticizing, greatly to their own past glory.

A game called 'Tigā-tia' is much affected at certain seasons of the year in fine weather. It consists of throwing a light peeled stick, about four feet long, as far as possible in a peculiar manner, the greatest length covered in a stated direction winning the game. The player takes the stick in his right hand, the tip of the forefinger being pressed against its extreme end in the form of a hook. Holding it square across his breast, he takes a short run, and throwing back his right arm, with all the force he can muster, dashes the stick flat on the ground, some little distance in front of him in the direction desired. If correctly and skilfully thrown, it bounces directly from the ground, and in a graceful curve sails away through the air to a great distance, much farther than it could be thrown direct.

On the water, surf-riding is greatly in vogue when the sea is in a fit condition; but I don't think, from accounts I have read, that the Samoan practice comes anywhere near in danger or skill that of this amusement in other islands. It is here practised

only in shallow water inside the reef in canoes, or by swimming. With the former the occupant will paddle out until he gets within the line of breakers, when turning round stern to sea ready for a start, with gentle backing he will hold his canoe there in position until he sees a good roller approaching on which to run. As soon as it reaches him, with a dash or two of the paddle he sets his ship going on the crest of the wave, which immediately takes possession of her ; and in the midst of the white water hissing and boiling all round, she starts in mad career for shore, like an arrow shot from a bow. One wave will perhaps leave her, but a second will soon catch her up ; then on she will plunge until the full course is run, when out again to seaward will paddle the canoeist, if he desire to repeat the process.

The great difficulty in this sport lies in keeping the craft at right angles to the wave. The smallest inclination from the straight course, unless immediately strongly checked, will end by her taking charge of herself, broaching to, and consequently capsizing.

When surf-swimming is indulged in, the bather wades out as far as he can go on the reef, sometimes quite a considerable distance, carrying with him a flat board about three feet long. On a suitable wave arriving, he throws himself on his chest flat on the board, and as the billow breaks over him is carried on its foaming crest with great velocity towards shore.

Young people appear never to tire of this sport.

Day after day, when the weather is suitable, the line of white surf appears closely dotted with brown spots, the heads of the bathers; and the ringing shouts accompanying an ultra-successful effort are to be heard continuously, sounding merrily above the loud booming of the surf on the shore. At times, on level sandy bottoms, a game is played demonstrative of skill and endurance under water. A marked stone will be thrown into the deep water some distance from the player, who, carrying a heavy weight to keep him beneath the surface, will walk along the bottom and essay to find the marked stone.

Pig-hunting and pigeon-catching are the two principal sports. The former consists merely of chasing in the bush, and bailing up with dogs, animals which have exchanged their civilized life in the towns for independence in the mountain-side forests. They are not very plentiful, nor is the successful result of a hunt, in my opinion, at all an adequate remuneration for the physical efforts one has to make in following it through the dense bush.

Pigeon-catching is the oldest and most cherished sport in all Samoa, and, until lately, partook much more of the nature of a fixed ceremony than a mere amusement. It was made the occasion for feasting and junketing in a high degree, and whilst it lasted all sorts of irregularities could be indulged in without comment. At the proper time, which was when the pigeons in plenty had descended from the mountains in search of the berry-bearing trees near the coast, an open space was cleared in a favourable position in

the bush, round the edges of which would be erected little leafy bowers with openings in the roof about a foot or so in diameter. Into these would crawl the sportsmen, accompanied by their decoy-birds fastened by the leg to a long string of light sinnet, and armed with a long-handled bamboo landing-net. Samoans take infinite trouble in training their decoy-birds, and value them very highly on their education being satisfactorily finished; indeed, they become so attached to them as never to let them out of their sight, feeding them in person, and even taking their pets with them when abroad. The reputation of a superior bird will spread all over the island, and become the talk of the sporting men in every district. History relates many instances of celebrated decoy-pigeons being the cause of great events in Samoa, both in war and friendly alliances, amongst which is a legend that the sovereignty was given in perpetuity to a family from which the present rebel King, Tupua Tamasese, is descended, in return for a bird of high attainments.

On the approach of the game, the decoy is tossed up through the hole in the roof, and, according to his training, circles round and round at the full length of his tether, attracting the wild-pigeons, who descend to make the closer acquaintance of the stranger. As they approach the decoy is gently pulled in, followed from motives of curiosity by the visitors, until, arrived within reach, at the proper moment the net suddenly puts in an appearance, makes a dexterous swoop, and the birds are landed.

In days of old these yearly pigeon festivals were attended by the entire population of the village, to the sad neglect of all domestic affairs. Old and young, schoolmaster and pupil, fisherman, pig-hunter, carpenter or agriculturist, no matter—all went to offer at St. Hurlingham's shrine in the bush, carrying with them all the provisions they could lay their hands upon, so as to ensure a good time of it in their sylvan quarters. In fact, for the time they returned to their original state of barbarism, making their picnic the excuse for undesirable orgies of a most damaging nature to the progress of the civilization they were so satisfactorily acquiring.

Thanks to their kind friends the missionaries, this is not so nowadays. The natives, at all times conscious of their sincere efforts to socially improve the race, listened attentively to their protests, and with the strong common-sense that the Samoans in general possess, were soon able to realize the damage that was being done to the cause of their own advancement by keeping up this dangerous old custom, and consequently abandoned all the objectionable parts thereof.

I have only seen three indoor Samoan games, one of which is played with small cocoa-nut-shell discs on a smooth narrow mat about four or five yards long and two feet wide. It consists of one player at one end of the mat knocking his opponent's disc from off it, and remaining thereon himself, having first placed his disc in position at the far end.

As a rule, all Samoans are fond of card-playing, and

at euchre and all-fours can give points to many whites who fancy themselves clever at these games; especially the more matured females, who, if not watched, are inclined too closely to adopt the abandoned manner of playing generally attributed to the heathen Chinee. A pack of cards is always an acceptable present. The traveller in Samoa should never be without one. Produced in the evening at any house where he may stop on his journey, they will be found most useful in promoting a good understanding with the people with whom he is staying, who are always ready for a game of euchre, and truly pleased when the papalagi will join them in any amusement. They also play draughts with no ordinary skill; but whether this is a purely native game or an introduction, I never could satisfactorily determine.

For the first two years of my stay in Samoa, neither I nor any of the few British residents could ever persuade one single Samoan to join in our cricket, although their congeners, the Tongan residents in the group, were always ready for a game.

In Tonga the game was adopted so strongly, to the neglect of all domestic pursuits, that a law had to be passed to prevent their playing for more than one day a week. All at once the village of Apia Samoa was seized with a most frantic desire to fathom the mysteries of the game, and to become proficient in its practice; owing, it appeared, to some discussion the Samoan inhabitants had had with some Tongans who had twitted them on the subject of their ignorance of so grand an amusement.

A deputation attended on the Judge, a Britisher, and myself, requesting us to instruct them in the strict 'Fa'a Peritania'—British manner—of playing cricket, for that was the version they wanted to learn, and not the 'Fa'a Tonga'—Tongan—one. They explained that as it was a British sport, we as British were likely to know more about it than the Tongans, and they thought that we could teach them in such a way that they might be able to beat these boasting men. We accordingly took them in hand, and soon succeeded in instilling the initial idea into their heads.

For a time all went on very smoothly, but the quiet and serious English style did not suit them long. One by one, innovations of their own and Tongan manufacture crept into the game, until soon nothing remained of cricket, *pur et simple*, but the practice of one man bowling a ball to another man trying to hit it. All the rest of the proceedings were purely of their own manufacture. However, this Samoan cricket found great favour all round, giving as it did in its improved form the excuse, always welcome, and never rejected, for feasting and parade, so dear to all Samoans. Soon all the neighbouring towns were playing, and cricket at last becoming quite an epidemic, it not only took possession of the island of its origin, Upolu, but crossing the straits on both sides, spread all over Tutuila and Savaii, until the whole group was infected with it. Age, sex and dignity alike fell under its influence, until at last there was not a village in which it was not

vigorously practised to such a degree as to seriously interfere with domestic affairs.

The Germans were loud in their condemnation of cricket, seeing in it, quite irrespective of probable reduced supply of native produce for them to deal in, an inclination to favour things British, which it always was their studied practice to condemn and underrate, to the glorification of their own importance; and although they could not effect a cure in the provinces, they did succeed in putting such restrictions on the game in the municipality of Apia, that in the most popular play-places it was rendered impossible to carry it on. It was restricted on account of its danger, one ball having gone near to a woman in the course of over a year's play. I don't mean for one moment to say that these lunatics did not carry their frenzy to a somewhat hurtful extreme, but I am sure that the only damage done was to themselves; for I maintain that if they had never thought of cricket they would not have made an ounce more copra than they did. I also know that a very large amount of money must have passed into the hands of the store-keepers for cricket material and dresses, a different style of which they had new for nearly every match. These being the facts, the reason for so much Teutonic opposition must be sought elsewhere.

The processions on match-days are fearful and wonderful to behold. Headed by their Faamasinos, or judges, as they term their umpires, to the dulcet strains of the penny whistle and drum, banners

flaunting gaily on the breeze, dressed up in the latest novelty specially designed for the purpose—most likely gone tick for at their pet store—bewreathed and begarlanded to an outrageous extent, the players in single file march through the town in swaggering military order. Each one is armed with his bat, shouldering it as though 'twere a war-club, and, at the word of command from their officers, goes through an entire special manual exercise whilst *en route* to the field. These officers are generally dressed in full naval uniform, with swords and cocked-hats complete, and are continuously running up and down the ranks, keeping their men in place and showing them off to the fullest extent in their power.

Following them close up will be the non-effective brigade, consisting of the women and children belonging to the doughty cricketers, also in gala dress, and carrying with them large quantities of eatables and drinkables for the refreshment of their relations about to do battle for the credit of the village they belong to.

It was the invariable practice of the Apia men on turning out for a match to halt in front of my Consulate, and drawn up in line receive word of command, 'Salute the British Consul!' whereupon the whole line would perform a studied exercise with their bats and arms, equivalent in signification, I suppose, to the 'present,' whilst the band, with the colours in front of them, performed a duet for my benefit. They would then form up again in single file, and move off to their game.

This again roused the jealous suspicions of the Germans; for this compliment was never extended to anyone else but the Municipal Magistrate—who was a Britisher—and the one to whom they chiefly owed whatever they knew about cricket.

Their antics in the field beggar description. Each different club would have a distinct method of expressing its joy at the dismissal of an adversary from the wickets; some of them, of a most elaborate nature, must have taken much careful drilling in private to ensure such perfect performance in public.

The conventional number of eleven is thoroughly put on one side. It is nothing unusual to see thirty or forty opposed to one another, and I have known them to play as many as two hundred odd a side. The fact is, that these matches are of one town against another, in which all insist upon taking a hand. These huge meetings, as may be readily imagined, last a week or more, junketing going on the whole time, and generally wind up with a big feast.

Once, during a time of trouble, cricket assumed a political importance, by the aid of which the natives hoped to tide over a dangerous time until their expected relief arrived in the shape of British annexation, to put them out of their misery. They had officially written to England offering their country, and then, to avoid all further complications or roughly exacted explanations, they determined to start a cricket match of such stupendous proportions that it would last until they got an answer from home; during

which time they considered that, being engaged in playing, they had a valid excuse for not taking notice of any business that might unpleasantly crop up. In fact, the entire Government was playing cricket, and could not be disturbed.

The game began, but I don't know whether it was ever finished or not. Anyhow, I don't think it had any particular effect upon the usual run of politics; but I do know that their letter to England never was answered. Shortly after this incident the Germans were very much down upon the natives, finding fault with everything they did, and continually informing them that their insignificant little group was insulting the great German Empire; and they eventually forbade the King, under dire penalties, to play the game called 'cricket' at his seat of government.

Another instance of cricket entering within the sphere of politics occurred somewhere about the middle of 1885. It was at the time that the rebel King was at Leulumoega, talking rather loudly about war upon Malietoa, who, out of regard for his promises to the foreign Powers not to begin war, was very loth to take extreme measures; and, in consequence, had incurred the displeasure of some of the principal chiefs, amongst whom were many Apia men.

About this time Apia was due to play a cricket match at Iva, a district in the neighbouring island of Savaii; and with this proclaimed intention, to the number of about two hundred, they embarked in their boats one fine morning and set off. No one had the

smallest idea but that it was the peaceful expedition it was stated to be, and having been a well-known arrangement previous to political matters assuming an ugly look, no suspicion whatever was engendered.

Nothing more dangerous than cricket-bats and balls were seen going on board ; but I am afraid that if the mats had been lifted, it would have been found that for every bat there was an accompanying Snider or Winchester rifle, and that balls of not quite so harmless a nature formed the principal part of the ballast.

It turned out afterwards that secret messengers had been sent out some days before to the Iva people and others, informing them of the scheme, which was —without the King's knowledge, under the pretence of playing cricket—to assemble as great a number as possible, make a sudden descent upon the rebel stronghold, and put an end to the disturbance at one stroke.

It was hoped, and, indeed, to the last moment seemed probable, that neither the enemy nor the King would think that there was anything more deadly in the wind than the accustomed innocent cricket, and week or so of feasting.

Everything prospered well for the scheme. Whilst the juniors, to keep up appearances and to lull suspicions, were steadily playing, the old warriors were arranging all details for the raid. Everything was complete ; but, as is usual in all things Samoan, no secret can be long kept, and the very night that the

purpose was to have been put into action, a messenger from the King arrived forbidding it.

Within the last six months of my stay in Samoa, the cricket rage weakened very considerably in Apia and its vicinity, owing to a new craze seizing upon all, both young and old alike.

On the arrival of Woodyear's Electric Circus, the entire population went mad for it. No such wonderful things had ever been seen before by Samoans, or dreamed of even in their wildest flights of imagination. They certainly had heard of similar wonders from some few of their people who had returned from abroad, but had treated their accounts as mere travellers' tales; but now here were the mysteries reported right before their eyes, only requiring the magic dollar to be revealed.

The members of the troupe appeared to them to be the most superior beings that had ever yet arrived in Samoa, foreign Consuls and merchants who had hitherto held the premier position not excepted. Which of the former, in spite of his cocked-hat, sword, and Civil Service uniform, could make so magnificent a display as these wonderful chiefs in all their proud resplendent glory of spangles and tights? Could any of the former, with a ringing 'Houp, la!' bound, in god-like agility, over ten or more horses side by side, turning double-barrelled somersaults all the way? Could any of the latter, with all their riches in cloth, 'peasoopo,' or dollars, fearlessly career round and round in the ring on the bare back of the fiery, untamed, frantic steed of the great Sahara?

Could they illustrate in full and correct costume, with bright scarlet face, the gay manner in which the great Chief Hiawatha or any other Red Indian went to work when on a gentle 'pasear' of scalping the whole of North American creation, and astonish the mild Pacific islander with the fearful and wonderful manual and platoon prescribed for the bow and arrow practice?

The general verdict was, at least for the time, most emphatically No! and on the trick monkey coming before the discriminating public to perform his part of the programme, the roars of laughter were immense when it was discovered that his costume was, for all the world, as similar as possible to that of the British Consul.

It was now anything to raise a dollar to go and see these marvels, consequently no difficulty was experienced in obtaining any number of men for any sort of work, such was the general fit of industry brought on by circus influence. The young ladies, always amiable, under it became doubly so, and many were the pretty little presents brought to the papalagi, for whom they had so great an esteem; of course, from no other motive but respect. Strange to say, however, by some means or other the conversation always turned upon this wonderful 'tifaga,' and was invariably wound up with a most ingenuous and modest request to be passed into its wondrous Hall of Delight. 'Tifaga' is a Samoan word signifying jugglery, and was applied to this circus.

If imitation is, as it is said to be, the sincerest

form of flattery, no circus ever received a larger share of that commodity than ours; for the whole day long, and sometimes far into the moonlit night, no male under the age of fifty was to be seen standing the right end up.

The general male public passed all their time on the sand, throwing themselves about, regardless of bumps and thumps, to fathom the mysteries and master the art of lofty and ground tumbling, in which many of the other sex joined; but they, as a rule, confined themselves to the accomplishment of the steps of the Highland fling as danced in full costume by the beauteous damsel in the circus.

They eventually formed themselves into troupes, and with more or less accuracy performed the entire programme they had witnessed, clown and Japanese entertainment not left out. Their dresses, also, were as close copies of the originals as could possibly be had in Samoa, and no expense was spared on them. In all things their imitative genius was very remarkable, and exact in some cases to a ridiculous pitch.

Anything with them for a novel excitement. I am sure that if the Salvation Army were to visit Samoa, they would capture the whole group in less than no time. Nothing would be more calculated to attract the entire population. Missionary, Consul, and Magistrate would, for a time at least, be entirely free from native cares.

CHAPTER XIV.

High Commissioner's Court—Limited National Authority—British severely Handicapped—Irresponsible Nationality—Armed Return Labour—Consular Case—Scullery Fight—Britannia's Care for her far-off Daughter—Consular Arbitration—Convenient Witness—The Sliding Rock—Yankee Man-of-War's Men on Shore—A Restaurant.

25th November.

To-DAY I made my first acquaintance with the High Commissioner's Court for the Western Pacific, the terror of British evil-doers in the islands, and consequently much abused. I sat as one of two assessors appointed to assist the Deputy-Commissioner in a case brought on behalf of a mob of island labourers on a plantation owned by a British subject, who on receiving an adverse decision in a case of debt, had bolted and left the poor fellows without wages or means of subsistence. In a former trial the lands he claimed were seized to satisfy the debt, and ever since there has been scheming and appealing going on in all sorts of ways to recover possession, even to the extent of attempting to induce the Samoans forcibly to put in the agent of a syndicate which had acquired the debtor's claim. The natives, however, were too sensible to try such a move, in spite of an

offer of five hundred dollars and a guarantee of indemnity. This trouble was continually cropping up during the whole time of my sojourn in Samoa, and has since my departure re-appeared in the Deputy-Commissioner's Court, with what legality I fail to see, for it amounts to an appeal to a lower Court to invalidate the decision of a higher one.

The High Commissioner's Court exists under the authority of an order in council, and extends its reach over the whole of the Western Pacific not occupied by civilized powers, omitting, for some extraordinary reason or another, the New Hebrides group. Deputy-Commissioners are appointed to reside at various points to carry out the duties and enforce the regulations issued from time to time from headquarters. The Court has authority only over British subjects, and cannot interfere with natives or foreigners, no matter what injury the latter may inflict on the former.

With regard to Germans and Americans, redress from them can be sought in their respective Consular Courts; but there are many of the former nationality in the islands who are ignored by their country, and consequently by their Consulate. And also, as there are many foreigners who have no national representative, and some of them, taking advantage of the mixed nature of American nationality, are citizens or not just as may suit their case, the Britisher is placed in a position of immense disadvantage. He can be called to account for misdeeds or claims by any of these men irrespective of nationality, whilst

his own complaints can only be lodged against *bonâ-fide* Germans and Americans.

Besides this drawback the British trader is severely handicapped, although in a very good public cause, by regulations issuing from the High Commissioner's Court, forbidding, under penalty of prosecution, the sale to natives of many articles which men of all other nationalities freely traffic in, such as powder, liquor, guns, dynamite—articles which the natives of the Pacific greatly covet.

The regulations with reference to the foregoing articles, although perfectly righteous in principle from a trading point of view, are very one-sided, and have engendered in the minds of British residents in the Pacific a strong sense of harshness and injustice—and, it cannot be denied, naturally, in these days of severe competition.

It must be a most annoying experience to a British trader to see his former clients all trooping off with their produce to the foreigner next door, let him be nondescript or represented, who is under no restriction as to what he sells, and in consequence ruins him by taking all the trade. It was stated that all other nationalities were going to follow on the same line, which then would have brought things into a proper and fair state; but up to this time the desired end has not been arrived at.

As an instance of how irresponsible nationality is taken advantage of, I may cite what occurred not long ago in Savaii, where a Swede and a Frenchman supplied the natives of a disaffected district with some

five hundred stand of arms, which enabled them to rebel against the King.

There was no white law that could touch these men, and forcible interference from the King would have plunged the whole group into war ; but whether these men had representatives or not, it was not a very difficult matter to make a good guess as to which importer, for whom they virtually acted only as agents, supplied them with the arms.

Further, an encouraging sight to British merchants it is to see German island labour—which they are not permitted to import themselves until, as they are told, 'regulations are promulgated concerning employment of labour in countries, like Samoa, not under British rule'—departing on a return voyage, each savage shouldering a rifle and with a boxful of cartridges, for selling which they themselves would be fined and perhaps imprisoned. Such, however, is the case, and just before the departure of a recruiting ship, dozens of these half-wild fellows are to be seen parading the beach carefully nursing their guns, as proud as they well can be, enjoying in anticipation the fun they mean to have, no matter where they are landed.

This afternoon, the 10th December, the monotony of a very quiet and dismal fortnight was varied with another new experience, illustrative of the unpleasant things that have to be endured by an unfortunate Consul in such places as Samoa, to the loss of his dignity before a native population, by putting him in a ridiculous position.

We were sitting quietly upstairs, when up rushed

the black boy Cæsar with a great clatter, shouting out excitedly, 'White womān he come! White womān he come!' and then immediately proceeded to dig himself into safe quarters in the farthest-off corner of the room in a state of great alarm, whilst down below hysterical sobs and gurgles were heard, most evidently approaching nearer and nearer our devoted selves.

There were no means of escape, or we should both have availed ourselves of them; but as it was, we kept an eye to the veranda, down the posts of which we could slide if the approaching scene proved to be too terrible.

Suddenly a tall gaunt-looking female with her hair all in disorder, perspiring profusely from the effect of a run from the German Factory here, and with the marks of three finger-nails all down one side of her well-seasoned-looking face, staggered in tragic style into the protecting presence, demanding at the top of her voice sanctuary and justice under the shadow of the Union Jack. For quite ten minutes, in spite of all requests to be calm and reasonable, supplications, threats, warnings, and explanations, irregularly punctuated with many gulps and sobs, poured out without a pause from this new subject of interest.

After a time we gathered that this forlorn damsel was cook at the German Factory, and having had a difference with a Teutonic lady there in the kitchen, had received the worst of the debate, and rushed off to throw herself into the unresponsive arms of her country's representative, much to his embarrassment.

With a crash she hurled a big bundle of dirty papers on the table, calling out at the same time in a loud tone, 'There are my letters! I demand protection from my Consul ! ! !' and thereupon, to our great relief, subsided into a neighbouring chair.

It was not so easy to know, on the spur of the moment, what to do with such a trumpery case as this scullery squabble; but, racking his brains for a while to discover some plan for shunting this wretched business, the Consul at last said:

'Oh! yes, yes! It is, of course, a German case. You go to the German Consul; he is a very nice kind man, and will see you fully avenged upon your brutal persecutor.'

It was of no use; she positively refused to have anything whatever to do more with Germans, or to move an inch outside the house, and seemed greatly refreshed by indulging in another ten minutes or so of continuous condemnation of everyone and everything connected with the Teutonic nationality; again demanding what this time she termed her 'rights,' for the protection of which she supposed Consuls were paid.

During her halt to get breath for another tirade, one more bright idea for transferring this fair lady's championship to other shoulders struck the British Lion. 'Yes, yes!' said he; 'perhaps you are right. It is, of course, a police affair. Just the very man to settle this matter is to be found a little farther down the street. I mean the Magistrate. He is an Englishman, and will do anything in the world for a

countrywoman in distress. Go to him. You may say that you have seen me. Good-bye.'

It was of no more use than before, but was the signal for an unfathomable flood of tears, accompanied with the most heartrending howls and piteous inquiries addressed to the wide wide world for information 'Why she had ever left Sydney? and what was to become of a poor woman when an unsympathetic brute of an official threw her back to the tender mercies of her enemies, who had decoyed her from her happy home and half murdered her for nothing?'

Nothing would stop her, nor would anything move her, until at last, to prevent her taking up permanent quarters on his floor, the Consul suggested that she should find some other billet.

She would not move, however, without him, and lovely and to-the-soul-appealing was the instance of the tender regard Britannia has for her forlorn daughters wheresoever they may be, as instanced by her representative being seen touchingly and sympathetically shepherding this fair old one of the dishevelled locks in her interesting progress the whole length of the beach in search of a refuge.

In a day or two I was introduced to another phase of unpleasant Consular work, one of the many ultra-official tasks that fall to the difficult lot of the Consul in Samoa, but which cannot very well be avoided, viz., arbitration in land disputes. This, a case between a Briton and a German, had already been the subject of professional arbitration; but the award, although agreed to be final, was not acknowledged by either

party, and had at last been referred to the good offices of the respective Consuls of the disputants.

After a long time spent in consulting deeds and paper measurements, nothing remained but to go on to the ground itself, discover a certain doubtful point, and make a final award. In verifying various landmarks I was particularly struck by the facility with which interested witnesses discovered just what suited their case. One man in particular recognised two different trees wide apart at two different times for the same point.

The only reward that a Consular arbitrator ever gets in Samoa is unstinted abuse from the loser, even to the extent of actual accusation of dishonesty; but if the decision is given against his own countryman in favour of a foreigner, the vituperation knows no limit.

An amusing case of intended arbitration occurred some time later in a boundary dispute between a Frenchman and some natives. Having no representative, he asked the Consuls to take up the matter, who for the general good consented, but did not, however, go beyond the Frenchman's first statement, given in the following words: 'Gentlemen, this is the plan of my ground. If on your going over it your measurements agree with my plan, I shall agree to what you will say; but if not, I shall not agree to what you will say.'

Christmas Day now soon came round, when, in the company of three young Englishmen lately arrived on a visit to spy out the land, G. and I made a

pilgrimage to the Pāpāseā, or sliding-rock, a stock show-place of Apia, and the first thing that strangers are usually shown.

Everyone, on the first mention of the 'sliding-rock,' naturally imagines that it is the rock itself that slides in some manner or another, but such is not the case; it is the individual who slides over the rock, which operation at first sight seems to be a service of danger, but is easily and safely performed even by ladies. It is nothing more than a rock inclined at a sharp angle, over which a small stream flows, and is situated in a dense bush gully deep set in the hills. The performer, lying in the current, permits himself to slide on his back over the rock into a deep pool below. I can't say that there is much joy to be derived from this operation, it being apparently to everyone more of a matter of duty, without undergoing which it is an understood thing that no one is properly graduated in Samoa; nor has any visitor acquired a right to say that he knows Apia until he has gone through this qualifying ordeal.

It had rained early in the morning, which did not make the bush any the more pleasant for travelling, and our bearers with all picnic necessaries had been sent on before us.

Travelling single file through the thick wet bush, which soon thoroughly moistened us from head to foot, we trudged on straight inland for about two hours, rising the whole time until we came out on the edge of a mountain spur under the shadow of three large trees, which had they been arranged by man's

agency could not have been better placed for forming a little amphitheatre of clear space at their feet, affording a view of Apia and the sea.

Ever so little to the right or to the left the bush obstructed the view, but just where these trees stood there was a natural opening giving a curious sort of leafy frame to a very lovely view beyond. Whilst loitering here enjoying the landscape, we heard seven guns fired, and knew that either a German or American man-of-war had arrived.

From this a steep descent brought us to the course, still in dense bush, of a beautiful little stream, which, tumbling over a smooth dark rock in a fall of about thirty-five feet, was introduced to us as the Pāpāseā, or the sliding-rock, over which we immediately proceeded to plunge, and found it to be not so terrible an operation after all.

Having taken our first degree, we repeated it many times until sufficiently cooled, when we tackled the contents of the baskets, and in about an hour set off on our journey home, having passed a very pleasant Christmas Day, in spite of the complete reversal of climatic conditions and the absence of plum-pudding.

On arrival at Apia, we found that the American man-of-war *Richmond* had come into port. I don't think that the most lively denizen of these lively isles could with any degree of fairness have complained of being dull next day. If he did, it was entirely his own fault, as there was quite enough and to spare of diversion for the whole term of the ship's stay. For

two days the liberty men had charge of the town, and did 'just what they darned pleased;' the police were withdrawn, and the whole place was delivered over to the most awful riot both day and night, during which it was not safe to go about. After the first burst, however, the men quieted down somewhat, and things went along smoothly again.

One rather amusing thing was a body of these men going into the German Consulate and demanding dinner; and when told that it was not an hotel, wanting to know 'Why they hung out that black fowl as a sign if it was not a restaurant?' The sign was the German eagle, the Consular coat of arms.

CHAPTER XV.

Rumours of War—Native Signs—Indication by Visitors—Old-hand Prophecies—A Well-informed Man—Signs of Peace—House Construction—Trades Unionism—Stone House—Building Material—Primitive Man—Dragging the Log—Lady Thatchers—A Nailless House—Tropical Shower—Probable Volcano—Left in Charge.

EARLY in February we heard some very disquieting rumours of the likelihood of war once more breaking out, but although there had been plainly visible a more than ordinary amount of uneasiness in the Samoan Government, no reliable information could be obtained that it meant anything more than the usual Parliamentary squabbles over trifles.

However, we determined to take a short cruise in the neighbouring country, and see what the natives were about in their towns. Whether they were building new houses and keeping up their cultivation, which would be confirmative of peace, or whether they were indulging more than usual in 'Fonos' (councils), a sure indication of some disturbing element abroad, either local or widespread; and if it should be the latter, these 'Fonos' would be assembled generally in all the towns.

One can at all times make a very good guess at

what may be in the wind by ascertaining who has been or is visiting in the neighbourhood, for the presence of certain people is quite sufficient indication of mischief. A great many of the alarming rumours which crop up every now and again have their origin with the old hands, who from their long residence pose as oracles, and authoritatively utter, for the benefit of more recent arrivals, certain information of what is to happen in the future. If any doubt be expressed they get annoyed. These men acquire their initial facts from their Samoan wives' relations, who are always visiting, and always ready to give any sort of news that they think will interest the 'old man;' and if they have heard no news, they will soon invent some. To this the recipient adds his own experience of natives, perhaps forty years old, and the result is some alarming rumour which does not lessen in intensity the further it travels.

I heard one white, long-timed sojourner in the Pacific take a judicial oath that nothing happened in Samoa that he did not know of through his wife's relations.

We were to have made up an official party, but the others hung back on account of the threatening weather, so G. and I rode out alone. We had not gone more than ten miles before it was evident, according to all recognised native signs, that no disturbance was contemplated in the immediate vicinity of Apia. New houses were to be seen going up all round, and with the exception of the necessary artificers and individuals required for the domestic duties of the

houses, the towns were almost deserted, the inhabitants being back in the bush cutting building material for their edifices, or working on their plantations; and not a single 'Fono' had lately been held, nor was there any rumour of such for the future. All was, indeed, very satisfactory for the cause of peace.

I had, during our travels, the opportunity of inspecting the various buildings in course of construction—some of which were of large size—and found in them a new and very interesting study. The Samoans are strictly conservative in their ideas of constructing houses, which are built of one universal pattern throughout the whole group, and at first sight put one in mind of exaggerated beehives. The shape is that of an oval, more or less flattened at the sides; they sometimes approach the complete circular tracing, but never entirely. The rounded ends are carried in the same horizontal parallel curve of gradually lessening diameter right to the top of the roof of the flat-sided or centre part of the house with a correctness which, for natives without the aid of mathematical instruments, is truly wonderful. The beams forming the ends and supporting the curved roof are not made in one piece, or of wood naturally bent, but are honestly carpentered out of the log, each one being made up of eight or more different short pieces spliced into one another and bound with sinnet.

When beginning to build, the centre part is first put up—that is comparatively plain work; but that finished, the scientific portion commences. A most

bewildering sort of scaffolding is now erected at either end, evidently constructed in accordance with some acknowledged rule for building. From this, facing outwards towards the end part of the house, project poles, slanting upwards towards the roof, or rather towards where the roof is going to be, beginning at the roof-plate, and fixing with their ends the position for the curved roof-beams. These beams are not placed horizontally, but spring from the roof-plate about five feet from the ground, supported by posts at intervals of about six feet, the centre of them rising higher and higher, according to the height required. By what rule all this is engineered is difficult to ascertain, but it must be something beyond mere rule-of-thumb, from the regularity of the work. A house may have one or two posts, which, with transverse beams attached to the side-plates, support the roof, and preserve the strength and shape of the house. The skeleton finished, thin rafters are fastened with sinnet vertically from crown to roof-plate, and on these is secured the thatch of sugar-cane leaves, forming a lasting covering sometimes two feet thick, which, barring accidents, such as extra strong winds, does not require renewal for at least seven years. Sometimes the ends of these houses are covered in permanently with woven bamboo or other material, though, as a rule, a house is left open night and day all round; but when any necessity arises, such as too much rain, sun, or wind, it can be completely closed in with cocoa-nut mats hung all round, arranged and worked exactly as venetian blinds are at home. The

floor is made quite level, and composed of a considerable depth of jet-black water-worn volcanic pebbles, over which are spread the mats to sit upon. There is always one circular fireplace in each house about two feet in diameter, and often two of them; they are not used for cooking purposes, but merely for keeping up a light.

House-building in Samoa partakes quite of the nature of a ceremony, and is by no means to be indulged in cheaply, even though the party erecting the house may be a high chief, and by custom entitled to the free work of the people. Each stage of the work has to be settled for at prescribed periods, or the architects will at once stop work, leaving the unfinished house to stand as a monument to the implied meanness of the owner—a stigma which no Samoan can ever endure, even if he has to go begging all round the country and ruin all his relations to get the requisite coin. Terms must be made with the artificer who commenced the work, for strict Samoan custom forbids any carpenter from taking up work that a former one has deserted in disgust (very similar to trades' unionism). Feasting and Kava-drinking goes on the whole time, and the finale is a presentation of fine mats to all concerned. Carrying and plaiting the thatch on to reeds about five feet long is especially the women's work, who also fetch the stones for the floor, but the men fix the former and spread the latter. On the cross-beams fastened to the centre poles are placed all their riches in mats, siapos, etc., also, during the day, the sleeping appara-

tus; whilst all round the outside edge of the house, more especially at the two ends, are placed the boxes and chests of the family, all carefully locked, containing their finery and smaller articles of value. Outside the house, to the depth of twenty or thirty yards, a space is kept quite bare of grass or weeds, mainly for the purpose of drying clothes upon. The duty of keeping this in order devolves upon the women, who generally devote an hour or so to the work morning and evening.

There is, some distance away in the bush behind Apia, the remains of a stone house said to have been built by the devil. Some of the rocky uprights are certainly standing there, and the usual 'trace' of a Samoan house can be easily determined; but whether it ever had a roof, or was merely a sort of Pacific Stonehenge, cannot be determined. At all events, of the roof (if ever there was one) no remains of any sort of stone that might form an arch are to be found. Some travellers have reported the stone pillars as having been hewn, but that is a mistake; they are merely flakes split off the rock not far off, without the faintest sign whatever of any sort of working. A description of the house and the journey to it will be found in the next chapter.

When a house is to be built for a chief, all the villages in the neighbourhood acknowledging his sway are put under contribution for the various materials required. After arranging exactly what each is to supply, working-parties go into the bush in search of that which they are told off to furnish. Each log for posts, etc., is felled and squared-up on the spot, and,

when ready, the working-party harness themselves to it, and with loud shouts and all sorts of pantomime drag it from the bush to the building site. All engaged in the work are dressed most fantastically, wearing every kind of bush ornament procurable. They crown their heads with heavy garlands of bush creepers, thickly studded with the brightest-coloured bush flowers. Some make themselves very graceful hats from the young banana-leaf, others render themselves more ferocious-looking than they are in reality by indulging in huge turbans constructed from the withered leaf of the same tree. Sashes and necklaces in every conceivable fashion of every obtainable bush material adorn their dusky bodies, and for the time the native 'siapos' or the European waist-cloth is replaced by thick girdles of long leaves. Altogether their appearance is most weird and strikingly primitive. I don't know anything to compare it to. Meeting such a party for the first time away in the bush, one feels inclined to remark to one's self: 'I have at last met with specimens of the original man; but how amiable he is! There is nothing savage about him but his appearance.' In fact, from the jolly crowned Bacchic appearance and the boisterous good-nature of the crowd, one feels greatly tempted to lay hold of the rope and give a hand in the work. With yells and songs the log is dragged along, the leaders continually shouting out words of encouragement, and every now and then suddenly darting out from the rear, dancing furiously and brandishing in a most dangerous manner their wood-cutting axes. Arriving in the vicinity of

the building site, the pace increases, as also does the hauling song; the leaders dance round and round their men more and more frantically, throwing their axes high in the air and dexterously catching them again as they fall.

The party at last breaks into a regular run, when with one great shout, more like a huge sigh than anything else, the work is finished and the log delivered over into the builders' hands. The bush crowd disperse to their homes, and all is quiet once again. The fetching and weaving of the thatch is peculiarly the women's department. Early in the morning all the women in the town assemble, and in single file off they go to the sugar-cane patches, where each one cutting as much as she can carry on her back, they form up again and troop off to the town, laughing, joking, and singing; and if ever they come upon a flower, it is more than ten to one that it is transferred to their hair.

The ladies, like the men, on these occasions love to dress after the Adamite plan, in nothing but the natural products of their native bush; and very charming a nice-looking girl looks when so simply arrayed. To new arrivals this costume appears somewhat pronouncedly scanty; but it is natural, and suits every requirement of the climate and the people.

After the thatching stuff is brought home, the women, and sometimes the men as well, weave the cane-leaves loosely on to reeds about three or four feet long, the ends of the leaves hanging

downwards. The lengths are then damped and pressed with heavy stones for one or two days, and when ready are fastened to the rafters with sinnet, commencing at the eaves, one length overlapping the other, until the whole roof is covered sometimes to a thickness of two feet. Such a roof is calculated to be good for seven years. The roofing is essentially the men's work, but that finished, the women appear once again on the scene, when, after making their cocoa-nut-leaf baskets, they go down in a troop to the sea-beach, returning loaded with small black volcanic pebbles, which are spread to a considerable depth to form a floor. The ground-plan of the house is then fenced round with large stones, and nothing more remains than to make venetian blinds of cocoa-nut leaves and hang them all round the house from the eaves, when the tenement is complete. Of the woods employed in house-building, that of a species of bread-fruit is preferred above all others, as being vastly more durable. There is not one single nail in a purely Samoan house, all the joints and fastenings are made with sinnet or native string, manufactured from the cocoa-nut fibre.

The shipping arrivals about this time became of great importance, for the stock of flour on the beach had almost run out, which meant, if not semi-starvation, still, for Europeans, a great deprivation ; and on our baker giving notice that he had only one day's supply left and intended to keep that himself, we went all over the town in search of biscuit, and could buy none. Here was a pretty mess, which lasted

for quite a fortnight, when the anxiously-looked-for relief arrived in the shape of a vessel from New Zealand, and the baker set to work again to the satisfaction of all, including the Samoans, who are very fond of 'Papalagi felour,' as they call bread.

On the 23rd a Yankee three-masted schooner arrived from San Francisco, on board which, on her return voyage, the British Consul whose place I was to take determined to secure his passage, and from that date to the 13th March, when the *Freemont* took her departure, we were busily employed arranging matters for the new administration of the office.

CHAPTER XVI.

Fale o le Fe'e—The Devil as Food—Pineapple Obstructions—Ferocious Mosquitoes—Ready-made-Board Tree—Musu-oo—Banyan, its Growth—Tongan Fort—Steep Descent—River Scenery—Philistine Judge—Awkward Travelling—The Hallowed Ground—Seeking the Oracle—Recovered Appetites—Wet Night—Return to Apia.

This morning I put into execution an intention I had had in mind for many a long day, and, accompanied by the Judge and M., started on a pilgrimage in search of the 'Fale o le fe'e,' or, in English, 'the house of the octopus,' which in Samoa, as in many other Pacific Islands, is the personification of the devil; and a very appropriate one too, for a more hideous-looking monster than a large octopus, with its repulsive colour and loathsome slimy arms, threateningly waving and curling as if in dire torture, seeking to grasp their prey, does not exist. However, in spite of its appearance and the exalted position it has been given as chief evil spirit, the Samoans convert the octopus into a favourite article of food, and reverse the proceedings his Satanic Majesty is generally given credit for, by devouring him instead of his devouring them.

Starting from Apia about ten o'clock, with two natives to carry our food and a change of clothes, we crossed the 'Vaisigago' about a mile from Apia, and walking up the bank of the river, on the outskirts of the 'Vaivasa' plantation, we soon came to the bush village of 'Magiagi.' Here we picked up a third native, and dividing the load equally between the three, plunged into the narrow track, made almost impassable by a strong undergrowth of pineapples, leading through a very lovely tropical forest.

It was the same old Samoan bush, resplendent with bright-coloured flowers, and fantastically wonderful in its glorious leafage, sympathetically sheltering us from the sun's now brazen rays. Beyond a few birds of no remarkable appearance or size, this bush was devoid of animal life; but, to our cost, we found that it was by no means so with regard to insects—the blood-thirsty mosquitoes, the worst I ever experienced, reminding us of their proximity on every occasion of a halt. We were kept so much employed with these annoying creatures that for miles we thought of nothing else, and speculated considerably as to what on earth could be the use for them, and what they live upon when they can't find a human victim. To all appearance, and most decidedly to our experience, human blood seemed to be their natural diet; but then what do the other thousand billions of the beasts do who never see or taste it? It struck us that Nature had not dealt quite fairly with this bird of prey, as here he was almost big enough to be termed, in raising him in places where, but for

the godsend of idiotic Britishers—who will penetrate everywhere, no matter in what discomfort or for what useful purpose—the unfortunate insect would have to put up with sucking trees and stones.

On the way, for about two miles, we found occasional clumps of cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, and oranges, but these soon ceased; whilst every now and then we would pass through spaces which bore signs of long-past occupation.

Plodding slowly on through the many and varied timber trees—from the ready-made-board tree, with its irregular wide-spreading buttresses, to the 'musu-oe,' standing erect with a mathematical perpendicularity, as regular as if its trunk had been turned out of some workshop, surmounted with its crown of splendid foliage, whose flower produces the most valued scent and head ornament for the Samoans—and gaining height at every step, we came suddenly upon a sight worth looking at. It was an enormous banyan tree, whose branches, hung with many varieties of bush-ferns, supported flowery parasites of all descriptions, festooned with hanging mosses and lovely creepers. It rose to a great height above its tallest bush companions, its aërial roots descending in a vast twisted network, about eighty feet in depth, and covering a yearly increasing expanse of ground to the effacement of its neighbours. It is, I believe, of the same species as the Indian tree, and its phenomenon of growth is worthy of remark. It commences from a seed deposited in the top of some tree, generally a palm. How it gets placed in such a position is a matter for

conjecture, but it is probably through the instrumentality of some bird. Here the seed germinates, but makes all its effort downwards, guided in its descent by the trunk of the tree, which in time it thoroughly encases, and on reaching the earth it immediately takes root. This root, whilst descending, derives sustenance from the tree-trunk, for all the time the seed is putting forth leaves and shoots, from each of which more roots descend earthwards; and so this process continually goes on until the supporting tree is completely destroyed and the banyan stands alone on its own roots, often a hundred or more feet high before coming to the plant proper, from which roots are perpetually descending to earth to form fresh props to the tree, and with each new one more and more ground is taken up.

Proceeding on our way, still rising, we came to what, in very old times, had been a fort, doubtless one of the many that the Tongan invaders erected during their invasion of Upolu in days gone by. It was situated as is usual on a narrow commanding ridge, running down steeply on both sides, the direct path being blocked by both parapet and ditch.

Going still upwards for some time, we came to a halt at an elevation of thirteen hundred and fifty feet above sea-level by aneroid barometer, on the edge of a deep gully, the bottom of which we could not see for the dense bush, though we could plainly hear the river rushing wildly far below.

There was no track, but our way now lay down to the river; so on we went, down an incline which was

not far from being perpendicular. However, although rough on the arms, it was not very difficult work, as the trees were so thick that we could let ourselves down from one to another with comparative ease.

Arrived on a swampy flat, we thrust ourselves with much difficulty through great thickets of bamboo and scrub, and emerged on the river, bounding in sullen, solemn, tumultuous grandeur in sheets of white foam over the black lava rocks.

We were now once more in the valley of the 'Vaisigago,' and, again consulting the aneroid, found that our late descent was five hundred and ten feet.

It was quite a new phase of Samoan scenery. We appeared to be in a rift in the solid rock, which, taking a sudden turn at a short distance both below and above us, left us with but a limited glimpse of the intensely blue sky overhead from our bottom-of-the-well-like position.

Fringing the dark rocks on either side, the graceful fern-trees, with their drooping fronds almost meeting, formed a fairy avenue of the most lovely description, whilst trees of every shade of foliage, trellised with innumerable gay creepers and hanging mosses, were to be seen, rendering more beautiful still the frequent waterfalls, from ten to thirty feet high, which tumbled down in showers of feathery spray into the shining, shimmering silver pools below, reflecting in their untroubled parts the fathomless azure of the sky above, and passed onwards to the sea with a soothing roar, that found a soft whispering echo in the surrounding cliffs.

Rising sheer on both sides above the cliffs, the ranges stood out boldly, thickly covered with forest. Not a sound was heard but the rushing of the water, which seemed as though it were the natural silence of the place. With this sensation, everything was so quiet and peaceful that, for the moment, one lost all desire to proceed farther on, and wished to remain in this wonderful haven of glorious rest for the remainder of existence.

Stretched at full length on a couch-like rock, with the white water merrily dancing up in front, lazily dreaming and wondering why life should not always be thus, in the fascinating lullaby of the rapidly passing stream I could imagine I heard the sound of old familiar voices far away, and in my mind was answering, when all such fancies were rudely dispelled by the Judge, in whose soul was no poetry, shaking me nearly off my rock, and holding out towards me a frying-pan of gin and water, having brought no cup, inquiring in vulgar, commonplace, earthly language most obnoxious to my then frame of mind, whether I would take a 'tot.'

The 'tot' finished, we picked up our traps and started off again on our course, which now lay directly up the bed of the river, and a most particularly rough track it was. At one moment we were clambering over slippery lava rocks, and jumping from one to the other at the risk of breaking our necks; at another time wading waist-deep in a seething pool of water, while every now and then a waterfall would effectually bar any further direct progress.

When this occurred we took to the steep sides of the gully, cutting our own track with long eighteen-inch bush-knives until we headed the obstacle ; and so the journey proceeded for about two hours, when, arriving at a point where the river became divided, we took to the bush, and, travelling for some little time along a minor ridge, we descended again to the bed of the branch river, after which, crossing and plunging a few yards into the bush, we at last arrived at the ' Fale o le fe'e," the aneroid showing a height of one thousand five hundred feet.

Like very many other sights that one takes so much trouble to get at, this mysterious house did not come up to the expectation we had formed. Our first exclamation on halting at the hallowed spot, which we had endured so much to get at, was, ' Is this all ?' We felt as though we had been swindled, and had it not been for the fine healthy exercise we had enjoyed in getting there, and the certain benefit therefrom, with the consequent welcome break in the miserable monotony of Apian existence, I am afraid that we might have used bad language, so disappointed were we.

There was nought to be seen but a few upright stones cropping up through a dense matting of undergrowth which we set to work to clear away. Guided by the upright stones, about six or seven feet high and of irregular thickness, we soon traced out what had been the outer walls of a house of the usual Samoan shape, rounded at both ends. The pillars which were still standing, and others found lying

scattered about on the outside boundary, had evidently formed the exterior posts of the house, and bore no traces of dressing, but seemed to have been split from the strata of basaltic rock in the cliffs close by. What means were used in procuring these, either artificial or natural, it is impossible to say ; but no doubt fire and water had somewhat to say to it, as the natives at the time the house must have been built had none other than stone tools to work with.

Close by the house stands a lone pillar with a large substantial stone block at its base, upon which it is said that the Fe'e used to sit and overlook his workmen. He probably was some old tyrant chief of former days, but, as tradition relates, his slaves, no longer able to endure his impositions, one day, when they caught him dozing, threw him into the river, in which he was swept down to the reef, and still remains there.

In the centre of the outlined house is a stone rising much higher than the outside ones, and fractured on the top—this most likely was the centre-post ; and close to it, evidencing the great antiquity of the ruins, grows a large tree sixty or seventy years old, perhaps more. Nothing is left to show what sort of roof it had, if ever it carried any at all ; and the probability is, if it was covered, that it was not with stone, as amongst the débris scattered about, no segments of anything approaching an arch-curve are to be found : besides that, there is no indication of sufficient strength of outside wall to sustain the thrust of a stone arch.

It is very likely that there never was any roof at all, but that it was merely a mystic collection of stones similar to our Stonehenge or other Druidical circles. Samoan traditions are very hazy on the subject, merely informing an inquirer that it was built under the management of the devil, but when they don't know; but I heard one very old Samoan say that in times of trouble, or when some important question was to be investigated, the great chiefs would retire there and sit in solemn mystical silence, each one with his back against a stone pillar, until one of them should receive inspiration from the spirits supposed to be hovering round the place, and deliver his instructions in oracular form.

We soon finished our inspection of the ruins, and then went in search of a camping-place; and whilst so doing were anxiously requested not to spit or throw anything into the stream, for if we were to do so, the devil would get enraged and let loose all the upper waters upon us and drown the whole party. Selecting a place high enough above the stream to be comfortably out of the reach of any ordinary diabolical rage in case offence might be given, we set the bearers to construct a house for the night roofed with wild banana-leaves, whilst we bathed and donned comfortable dry clothes.

By this time we were quite ready for feeding, and a fire being started in quick time, the frying-pan, last used as a pannikin at our halting-place by the river, was discoursing rival and more interesting music than that of the bubbling stream, and diffusing around an

appetizing odour of fried pork sufficiently attractive to create a soul under the very ribs of death by starvation.

With fingers for forks, sheath-knives for spoons, leaves for plates, biscuit and pork for the sustenance, and tea in a tin billy for drink, we set to work with a will to satisfy the cravings of a trio of most glorious appetites quite unknown in Apia, where one only eats to live, and looks upon meal-times as merely regular events of the day to mark the effluxion of time.

The historical, post-prandial pipe, ever-present in all accounts of camping out that ever were written, with us was conspicuous by its absence, and for the first time in my life I was in the company of three bushmen all non-smokers. Stretched out in our rugs on a banana-leaf carpet, under a roof of the same useful article, a plenteous wood-fire brightly burning at our feet just outside, and illuminating strangely the surrounding trees with its flickering flame, we took our ease and swapped yarns.

Gradually the night closed in, and as gradually did our talking cease, till, lulled by the drowsy murmur of the little river, we dropped off one by one to a well-earned sleep.

On waking up next morning, I was very much disgusted to find that it had rained in the night, with the effect of caving in our roof and filling the house with water. It was scarcely daylight, and the river could be heard absolutely roaring, giving us notice that a freshet had come down suddenly from the heights above, without our having to our know-

ledge provoked the 'old gentleman;' anyway, it was lucky we had not chosen a lower level for our camp.

Daylight at last broke, and, lighting up the fire, the billy was soon merrily singing out an invitation to tea. Everything had got uncomfortably wet, but it did not much matter, as the temperature was uncommonly mild, and a cup of hot tea and a biscuit and pork soon put things all right.

Going to the river for our morning ablutions, we saw, from traces left, that the stream had at one time during the night risen quite ten feet above its normal level, and was still considerably swollen, affording a plain hint that camping close to such water-courses was by no means safe. After a good bath and breakfast we got on the home-track.

CHAPTER XVII.

Succeed to Office—Mysterious Burglary—Smart Prisoner—Cat-o'-Nine-Tails—Support in Affliction—Theft-swearing—A very Precise Thief—Chinaman's Dollars—Hanky-Panky Man—A Modern Cannibal—Making Use of a Friend—Never Cannibals—Queen's Birthday—Flag-wagging—My Portrait Gallery—The German Boy—The Asteroid—Visit to Manono—Girl's Deceitful Trading.

14*th March*, 1882.

I WAS no sooner left to my own resources in full possession of the two offices of Consul and Deputy-Commissioner, than, as I had been warned, I was rushed at by all sorts of schemers, each one presenting his sad case as if it had only happened that very morning; but being prepared for this onslaught, I was able to refer most of these applicants to a former settlement or refusal of their interesting claims. The natives, too, were not at all behindhand in similar efforts, all trying to take a mean advantage of a new hand.

On the 19th the whole town was in a state of great commotion from a mysterious burglary having been committed, in which a white man had been dangerously injured; the nature of the wound—a club-stroke across the stomach—pointed to the pro-

bability of its being the work of a Samoan, with whom such a blow is a favourite one. For some time the strictest inquiry could not elicit any information as to who was the perpetrator of the crime, until a remark was let fall by a municipal prisoner which attracted attention and caused a search of the gaol, where, in the prison quarters, was found some of the plunder, as well as a skeleton-key which fitted the lock of the cell. It was then discovered that two of the gaol-birds were in the habit of letting themselves out at night and strolling about, carefully locking themselves up towards morning, and that it was these two bright articles who had committed the burglary. It was a performance quite worthy of more civilized parts, and not by any means to be expected from an easy-going Samoan, and in reality, for their credit, the chief actor was not a pure breed, being half Raratongan. The culprits were tried, and received four dozen lashes and six months in irons. The first one seized for punishment was the cross-bred ruffian who it was supposed committed the violent assault. During his punishment—not a new sensation to him—he roared and dodged about in the most abject manner, and was escorted back to gaol in a very subdued state to make room for his brother sinner, who had been let off with half the amount. Just as the second patient was tied up, the first climbed to the window of his room, and shouted out to his friend in difficulties: 'Courage, my friend! Courage! Bear it as a brave warrior, just as I did. Don't cry out, and give the "papalagi" any satisfaction,' which advice, considering

that the last man had both seen and heard the first performance, was rather misplaced, and, as may be imagined, useless.

It is very strange, but nevertheless true, that when any offence is committed by a Samoan he is bound to be found out, and in most cases, with a little persuasion, will even furnish the evidence for his own conviction—that is, before the white Municipal Magistrate.

Amongst themselves, a general method of discovering a theft committed in a Samoan community is by swearing the whole town through, each individual taking oath that he or she is not guilty of the crime. In old times, this solemn affirmation of innocence was taken over some sign or utensil representing the district or village god, but in these latter days the sacred object is the Bible. At the time appointed, the chief men of the place will assemble in the 'Falé tele' (big house), when, first having sworn their own freedom from the sin, they sit in solemn state, whilst all the rest of the people of every sort and description file before them, each in turn swearing in the most approved manner their innocence of the charge. This, when the complaint is stealing of native from native, is, or was, as a rule, successful; but it is sad to relate, for the credit of Samoans, that when the despoiled one is a foreigner, the natives of the present day, perhaps owing to the advance of civilization, do not consider themselves at all bound to confess the truth under so simple an obligation as an oath on the Bible, but cheerfully go through the whole ceremony

of perjuring themselves without a blush, if ever such a thing can be detected on their bronze faces. As for instance: A store at a place called 'Fasitootai' was burglarized one night, and a large quantity of prints and tinned provisions stolen therefrom. The owners, of course, applied to the chiefs of the place, who, sad to say, from the evidence of the empty tins lying around, must have known something about the robbery, or, at all events, have had very good grounds for knowing that some such thing had been perpetrated. The oath test was, however, applied; some two hundred or more passing under it with a stoicism worthy of a better cause. The chiefs then tried to fence the matter, by asserting that the robbery must have been effected by strangers arriving during the night by canoe; but, as no such advent could be traced, the blind was too palpable to be believed. The chiefs and judge of the village, seeing that the robbed ones were in real earnest and would not be bluffed off, and fearing, no doubt, that the affair would go further, when the whole community would fare much worse than by having a few of their people punished, at last found some half a dozen of the steady swearers of innocence to confess the robbery. Now began another perjury séance. These men appeared before the judge—who, by-the-bye, must have known all about the case from the beginning—and brought back a certain portion of the stolen goods, swearing solemnly on the Bible that it was all they knew of. Bearing in view the value of the first oath, they were not believed, and were sent back for

the remainder of the goods abstracted. They shortly returned with some more of the missing articles, and again testified that this lot was indeed all that they knew about. This process of collection was repeated in precisely the same manner four or five times, solemn oath being taken each time, until at last it was evident that these Christians had collected from their companions in crime all the cloth that was not actually in use, but the eatables were beyond recovery. It was to be observed, after the matter was over, that cloth, very suspiciously similar to the missing balance of the total robbery, was to be seen adorning the bodies of several of the judicial corps and grandees of the place.

Another case of the swearing test being ineffectual was brought to light in the Municipal Court of Apia, but this time it was native *versus* native. A man was arraigned for stealing a bundle of ten mats which he averred he had found in a sugar-cane plantation, and, simple fellow, thinking they had been stolen by some other man, annexed them for himself. He was convicted on the clearest evidence possible, and being asked whether he did not publicly swear on the Bible at his town-meeting that he knew nothing about them, he replied, it was true that he swore innocence at the meeting, but it was of stealing another bundle of ten mats lost somewhere a long time ago—he could not tell where—and not the bundle in question. His mind was fixed on the first bundle so strongly, that he was quite unconscious of the meeting being assembled for inquiry into the second lot. The rascal lived in

the very same house that the mats were stolen from, and was the man who persuaded the woman to ask the chiefs to put the village through the oath test.

Again, a Chinaman in Apia was robbed of some nineteen hundred dollars, and although he suspected some compatriots living very near him, yet he was not able to bring the matter home to them. There happened to be living close at hand a native teacher, who enjoyed a reputation for being a successful robber-detecter, having some short time before recovered a stolen ring by means of a mystical process, the knowledge of which he had acquired whilst away on missionary duty somewhere in the Line Islands. (N.B. He had previously to the divination frightened the girl who stole the ring into confession.) To him the loser of the money applied, of course accompanying the application with a suitable gift.

The entire plant required for this mystical detective business is very limited and simple if one knows where to get the stuff, which consists merely of some sort of material or root to be chewed by the diviner. When the mastication is complete, the operator spits out the juice into the hollow of his hand, and holding it there, requests the plundered one to call over the names of all people whom he suspects to have been guilty of the robbery. When the actual culprit's name is mentioned, the liquid will overflow and run up the arm of the performer, or take such a length of travel in that direction as will be proportionate to the interest taken in the little game by the owners of other names mentioned.

On the Chinaman's first application for help, the conjurer declined service on the score that he was a missionary teacher, and consequently could not dabble in any such heathenish work; but the fact was that he was far too cunning to set to work guessing on a perfect uncertainty, and wanted time to listen around and pick up news to work upon. In the course of three or four days, very strong circumstantial evidence was brought to bear upon three Chinamen; in fact almost enough to convict, and certainly quite sufficient to lock them up on suspicion in any civilized country.

With something so likely to turn up trumps to work upon, the pious scruples of the conjurer gave way before the anticipation of making an honest dollar or two with little trouble; so he caused the heathen Chinee to be given to understand that his love for justice had overridden his conscientious scruples, and that a suitable recognition of his trouble would secure his services. Terms were accordingly agreed to, the only stipulation being that there should be no whites present during the detective operations.

The Chinaman clinched the bargain. The mystic root was chewed, and the juice thereof ejected into the sanctimonious paw of the pious man; and then Johnny called over the names of individuals whom he well knew were nowhere near the place at the time of the annexation, just by way of testing the oracle.

The performer, however, was just as cunning as was Johnny. Not a stir was to be had over absentees, nor was the slightest possible motion to

be detected in the dark-looking mess tenderly nursed in the diviner's hand.

Chinkie now, having somewhat proved his man, commenced to name the first of the three suspected ones whose probable guilt had been the popular theme of conversation for the previous three days. The first name was mentioned, and lo and behold! a visible disturbance took place in the fluid, and the owner of that cognomen was pronounced to have had something to do with the business. A second name followed, and then, by Jove! the liquid travelled without the slightest movement of the performer right over his wrist.

This was evident sign enough of guilt; but, more marvellous to relate, on the third man's surname being submitted for trial, the entire contents of the missionary's hand got up bodily, and running up the full length of his arm, spilt itself over his sanctified shoulder.

In the opinion of the conclave there was no longer any doubt whatever about the matter. The actual robber and his assistants in two degrees were denounced, and, according to all the laws of the enlightened Line Islands, were guilty of the abstraction of the lost nineteen hundred dollars; and this should be sufficient for any white judge who ever came to the South Seas for judicial practice. Off went Johnny red-hot to the Municipal Magistrate, and with a vast amount of gesticulation and misplaced *l*'s, in the best of pigeon-English, laid these incontestable proofs of guilt before him, requesting that these three,

denounced by so infallible a method, should be immediately tried and convicted. The Magistrate, in his ignorance, did not quite see the case in the same light, and declined, upon such evidence—although it might be sufficient for hanging a man in so enlightened a group as the Line Islands—to accede to the reasonable request; so the Chinee plaintiff retired growling, drawing the most unfavourable comparisons between the fashion of arriving at a conviction in Samoa and that of Tapitouea, vastly to the disadvantage of the former.

One hundred dollars having been offered for the discovery of the stolen money, the pious detective was bothered almost out of his life by all sorts of people to divine where it was planted. He declined to act for one and all, but what excuse he gave history does not relate; at all events, the money was never found.

Whilst strolling about the town to-day (the 9th), I was called in by the British doctor to see a curious specimen of a Samoan patient he had brought in to him for treatment, and, on entering, saw a fine-looking old man sitting on the floor with his eyes not only close shut, but forcibly kept so, with all the effort the patient could muster. He was surrounded by four strong friends, who appeared to be acting as a sort of police over him, and ready to seize upon him whenever required. It was a most strange case, and had puzzled our Æsculapius not a little. This respectable old gentleman—all right in every other respect—had suddenly taken into his head that he should like to resume ancient Samoan customs, and hungered for

human flesh to vary the monotony of his yam and taro. It appeared when at home he would sit in his house like a spider in his web, and every fat boy whom he saw pass he would hunt all down the town with wild howls and watering mouth, seeking to convert the well-favoured youth into the 'long pork' of his ancestors for the satisfaction of his horrible craving. He at last became a regular nuisance; no baby was safe anywhere while he was about, and the mothers were in continual apprehension of coming home one fine day and finding the creature polishing off the last wing-bone of their latest treasure. The point of forbearance was exceeded when he, not being able to catch the tender youth—spoiling all round the village for want of cooking—suddenly attempted to devour an old and trusted friend raw. Reviving cannibalism they could put up with to a great extent, but to improve upon the old system and take the rations uncooked could not be endured; so he was captured, and taken in to the 'Fomai Peritania' (British doctor) to see what he could do in this strange case. The man, as I said before, was quite sensible on all other subjects; and the reason that he kept his eyes shut was—he told me himself—to prevent his seeing the doctor, for he knew that if he looked upon him he should want to dine off him. What became of this interesting patient on his return I never heard.

It has been said that the Samoans never were cannibals, but for the veracity of this statement I am afraid there is little proof but their own word. One thing certain, however, is that there has been no

instance of man-eating within the memory of any 'white;' still, there exists amongst these natives a ceremony that distinctly points out that at one time human beings were cooked and eaten. It is that of 'Ifo'—a ceremony of humiliation of parties conquered in war, or performed in course of apology for some offence committed. The performers of this custom, clad in their most worthless clothes—in old times stark naked—with every sign of dejection, will appear before their judges, each one carrying something significant of the position they put themselves into, viz., that of their captors' pigs. One will carry a handful of leaves, another of sticks (representing material for the fire); others will carry stones wherewith to build the oven, and the remainder banana-leaves to wrap the meat (which they in person supply), and bamboo-knives with which to carve their own carcases. In procession, bearing all these necessaries for Samoan cookery, the miserable mob will crawl up to their conquerors, who, just as their inclination may direct, either club and eat them or permit them to live as slaves.

To-day, the 24th, her most gracious Majesty the Queen's birthday, was observed by all British subjects as a holiday—as it always will be wherever a British official resides, let it be ever so far from civilization—and devoted to picnics and feasting in the country, and in the evening celebrated by a dinner held at the principal hotel, the 'International,' kept by a worthy Briton, and at which all the loyal toasts duly received honour. This day is one of the four

public holidays kept under the Municipal Regulations, the three others being the German Emperor's birthday, the 4th of July, and Christmas Day, when international courtesies are exchanged, and every individual who possesses a flag hoists it, and the ships in harbour mark the occasion with appropriate decorations.

Flag-wagging in Apia has become quite a mania, and the new arrival, on seeing the amount of coloured bunting flying about amongst the dark-green cocoanuts, even if the occasion be only a funeral, is taken by surprise at the unlooked-for display. Apart from flags set on high for annexation purposes—which have of late been so rife in the Pacific, and of which a specimen has until quite recently been observable in Apia itself, and has helped to prove the truth of a native saying, that 'Whenever a white man is hard-up for something to do, he takes a boat and hoists his flag anywhere'—there is scarcely anything that can happen, even in private life, in Apia, over which it has not been the custom to hoist a flag.

Any old woman giving a picnic used to expect that her national flag should be hoisted in honour of it; and even the death of a poor little infant was taken advantage of for the expression of public sorrow in flags half-mast high all over the place; and wrong-headed British subjects have been known to swagger down the beach in times of trouble draped toga-fashion in the Union Jack, blatantly defying molestation.

On her Majesty's birthday, I invariably had a great many Samoans come into the house to see the

portrait of the 'Tupu Tamaitai' (Queen, literally king-woman) 'Wikitoria,' at which they would steadfastly gaze for ten minutes at a time without speaking, and then, making some friendly remark, thank me, and take their leave.

Later on in 1885, during the flag-hoisting and flag-pulling-down troubles in Apia, I noticed an inordinately great desire to inspect my portrait-gallery of the Royal Family. Samoans who were well acquainted with the pictures would over and over again bring in perfect strangers, visitors from all far-off parts of the group; and one week I was so bothered by them that I had to stop the show, and when doing so asked one of my native friends what was the cause of all this, and particularly why all the visitors should ask 'Walesse,' the Prince of Wales, to be pointed out; and inquire whether he was not a German, as his father was, and whether he would not be King of England when the Queen died.

My friend replied, 'Don't you know what is all over Samoa?' On my telling him that I knew of nothing specially pointing to their late craze, he informed me that it had been reported that the Prince of Wales was a 'German boy,' and that when the Queen passed away, he being German, England would belong to Germany; and therefore it was of no use to appeal to England for annexation, for if she did accept them it would only be the same thing as belonging to Germany, who would, when the time came, take notice of those who had tried to cement the British alliance.

On the 25th the English cutter-yacht *Asteroid* arrived to enliven our dismal quarters, and all were glad to welcome the sight of three new faces amongst us, let it be for ever so short a time. Of course, the first thing was a pilgrimage to the sliding-rock, this time personally conducted by the doctor, who, somehow or other, in attempting a short cut of his own invention, managed to give us the full benefit of nearly all the roughest bush-tracks lying between Apia and the west end of the island; and it was only by catching a wandering native that we ever got to Pāpāseā at all, and then we only had just time to graduate our new chums when we had to return home, where we did not arrive before dark.

The next morning early we started down the coast for Manono, to show our friends something of the country, and on the wings of a beautiful sea breeze went flying down the coast inside the reef. Passing along with shortened sail close in, we were every now and then saluted by the smiling natives with their softly pronounced 'Alōfā,' the very acme of polite greeting; and on suddenly turning a large headland rock, we burst upon the busy scene of a school dismissing for the day.

All their attention was immediately riveted on the boat, and it was a truly pleasant experience to receive the combined congratulations of this supremely happy-looking, dancing, and most interestingly pretty crowd. Each little creature, book or slate in hand, came as far as possible towards us on the rock, waving tiny hands in joyous glee,

and piping out shrill crows of welcome in the quaintest manner. With fat, small, rotund, shining bodies, naked to the waist, and their big, dark, lustrous eyes glittering with merriment, they were perfect dark cherubs in appearance, and worthy of a place in any picture.

The elder boys and girls, crowned, as Samoans mostly are, with garlands of bright flowers and leaves, crowded laughingly into the water to help us to shore should they persuade us to land in the vicinity, whilst several swam out and accompanied us some distance on our way; but as we rounded another point, this merry little crowd, with one combined 'Tofā'—good-bye—passed from our sight.

Leaving the reef at Mulifanua we struck off shore for Manono, which, with Apolimā close at hand, and the lofty ranges of Savaii in the background, lay about four miles off in the mid distance.

On arrival we were very hospitably received by one of the Leiātanās, the chief men of the island. We bathed, and employed the rest of the day in receiving visitors of all sorts and sizes, until a late hour, when the ladies of the establishment spread our mats, erected our mosquito-screen, and we turned in.

Up early the next morning, we intended to pay a visit to Apolimā, the adjacent island, one of the greatest curiosities in Samoa as an impregnable natural fortress, with only one small entrance, and perfectly unapproachable in certain states of the weather, but were unlucky enough to have exactly hit upon such a time, and in consequence had to give

up the trip. The natives said they could get us on shore somehow, but would not answer for the boat; so it was voted not worth while to run the risk.

Having broken our fast, we took a stroll round the whole island, and noticed particularly the signs of warlike preparations at every step. Let there be ever so small a beach where a canoe could comfortably land, there would be a defensive wall loopholed for muskets or cannon, a number of which were to be seen in the adjacent houses, and in the house we were stopping at there were two in a very good state of preservation; in fact the whole island, which can easily be walked round in an hour, is one fortification. From its insular position between the two principal islands of the group, Mānōnō has always been a great fighting-place and the centre of most political plots and movements, and the people belonging to it are well aware of its strategical importance.

Whilst walking round we came upon the largest 'tāmauluā' I had yet seen, quite capable of holding a hundred or more men. In war-time this ship is joined on to another as an outrigger by horizontal beams, over which a deck is laid, a deck-house erected, and guns put in position. When attacking a place they would put a barricade of cocoa-nut logs all round, and propel this floating fort by wading in the shallow water in the open space left for that purpose between the two boats on the inside. During the late war several naval engagements were fought, but with no particular success.

On returning to our village my friends showed a

disposition to purchase Samoan curios ; and although, on account of its being Sunday, the natives had declined climbing the trees to get us a fresh cocoa-nut or two, they showed no disinclination to barter a few things in exchange for the 'almighty dollar,' and before long a roaring trade was set up ; but I scarcely think that the native pastor could have been aware that his flock were behaving in this manner. It was amusing to watch how kind and affectionate the girls were when they had anything to dispose of, and the way the wicked creatures worked upon the tender feelings of those strangers was most reprehensible. But it was very disgusting to see one of these fair deceivers, after having screwed out of the susceptible 'papalagi' an extra shilling over and above the exaggerated value of some trifle merely for the sake of her own bright eyes, cross over to the other side of the house, and, in full view of the swindled one, hand over the plunder to a truculent tattooed savage whose attractions did not give anyone the smallest concern.

During the sale I wanted to procure one of their fighting head-dresses, but had very small hope of inducing them to part with it. Consulting together for some time, a man went out, mysteriously returning with something concealed in a cloth. He then asked for a handkerchief, which on being given him was thrust under the cloth, and reproduced containing some substance or other carefully tied up and thrown across for us to catch ; at the same time we were beckoned to turn round, back to them, before opening

it. We did so, and found it to be one of the articles I had asked for. It was the first and only one I ever saw sold.

The next morning we were up and off on our return voyage, but meeting with very bad weather we put in for a rest at Fasito'o, at the house of 'a Yankee,' who spun us some of the most incredible yarns, and invariably wound up by saying, 'But you know I am an awful liar.' This gentleman once professed to be a British subject, but when wanted by the Consul said he was a Greek! He tried to return to the fold in my time; but knowing his impudent conduct to the former official, I kept him to his chosen nationality, which, however, he had exchanged for the American in the interval. The weather clearing up, off we started again, and safely arrived about one in the morning, after a very pleasant trip.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Corpus Christi Festival—Grand Ceremony—Why not All Roman Catholics?—Feather-Worshippers—The Rival Lady Companies—Awkward Fix—Outrage at Magia—A Stubborn King—*Diamond* arrives with High Commissioner—Disposal of Fine—Murder of Labourer—Emblem of Civilization—Rehearsal à la Marwood—A Grisly Farce—Royal Prerogative—Ten Years on the Roads.

THE 7th of June was a great day with the Roman Catholics, being the festival of the Corpus Christi, for the celebration of which great preparations had been made. A most gorgeous lofty altar, quite twenty feet high, beautifully adorned with flowers and leaves, and brilliant with all the insignia of the faith, was erected in the church square. On every available point on the church, the houses round about, as also from numerous flag-poles, floated French tricolours and gay bunting; whilst above the altar, in the place of honour, loftily fluttered a grand standard, bearing the devices of the Romish Church and of the Society to which the Mission belonged. The entire ground was made beautiful at no stinted expense of labour, whole trees had been transferred from the living bush to

assist, whilst fresh, in the general decorations; and, commencing from the church door, round the altar were raised on poles high walls of Tapa, screening the faithful from the heretical gaze.

At the time appointed, the communicants flocked down from all sides to the scene of action, either in gorgeous procession with crosses and all sorts of sacred emblematical banners flying, or dressed in their best, marched there by themselves in evident satisfaction, to assist in the day's pageant.

The nuns' procession with the girls' school was, as usual, well worthy of regard, as it moved down from the convent in long kaleidoscopic line, gay with muslins and sashes of every bright hue under the sun; some of the smaller girls proudly bearing, in addition to other superfluities, gauze wings of angelic type.

High Mass over, the whole company moved out in a showy procession, headed by—I was going to say—a black beadle, but I mean a brown one, rejoicing in all the terrible and absurd splendour of an enormous cocked-hat, gold-laced coat, and knee-breeches, with a huge halbert in hand—a facsimile, barring the face, of the awful personage to be seen in continental churches. Preceded by a phalanx of Samoan boys in white surplices, swinging their smoking censers, scattering flowers in the path, and every now and then turning round and bending the knee, came Monseigneur the Bishop in full canonicals, with mitre, staff, and all the insignia of Popish ceremonial, surrounded by his acolytes and chaplains of various

degrees, chanting the appropriate hymns. After him followed his flock, looking by no means so sedate as the serious nature of the occasion they were celebrating would warrant, but all conscious that they were taking part in one of the best shows of the season.

Arrived at the high altar, the Bishop was carefully placed thereupon by his assistants, and, with their aid, performed a most impressive ceremony. Everything that was done was calculated to attract and capture the serious attention of so impulsively impressionable a people as the Samoans; and my great wonder is, that with all this sort of splendid parade, so dear to them, and so continually before them, the whole group does not become Roman Catholic; yet they number less than one-fifth of the whole population, and do not increase. Why it is so is not easily understandable, for in many other shows and processions, with the exception of strict church ceremonies, the Protestant natives join, and apparently enjoy themselves thoroughly, and will proudly carry flags with the best Papists in the mob; but the fact still remains, that they prefer the somewhat dismal semi-Presbyterianism they were first taught, to all the attractions of the religious pomp and circumstance of the Romish Church.

With regard to the example given and the attraction of these grand processions, I was informed that they have given rise to the establishment, in one of the Line Islands, of an idolatrous sect called Feather-Worshippers. These men, not having flags and

emblems, amuse themselves with periodically marching about with bunches of feathers on sticks, as substitutes for the genuine articles, which the originators of the custom had frequently observed when serving their labourers' term in Samoa.

On the 4th of August, when returning home from a municipal meeting, I was surprised to see my room in full possession of a brilliant company of Samoan girls in gala-dress, who turned out to be the 'Iluma,' or company of ladies from a neighbouring town, who had called to pay me a ceremonious visit —a great and unexpected honour. In every large Samoan town there is always one house set apart for the single ladies, who reside there together, forming a sort of corporation of themselves; and who, when acting as a body in paying a compliment, are supposed to be conferring an exalted honour on the fortunate recipient. Of course it was all smiles and fulsome praises to commence with; and I was just beginning to enter into the spirit of the thing, and to think of returning their torrents of compliments with something more substantial—in the way of light refreshments—when, to my horror, I saw a rival company filing in through the orange-trees, evidently with the intent of conferring on me a double ration of the infliction I was already suffering from.

No doubt if they had seen me employed as I then was, they would have gone on and deferred the happy moment to some future time; but, as bad luck would have it, they were too near for their pride to suffer them to turn back when they realized that they were

in the enemies' immediate presence; and I soon had two mobs of extremely jealous females seated in the same room within scratching-distance of one another. It was quite suffering enough to have to amuse and talk to about a score of lively girls at the same time, even when they displayed the most angelic of tempers; but when that number becomes doubled, and the angelic qualities are changed to jealous bitterness, roused up to sneering-point, the position of the entertainer is somewhat awkward.

They were most provokingly polite to one another, but war to the knife could plainly be seen in the sharp glances they threw every now and then from camp to camp; and many scornful shrugs of the shoulders of the 'don't-think-much-of-you' style were indulged in, duly returned by the object honoured with the doubtful attention. It was a truly awful situation, and not to be described in words.

In vain, time after time, I tried, with all the delicacies I had at my command, to promote friendly relations between them. Everything offered, which under more fortunate conditions they would have been merry over, was haughtily refused by both parties. My portrait gallery and tinned salmon were both good draws under ordinary conditions; the latter is the best and most powerful bribe for Samoans, but had temporarily lost its attraction; for my visitors, who would do nothing but stare, say nothing but personalities, appeared to be defiantly determined to see each other out, even if the visit lasted a month.

Two hours of this was sufficient to tire anyone, and neither party showing the smallest inclination to move, I suddenly discovered that I had important diplomatic business down town; and apologizing for leaving, at the same time making a virtue of necessity, and requesting them to make themselves at home in my absence, I left them to their own devices and took refuge at the doctor's.

I did not emerge thence until after dark, when, cautiously approaching my erstwhile invested abode, I was gratefully surprised at finding my furniture unsmashed and without traces of a desperate engagement. I don't know how long they remained after my departure, or which side left the first. I never heard the last of the dreadful rencontre, but on every available occasion got abused by one or the other for not having ejected their rivals.

About the middle of August I experienced the first and only difficulty that I ever had with the King, caused by his refusing to afford me means of redress for the misbehaviour of some of his people, who had forcibly taken possession of a British plantation and had committed great damage there.

I went to his Majesty three times, and requested him to take steps to put matters straight; saying that I would be contented with the damage being made good, leaving it to him to punish the offenders. It was of no use; he was quite stubborn, so I reluctantly had to make formal complaint to the authorities in Fiji.

The day after the departure of the mail I was sent

for to recall the complaint, as redress would be given; but, of course, it was too late, and the upshot was that one fine morning H.M.S. *Diamond*, with the Consul-General on board, arrived, and the now penitent disturbers of the peace were fined five hundred dollars, which they laughingly paid the same evening, very jubilant at having got off so cheaply. This money was never taken away from the group, but left in charge of the Consul, to be devoted to the native benefit in procuring medicines and doctor's attendance for those unable to pay for such boons. It must not be thought that this fine was inflicted without inquiry, at which great regret was expressed that they should have acted in such a manner, the excuse being the lies that had been told.

After all was over, including the usual shaking hands, it was amusing to see the arch-culprit—the chief who had headed the riot—slide up with the rest and forgive his judge with a hearty grasp of the hand before the latter knew who it was.

In connection with the late disturbances on the plantation, the occupiers had sent in such a fearfully great bill for damage done—pitched in such very high figures—that I had been directed to go down to the scene of action and verify the items; and accordingly, getting my boat's crew together, I started off, taking with me as interpreter a most intelligent native named 'Selu,' one of Malietoa's secretaries.

Arrived at Fasitootai, I was warmly received by

Saga, the Governor of the province, who, although he was the man who would have been the most benefited had the land returned to native hands, refused to join or let his men do so. No persuasion would induce any of the rioters to come and talk the matter over, although I sent word that I was there only for their benefit. Not one would come anywhere near me, and on my trying to approach in person the guilty ones hid in the bush. I explained to those remaining that if I wanted to know who were the men I could easily ascertain.

It was of no use, however; they said that I was very wise, etc., but that the culprits would not yet come and talk to me, as 'their shame was not over;' so I had to go on with my inspection without their help. The value of what they had devoured, of course, I could not estimate; but in all other items I found, as has ever been shamefully usual in white claims for compensation against Samoans, that values had been pitched some three and four hundred per cent. above reality.

Whilst strolling about the premises of the late trader, who had deserted the place, I came upon a tombstone bearing the name of a Britisher who had been dead for some years. I thought it was such a strange article to find in a store, where it could be of no possible use to any living man, that I made inquiries, and found that, as it had not been paid for, the man through whom it was ordered had retained it. It was the first instance that I ever heard of such a thing being in pawn. Before

going away I found out the poor waif's grave, had it weeded, and erected the stone thereon.

It became now the Germans' turn for a little excitement, which took the form of a murder of one of their black labourers by a Samoan, who, after shooting the boy, strolled quietly back to his village, shouting out that he had killed a 'black pig.'

Of course, there was a great to-do about it, and the Samoans did all they could to avoid serious notice being taken of such a trifle as killing such trash; but it could not be permitted, and pressure at last induced them to hold a trial. At the German Consul's request, to give his efforts a moral support in the assertion of the principle that murder should not remain unpunished, both British and American Consuls attended the trial. The evidence was most conclusive that a deliberate murder had been committed; but when the time came for the judges to give their decision, not a word could be got from them on the real subject, but all sorts of excuses—ingenious and otherwise—were made to avoid the unpleasant task. In vain, over and over again, they were told that it was their duty to find the prisoner either guilty or innocent, yet they would give no decision. If they found the prisoner guilty, their countrymen in general would condemn them for punishing an act which they looked upon as of no more importance than crushing a cockroach; whilst if they found him innocent, they knew they would have to deal with the Germans, and not only that, but be accused of being unfit for self-government in not being able to carry

out their own laws. In this quandary they adopted the old Samoan plan of tiring out the prosecution, hoping that something, in the course of time, would turn up to help them out of their uncomfortable position. It took three entire days before the judges could see fit to deliver their sentence, and most reluctantly condemned the murderer to be hanged.

There was now nothing left but to carry the dread sentence of the law into execution; and at the Samoans' earnest request, for the sake of humanity and decency, the whole arrangements were entrusted to the Municipal Magistrate, who had had some experience in such matters in the old days in Fiji. In a short time a novel sort of erection appeared, standing conspicuously on the public 'Malae' at 'Mulinuu;' and, from that time forward, no wandering stranger suddenly cast on shore could accuse Samoa of not being able to display their widely acknowledged sign of civilization—a 'most comfortable gallows,' as my conductor in Hobart Town Gaol described his pet apparatus, when I was on a visit of inspection to that place.

Whilst this was in course of construction, a curious performance was going on in the Court House, greatly to the wonderment of the passing natives. It was nothing less than the police rehearsal of the final scene on the scaffold for the morrow, entered into with the greatest interest in the latest and most approved Marwoodian fashion. Adorning the palings was an ugly rope with a

particularly nasty-looking knot and noose at one end of it, which a policeman was vigorously anointing with soft soap. Inside the house were three performers industriously at work on some mysterious rites, really practising the pinioning and turning off of the culprit. One—to make things as natural as life—would be ironed, and stand in a corner representing the murderer in the condemned cell; the other two, with the necessary straps in their hands, would then approach, and, knocking off the shackles, proceed to pinion him. This done, they would march slowly to the middle of the room—for the nonce to represent the drop—on which the patient being carefully placed, the pantomime of adjusting the noose was gone through by one of the attendants, who, putting his hand in his pocket, would produce a real white cap and draw it over the prisoner's head; whilst, at the same time, the other policeman adjusted the final strap on his legs. They would then both smartly step on one side, go through the motion of knocking away the bolt, and then continue the drill until they were thoroughly expert, and sure of conducting the morrow's business with accuracy and expedition.

The same evening, whilst sitting on the veranda in the grateful cool of the glorious starlit night, after a busy, hot, and by no means agreeable day, several native friends of mine came and told me that their man would not be hung the next morning; but they would not give me any explanation of why the sentence, which, we had all been preaching to them, in-

volved so important a principle, would not be carried out. It was quite impossible to think—knowing, as I did, the nature of the Samoans—that they would dream of rescuing the culprit, so that it could only be that the prosecution had determined not to insist upon the full penalty being exacted, and, foreseeing some sort of theatrical coup for the morrow, I made up my mind not to form one of the 'corps de théâtre,' and had reason to congratulate myself on my determination. In the meantime, some sort of rumour had got abroad that things were not going to be as they were originally intended, which took the form of a rescue to be made at the last moment. This added greatly to the general interest, and caused many who would otherwise have stopped away to flock to the approaching grisly ceremonial, knowing that if a rescue were attempted, there would be no danger from the natives; but whether the Magistrate in whose charge the prisoner was, and who was provided against all emergencies, would permit it calmly or not, was quite another affair. A large space round the gallows—the platform of which stood quite twelve feet high, reached by a steep ladder from the back, and over which frowned the fatal beam, with its pendent noose dangling ominously therefrom, carefully guarded by a grim-looking native Jack Ketch—was roped off. It enclosed the temporary prison, in which the culprit sat smoking very unconcernedly in the midst of his escort; and well he might be tranquil, for he was one of the two or three who knew the whole approaching performance to be a pre-arranged farce.

The Magistrate, as in command of the executive, was to take the word from the German Consul, who had been the prosecutor throughout the case, and he was under orders not to proceed to extremities until he received the signal.

The time fixed arrived, the irons were struck off, the criminal still taking no interest in the proceedings; and being pinioned with a dexterity reflecting great credit upon the drilling of the day before, the mournful procession moved off, and stood motionless at the foot of the ladder.

The spectators now one and all imagined that the dread sentence, 'a life for a life,' was about to be carried out; but in obedience to a signal the further dead march of the living man was arrested, and instead of mounting the ladder from whence he would never have returned alive, he was ordered to sit down and wait. The German Consul then proceeded to the King, who was sitting in an adjoining house, and besought him to exercise the prerogative of royalty and pardon the culprit. This was of course done, and thus all the stirring excitement of the week ended in smoke.

In order to show the native labourers from other islands that whilst away from their homes in German employment they would receive German protection, a number of the murdered man's relations and fellow-countrymen from the same plantation were brought up to see the slayer of their friend pay the penalty of the law, and were afforded reserved seats close to the scaffold for that purpose. They had scarcely time to

show their great disgust at the result of all the fuss just over, before a party of Samoans, the relations of the culprit, came forward with two boxes of cloth, and humbling themselves before the astonished savages, presented these to them as payment for the life sacrificed, which, however, they scornfully refused, and left the ground disgusted with the turn affairs had taken.

The prisoner's sentence was commuted to ten years' hard labour, of which he did not serve ten minutes, but was soon seen to be gadding about as gay as ever, and just as unconcerned as he was when awaiting his suspension; and the consequence of all the bother was that this man became the leader in his town, and highly respected by all who knew his many sterling qualities.

CHAPTER XIX.

Samoan Value of Words—Samoan Parliament—No Voting—Success to the Strongest—Samoan Incapacity for Self-government—No Benefit from Treaties—No Child of mine—Preference for Great Britain.

In the beginning of December the Samoans had for some time been in active and continuous argument over the value of the wording of their last peace agreement, in which it was stated that Malietoa was to resign at the end of seven years, and that then a general election should be held by the whole nation to select whom they wished to reign.

The opposition insisted that this meant that at the end of the prescribed period the present King was to stand on one side, and that their man, the Vice-King, was entitled to succeed. They had been wasting their entire time in these jealous squabbles instead of legislating for the good of their country before it struck either side that they were drifting dangerously near to a split up again, and, indeed, a single indiscreet word from the King would have produced a war; but he bore all these vexatious proceedings with wonderful patience, and at last asked the Consuls to come and give him the benefit of their support and views on the matter in question.

There is no general Parliament-house for a Samoan session. Each political division has a house told off for its particular use, and discussion is carried on from house to house; the speaking member, standing out a few paces in front, and leaning on his long orator's staff, with fly-flap over his shoulder, holds forth to all within earshot in his most eloquent manner; whilst generally the previous speaker, motionless as a bronze statue, will remain in listening attitude in his place, to receive all that may be said in contradiction or in support of his just delivered opinion.

There never is any vote-taking as we at home understand the matter; all the real business in that way is done by delegates from the originators of schemes circulating amongst the various district houses and assemblies. In differences upon serious subjects, the whole thing turns upon whether the proposers or dissentients are strong enough in party to fight out their opinion. If the opposition consider that they are, they will leave the Government, go home and prepare for eventualities, defying openly all efforts to reduce them to obedience; and if not, they will remain until an opportunity occurs to try again.

On arrival we were seated in the same house with the King, which fact was immediately taken advantage of by the opposition to hint in the politest manner in the world that he was trying to intimidate them; but at the same time they said they were very glad to see the foreign representatives amongst them, and to hear anything they in their wisdom would wish to say.

Having given them a few words of advice in turn, to the effect that it would be a good thing for them if they were to drop all such disturbing arguments until they had established their system of government on a solid basis, such as would command the respect of all their well-wishers, we left them to their own devices, after they had thanked us for our good wishes, and requested us to visit them again when they had seriously discussed what we had told them.

The adjourned meeting came off two days later, when we were invited to hear the decision that had been arrived at. When we appeared, the leader of the opposition, after making a review of the whole discussion, and thanking us for our presence, informed us that they, the opposition, being there at all was a sign that they had taken our advice, and would shelve the disturbing question until Samoa had a strong Government, or, at all events, until the seven years had expired. In the interval, they would occupy their whole time with public legislation.

The Samoan nation is, without doubt, quite incapable of forming and carrying on for any length of time anything like a stable Government by themselves, and the natives are well aware that such is the case. Their political history for the past thirty or forty years fully establishes that fact. Within that period they have seen themselves making fresh departures, one after the other, each new one hopefully tending towards a final settlement of the country, but only to meet with continual failure, either through

their own native jealousies or through some foreign interference in their affairs.

Their treaty relations with foreign Powers, the real meaning of which the few who signed did not rightfully understand, whilst the great majority of the nation knew nothing at all of their existence until called to account for some breach of a clause in the treaties of which they were ignorant, only served to involve them in many more complications than ever they were in before.

One treaty has a clause whereby the Samoan Government agrees to ratify all land transactions previous to its existence, an admirable arrangement, considering the multitude of shady ways in which land was formerly acquired. These treaties have never proved of the smallest benefit to the natives; but, on the contrary, have from the time they were made supplied the foundation for many an act of oppression.

Samoa never will be settled until some Power takes her in hand. The natives know it, and openly say so themselves; but for choosing the country they would wish to be annexed to, they have had to suffer many persecutions, which, however, have not in the smallest degree shaken their resolution. They are painfully aware of their hopeless weakness, and heartily sick of the shuttlecock, no-child-of-mine sort of existence that they have to endure, tossed about between three nationalities, each jealous of the other, and who will neither let them alone nor take them up.

Their choice for annexation is most decidedly British, for which they have petitioned over and over

again since very old times. American protection they sought once, but to Germany they never have appealed, though several times ordered to do so.

The following is the text of the last Samoan petition to Great Britain, sent to the Governor of New Zealand to be telegraphed to her Majesty the Queen :

'*To her Majesty Queen Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.*

'Mulinuu, Samoa, *5th November*, 1884.

'YOUR MAJESTY,

'We, the King and Chiefs of Samoa, now write to your Majesty, that you will grant this our humble request.

'Our King wrote nearly a year ago begging your Majesty to take possession of Samoa, and we have waited anxiously for a reply, but have received none.

'Your Majesty, great is our respect for your Government, and we know that you will protect our people, and that they will be contented under your rule; and we therefore earnestly pray your Majesty to relieve us from our great anxiety and trouble by extending your Government over Samoa, and either making it a British colony, or allowing us to be governed by New Zealand.

'Your Majesty, our minds are full of trouble, and we are much afraid that other nations desire to take our country against the wish of our people, and we therefore implore your Majesty to save us by granting our petition.

'We wish to make this clear to your Majesty, that we the King and Chiefs will give over our country to the government of Great Britain, and we rely upon your Majesty to protect our people.

'We pray to God that He will bless your Majesty and Government.

(Signed) 'MALIETOA, *King of Samoa,*
'TUPUA, *Vice-King.*'

Here follow the signatures of fifty-two in number, representing the whole Samoan Government and nation.

Whilst walking down the beach, I turned in at the Court House where a case was in course of trial. It was that of a native who had attempted to steal a pair of trousers, of which attempt the evidence of the woman in charge of the store was quite sufficient to convict him; in fact, he never denied the charge. He received his award without a murmur, and requesting to ask a few questions of the magistrate, began:

'You white men always tell us that it is wrong to fight.'

'Yes,' said the magistrate.

'And whether right or wrong, to fight is against the law and punishable by the magistrate?'

'Yes.'

'If one fights and the other does not, the one who fights is convicted of assault and punished?'

'Yes, if so proved.'

'Then,' exultingly burst out this injured man,

'punish that woman, for when I was running off with the trousers she punched me in the back two or three times, and I did not hit her.'

He went off to be locked up, bewailing the inconsistency of 'papalagi' law.

CHAPTER XX.

Start on a Cruise — Lovely Morning — Saluafata — House-decoration — Papalagi — Preparations for Siva — Samoan Band—Tiny Performers—Warriors at Work—The Pride of the District—Falifā Bay—Beautiful Cascade—White Coral Church—Mistake of a New Chum—Tell-tale Girls—Native Bigotry—Start for Home—Tinted Corals—Blue Lightning—Terrible Squall—Hurricane Sunday—Awful Wreckage—A Sight for an Insurance Office—Capricious Path of the Storm.

11*th March*, 1883.

STARTED the first thing this morning with J. and the Judge for a short trip down the coast to show the first-named, a stranger in these parts, hailing from New Zealand, a little of the country.

It was indeed a beautiful morning, deliciously cool, and the dew was yet thick on the grass, for the sun was not risen above the Vailele hills. The sea was as smooth as glass, scarcely a ripple fell upon the shining coral-sand beach, and not a breath stirred even the towering upright branches of the loftiest cocoa-nut trees. The sky was of the purest and most fathomless blue—so clear that one had a dreamy sensation of seeing far beyond it, yet realizing nothing at all but immensity. Here and there it was flecked with tiny white clouds, whose lower sides were rosy-

pink, and brightly gilded by the rays of the morning sun, not as yet visible from behind the sombre mountains. Like gold and ruby spangles they floated in space. There never was—there never could be a more perfect sunrise, and everything combined to assure us that the fine weather had at last permanently set in.

After a delicious dip in the river Vaisigago our kit was packed in the boat, and off we started inside the reef to the eastward. Calling in at Vailele Plantation, and discussing a cup of tea with S., the manager in charge, in about half an hour we continued our journey.

Close by here we had to quit the shelter of the reef, as it rejoined the mainland at the easternmost point of Vailele bay, and to take to the open sea, the coast becoming ironbound. There was positively no wind at all, but a big smooth swell was setting in from the northward, breaking very heavily on shore close at hand, the waves throwing up huge spouts of spray in dashing themselves to pieces against the jagged black rocks standing out defiantly to meet their ever-recurring wild attacks.

Travelling lazily onwards, balancing on the summit of each successive swell as it passed harmlessly beneath our keel, and marking the effect on shore of any one of unusual size, many speculations were indulged in as to how we should stand it if these same harmless smooth swells were to be suddenly changed into crested rollers, which most undoubtedly they had been at no very distant date somewhere

north ; and many careless remarks were made as to our chance of living through the breakers on shore, should we be so unfortunate as to make a close acquaintance with them. We then little thought that exactly at this very point, in a day or two, we should not be talking at all, but silently and seriously speculating on the chances of our ever getting home again without going through the ordeal of landing against our will through those very same breakers in a rather more angry mood.

About three o'clock we arrived off the west end of Saluafata harbour, over whose protecting reef the swell was heavily breaking, making the boat-entrance hardly visible. We stood straight in for the break in the reef right in front of us, and got through all right with only a little wetting.

Once inside, no mill-pond could have been smoother, and paddling on easily past a small island used by the German men-of-war as a sanatorium, we soon arrived at the town of Saluafata, where Sagapuletēlē, the chief, who was on the look-out, received us with many expressions of welcome.

Alōfās (equivalent to 'How do you do ?'—literal translation 'Love') having been exchanged, and hands shaken all round, we were escorted to the 'fale tēlō' (guest-house), as usual, situated in the middle or most prominent point of every village of any size or pretensions. In honour of our arrival it was very prettily decorated with flowers and garlands entwined round the upright posts, or hanging in graceful festoons from the roof, whilst every kind of bush ornament

that the forest could furnish, or native ingenuity devise, had its appropriate position, converting the brown house of ordinary days into a floral bower, rich with the brightest colours, almost startling to the eye, though toned down by the softness of the lovely green foliage harmoniously blended, forming a truly artistic *coup d'œil.* Such sights as these must be seen to be appreciated—words cannot present them properly.

The Kava bowl having gone its course, we proceeded to discuss the simplicities, rather than the mysteries, of a plentiful Samoan-British dinner, spread out on the floor on large six feet by two banana-leaves, which invariably form the national table-cloth—washing down the good fare with copious draughts of cool delicious cocoa-nut milk.

Dinner over, chatting was the order of the day, freely joined by the many young ladies dropping in to have a look at the 'papalagi' (foreigners) from Apia. The literal meaning of the above name for strangers is 'burst through the heavens'—from whence the simple natives thought the first white men had come.

Just before dark all the ladies left with their attendant chaperons, and scattered amongst the neighbouring houses to adorn themselves for a native dance, whilst the house began to fill from all parts to witness the performance, and in a short time the only vacant space was one end of the establishment reserved for a stage. Our position was in the centre, on which the natives most politely avoided any sort

of crowding, although behind they were packed as thick as herrings in a barrel. The band, consisting of about thirty performers, men and women, was the first to arrive. The instruments were neither numerous nor complicated, nor were they calculated to discourse much sweet music, but only for the purpose of beating time. They consisted of two rolls of mats tightly pressed together, on which two experts performed wonders in the tattoo line, whilst the remaining twenty-eight or so added to the general harmony by hand-clapping, at the proper time all joining in the chorus with great vigour.

The orchestra satisfactorily tuned, and everything being ready, proceedings began with a performance by a troupe of little girls, averaging in age from about eight down to a tiny little creature of two or three, evidently as proud of her small person as the biggest girl in the village. They were all dressed in exact imitation of their elders when adorned for similar occasions, and decked out in full-grown Samoan finery on a miniature scale. I never saw a more quaint sight than these little mortals, bearing themselves with a gravity far beyond their years, and as comically proud of themselves as they could well be. Even the tiniest of the troupe took up her allotted place with an air so patronizing, confident, and serious, that it was evident she thought in her little mind she was conferring a favour on the spectators by appearing there at all, and was fully aware that she could (and would) sustain the credit of the family, even if left to perform the whole

business by herself. The intensely earnest way in which these small people went to work was truly wonderful, as also was the admirable time they kept, both in voice and gesture. Not less surprising was the multitude of most graceful motions they performed, sitting cross-legged on the floor, merely by the gentle swaying of the body and movement of the arms.

After the infants came six grown men fantastically dressed, naked to the waist, shining in the firelight with strongly-scented oil—the aroma of which, not unpleasantly, filled the house. Their heads were crowned with loose green wreaths, permitting stray leaves to hang somewhat over their foreheads, giving them quite a Bacchic appearance. Gummed on to each cheek they wore (hanging pendent) scarlet leaves of the hibiscus flower, by no means ornamental addenda; and some of them even had these not-at-all-desirable appendages gummed on to the points of their noses and chins. Their necks were encircled with necklaces of vivid scarlet chillies, and other bright bush berries, mixed with the scarlet and green fruit of the pandanus, or screw pine. Seated cross-legged on the floor, they immediately set to work with a will, and after about half an hour of boisterous, vivid, and energetic posturing, descriptive of the subject under treatment—generally of a warlike nature, praising their own party, and condemning their enemies—they retired, in a complete state of exhaustion, to the orchestral ranks, making way for eight lovely young maids, the pride of the whole district, who, with the aid of their never-absent

chaperons and many friends—to whom their personal appearance is at all times a source of boast and pride—had been busily adorning for the previous two hours; and well had they occupied their time.

On they came, with pride and consciousness of exalted position and importance, in all their native splendour, redolent and glistening with perfumed oil, used with no sparing hand. Most lovely garlands of flowers and leaves—delicately and wonderfully manufactured, bright with all the colours of the rainbow, harmoniously treated with no ordinary skill—crowned their flowing locks of ebon hue, and these, together with long and short 'ulas' (necklaces) of vivid scarlet berries, standing out in strong relief from their bright, bronze-coloured, healthy-looking skins as soft as satin, bar the coating of oil, were the only clothing they wore above the waist. Their lower garments consisted of one or more fine mats—their most costly belongings, sometimes of fabulous value—worn round the waist as 'lava-lavas' (waist-cloths), after the fashion of petticoats, reaching to just above the knee, and fastened by girdles of 'siapo,' or native cloth, tastefully entwined with green leafy garlands of some sort of bush creeper. With anklets, and, I suppose, what may be called kneelets, of green leaves, the entire catalogue of dress is completed.

Any stranger to Samoa and its customs, on his first introduction to such a party of girls, seated in front of him so demurely and properly, would require but slight provocation to persuade himself that he saw

an eightfold incarnation of all that is modest and good. Alas for such a man's feelings should he unfortunately remain too long, and witness the very extravagant performances of these same damsels, when fairly roused and hounded into delirium by the approving shouts of the audience! His first impressions will be grievously discounted, and a sense of condemnation will take the place of that of approval. These same quiet-looking and demure damsels are quite capable of becoming so excited over their dancing, as really to lose all command of their actions, distorting their countenances in the most hideous manner, and performing such undesirable antics, that a feeling of disgust soon supervenes, and they appear at last more like a lot of demons let loose from below, than the angels upon earth they at first appeared. Still, with the girls, decency, from a European point of view, is not severely outraged, which is more than can be said with regard to the older women when they get wild.

I was very glad, however, to see them stop on the propriety side of the hedge; but even had they gone on I should not have condemned them as immodest for so doing, not being one of those sojourners in strange parts who insist upon forcing everything they see into comparison with home customs and manners, and blame or approve as their country's standard is attained or exceeded. Anyway, our lovely entertainers delighted us greatly with many songs of rather too nasal an intonation for a very hypercritical musical critic, rendered more enchanting by the

innumerable graceful bodily motions that accompanied the vocal portion of the entertainment, and were no doubt illustrative of it. There was not a single inflection of the body or movement of the arm, —and they were infinite—that was not in the highest degree natural and elegant. Even the curving of a single finger or the smallest inclination of the head bore with it that stamp of grace not to be seen anywhere but amongst such primitive people as these, as yet untrammelled with the artificialities of civilization.

The performances over, we had another bowl of Kava whilst the women were adjusting our screens for the night. Others were erected for our boats' crew close to us, and when all was complete our kind friends, with many 'tofas' and 'mo'e leleis' (Anglicè, 'good-night' and 'sleep well'), departed to their own quarters, leaving us in full possession of the guest-house, when, diving under our respective curtains, we were soon fast asleep.

The next morning we were up at daylight, and after indulging in a plunge in the creek and a light breakfast, off we set for Falifā, a town about three or four miles down the coast, where we had promised to pay a visit. Passing Lufi Lufi, the ruling town of the province of Atua, we looked in for a minute or two at a splendid bathing-hole on the shore in a sort of cave. The peculiarity of this hole is that in going beyond a certain line one walks out of fresh water into salt, or *vice versâ*, the two never appearing to mix, but remaining at the point of contact like wall against wall.

Travelling onwards, still inside the reef, with a sea as smooth and as bright as a mirror, we soon rounded a rocky point, and entering the bay came suddenly upon a very lovely view. Peeping out every here and there on the westernmost horn of the bay, from amongst the luxuriant groves of cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, and other trees both ornamental and useful, were to be seen the brown beehive-like houses composing the town of Falifā, and rising conspicuously amidst the dark green foliage appeared the shining white spire of the Roman Catholic Church. The easternmost end of the bay is rather high ground densely bushed right down to the water's edge, whilst inland, about four miles off, a high range of mountains rises abruptly, from out of what are termed the Falifā plains.

Set right in the centre of this beautiful background was a magnificent waterfall, tumbling from a height of quite sixty feet into a lovely little lake, formed in a deep gorge whose steep sides covered with verdure are most faithfully reflected on the bosom of the mirror-like water. Brilliant and vivid coloured flowers abound, whilst soaring aloft, with widespread arms, in all their graceful beauty the cocoa-nut palms seem to invite the confidence of all nature slumbering beneath, hushed to sleep by the lullaby of the never-ceasing crash of the falling waters.

The gorge is the outlet of the Falifā river, which, having its source in the distant hills, crosses in deviating course the extensive though sometimes swampy plains named after that river, and ends its journey by joining the sea a short distance below the falls.

Entering the gorge by a narrow entrance almost entirely barred at low water by a small rocky reef, we rowed for about half a mile to the foot of the cataract.

Afterwards we started off for the house of the Samoan teacher, who was the son of a particular friend of mine in Apia, and who had been given notice of our intention of paying him a visit. Arrived at the house, we were made welcome by the good-man and his wife with all the effusive eloquence of Samoan custom, and were at once installed in all dignity in the native-built mansion, made very gay with garlands, flowers, and all kinds of pretty decorations.

Kava discussed, we took a stroll through the town —a remarkably neat and well-kept one. At the westernmost end of it we came to the Roman Catholic Church, whose spire we had noticed on first arriving— a really good building, constructed of blocks of white coral cut from the reef spanning the bay, and boasting stained-glass windows. A peep inside revealed the scene common to all churches of this denomination, the only difference being that there were no chairs, their substitutes appearing in the form of mats strewn all over the floor. It was truly a very creditable building. Many worse are to be seen in Europe any day ; and this was built, I am given to understand, without the aid of any professional mechanic, by the good father in charge and his flock.

Strolling back took us a much longer time, on account of the many pressing invitations to Kava and chat from the hospitable townspeople as we passed their houses. Some of these were presented in so

charming a manner by the young ladies that to refuse was an impossibility, and although due at our host's for dinner, we succumbed to the temptation once or twice, and in consequence were about an hour late for the banquet—a breach of good manners which, although nothing was said, could plainly be seen resented in our hostess's face, and her ultra-ceremonious manner of receiving our complimentary remarks about her town and other matters.

To make things worse, one of our party, perceiving the painful state of affairs, thought he would put things straight by explaining that it was our overstepping the limits of our intended stroll that caused our lamentable want of punctuality. He had much better have left well alone, and he looked very small when the Tamaitai (lady) gave for general information and reproof an exact account of everything that had happened during our stroll, and wound up by saying she wondered very much that men of our rank cared to associate with a sort of people (mentioning the names of some of those whose houses we had visited) who were of no account, and a scandal to the place.

This put a stopper on the general conversation ; but dinner was strictly attended to, a very good one, served up in accordance with Samoan custom. I could not help again admiring the really pretty decorations. The pillars were entwined with gay garlands of bright scarlet and snow-white flowers, intermixed tastefully with delicate drooping fern-fronds, and the scarlet and bronze-green leaf of the Ti tree ; whilst

from the roof, almost to its exclusion from sight, hung flowery festoons of interminable length, disposed skilfully in every direction in glorious profusion.

After dinner we made an attempt to reach an inland town said to be 'latomai'—near—as a Samoan will always tell an inquirer, no matter the distance, should he think he particularly wants to go there.

Our new chum having purchased various native curios to take back to New Zealand, we once more got afloat. I was almost forgetting to record that a party of bright and lively girls from the Mission School came in and made themselves most agreeable whilst we were resting previous to our departure, chatting and laughing at a great rate, and piling on question after question at such high pressure as to make it quite impossible to answer one tithe of them. At the same time we had to suffer much good-humoured chaff at their hands.

These mischievous girls live scattered all over the town, and amongst the bevy I recognised two whose saucy faces belonged to a pair who actually made the Kava in one of the first houses we had stopped at. The murder was now out. Belonging to the school which is adjacent to the house we were stopping in, they had got back there before us and given full information of our doings.

This, however, was not the offence resented, and would not have caused the least attention. The crime was that we had in our innocence made friends with a Roman Catholic family, a proceeding by no means correct when sojourning with an opposition missionary.

The girls were quite free with their opinions on the antagonistic church, which were by no means of a favourable nature.

Keeping inside the reef, we rowed on comfortably to Lufi Lufi. After yarning for a short time with some of the inhabitants we embarked, and were soon back at our old quarters at Saluafata.

March 24.—Up early, bathed, and started for Apia about nine o'clock, with a lovely morning and every indication of real fine weather. There was not a breath of wind or promise of one as we lazily rowed out towards the opening in the reef, through which we had to reach the open sea. Even the big swell on which we had arrived two days before had entirely gone down, leaving the whole ocean as calm as any mill-pond, the very personification of a Pacific sea.

Looking over the side of the boat when making the passage, it required but small effort of imagination to realize what I should judge to be the sensation of floating through the air in a balloon. The boat seemed to be balancing on nothing, so bright and clear was the water. How deliciously cool looked the corals far below, the loveliest and most delicate traceries of which, in all colours, were to be seen scattered in the most indescribable confusion, though not one pinnacle or branch could be called out of place, but appeared to fill the exact spot designed for it by nature.

Here again imagination would need but small incentive to picture amongst the darker corals any

picturesque ruin of ancient castle or donjon-keep that the mind might direct the eye to trace. Diving to and fro through fairy caverns, or perhaps in and out of the windows of imaginary castles, apparently enjoying the highest spirits, were shoals upon shoals of brilliantly coloured fish; amongst the most noticeable were some of a very bright metallic blue, sparkling and flashing like blue diamonds in the limpid water. The light reflected from the gleaming sides of a shoal of these, as they turned in a new direction suddenly, seemed to send a flash of blue lightning from the depths below to the surface, making one shrink back as though it were reality.

Clearing the passage, a very slight breeze was felt, just enough to keep way on the boat, and being in no hurry to reach home before evening, we ceased rowing and dreamily drifted along the coast. Our natives, as they will always do on such occasions, and, indeed, on all other suitable ones, applied themselves to sleep, while we three, stretched out on the stern-sheets under the awning, took our ease in as happy a state of indolence as can well be imagined. It was not too warm nor too cool; it was simply perfect.

In about an hour, during which time I do not suppose we had made more than a mile, when seriously thinking of dousing the sail and taking to the oars, we noticed a deep black cloud far away on the horizon, a single, solitary one, not another of any sort to be seen anywhere. We remarked to one another how curious this was, but never for one

moment gave a serious thought to the matter. However, on taking a second look at it a short time afterwards, it seemed to have travelled towards us at no ordinary pace, and two or three irregular puffs of wind coming up, we did not take in sail as intended. Suddenly, I saw a good way off an unmistakable white line on the water under the shadow of the rapidly advancing cloud, and then I knew what was coming.

The crew were roused up in a moment, and all haste was made to stow the awning, get down the sprit, and scandalize the mainsail. I had no sooner made fast the peak of the sail securely to the mast and made everyone sit right down on the bottom of the boat, when the squall reached us, coming on in a cloud of spray driven up even from the perfectly smooth surface of the water. She jumped like a deer as it caught her right aft, there being no time to face her to it, and having but little or no way on her at the time, the mast was in great danger of being blown right out of her as the sail filled with a jerk in spite of all attempts to take it easily; but the stays stood bravely, and soon we were careering in full tilt for shore, on which the wind directly set, a fact at the time most awkward for us, and one that we fully appreciated, although we said nothing.

I headed her for shore in the first place in order to get way on the boat in the least dangerous manner; and that done, I brought her up to the wind to keep our course and off shore, a dead lee one, not more

than a mile off: so soon we were tearing along, heeling over lee-gunwale under water, throwing away from us a regular wall of sea, taking the spray right clean over us at every dip. The sky was now completely overcast, the rain falling in torrents of an icy coldness. It came down so thickly that we could not see fifty yards in any direction.

Things were now beginning to look serious, and the wind increasing we were forced to lower even what sail we had, showing only a small part of the mainsail and foresail to keep way on the craft, and even then we were going too fast to leeward to feel comfortable. With all this blow, in about three quarters of an hour a considerable sea was got up, and soon the big waves began to carry a very ugly and momentarily increasing crest upon them.

All this time we must have been drifting shorewards at least two feet to one along the coast, and already were very much too near the cliffs to be pleasant; but the rain had held up, so at least we could see what we were about. Another half hour brought us almost opposite the very spot we were off a few days before, when indulging in speculation as to our chances of getting through the breakers in any sort of state of repair. We grimly looked at one another, and pointed at the huge caldron seething between us and terra firma with serious apprehension that if things did not improve we should, at no very distant period, have an opportunity of practically trying the experiment under circumstances a thousand times more difficult.

Affairs at last became so serious—we were nearing shore so very rapidly, it being physically impossible to row against such a wind, even if the boys could have been got to try—that our only chance was to set all sail we could, and trust to the boat's standing up under it to claw off shore. What she would have done, under the circumstances, goodness only knows. The only chance we had of keeping off the rocks was undoubtedly this one. We might have upset, or we might have managed to claw off by the skin of our teeth, but I think the chances were very much in favour of the former; whilst to let her go on as she was then doing was only to defer the inevitable moment, for at that rate she must eventually have gone on shore, and then amongst the rocks, with such a heavy sea thundering upon them, not a morsel either of us or our boat would have been left.

We had scarcely got things all ready for our experiment, when, as luck would have it, there was a very perceptible diminution in the force of the wind; and soon, just as quickly as it rose, so it fell, leaving us riding on a heavy swell without a breath to help us farther. It left us all thoroughly miserable and half frozen, but thankful for our narrow escape, for there were the huge black rocks, not three hundred yards off, against which the immense swells were breaking with merciless violence, presaging anything but a comfortable reception on shore to anyone wishing to land in the vicinity. The hackneyed witticism *re* 'not being born to be drowned' of course was uttered, but did not meet with any response;

we were all too wretched and cold to appreciate any joke, however good. The sun coming out strongly soon dried us, putting us in good heart for rowing, and in about three quarters of an hour we, with some little difficulty, got under the reef at Vailele, dined with S. at the plantation, and then pushed on to Apia, arriving safely about five o'clock p.m., where the party split up, and individually retired early, rather the worse for such an unusual day's work.

March 25, *Sunday.*—On going to bed, last night, there was no indication of any important change in the weather. The only thing noticeable meteorologically was a breeze springing up towards evening, which, although unusual, was not of sufficient significance for any special notice to be taken of it. It appears, however, that it rose very gradually in strength from about the time we returned until midnight, when it first looked dangerous; and from that time it rose to hurricane-power, attaining its full strength about two a.m. It commenced in the south-south-east, went round to east, and then to the north-west. My first warning of anything extraordinary taking place was one of my doors, defectively fastened, being blown open some time during the night, which caused me to turn out and secure it. I then thought there was an unusually strong wind blowing, but was little prepared for the sight that met my eyes on rising in the morning. The whole sky was in a marvellously disturbed state; heavy clouds were travelling swiftly from the north-west, the wind was blowing great-

guns, but evidently not so strong as it had been some short time previously.

A tremendous sea was running right across the harbour, rolling in foam completely over the reef on the easternmost side, but looking more terrible than it was in reality, on account of the falling tide baring the rocks, and causing so much white water to be seen. Out of nine ships, large and small, which were lying snugly at anchor yesterday, the only one afloat was a small white coasting schooner, the *Fongaloa*, of about twenty tons burden. Piled up high, broadside on the outer westernmost reef, was the *Venezuela*, a large barque, a most miserable wreck, with her spars smashed, rigging blown to atoms, and the greater part of one side torn out of her. On the inner reef, not more than four hundred yards from shore, her stern high up, and bows submerged in the deep water over the edge of the reef, with only a piece of one mast standing, lay the wreck of the *Solide*, a big German barque. She had but quite lately arrived, and scarcely commenced to discharge a valuable cargo, now irretrievably ruined. Inshore of her, a perfectly undistinguishable, shapeless mass of wreckage represented all that remained of the *Sheet Anchor*, a large American brig, also with a cargo undischarged. Going down the beach to the westward, the next thing to notice was a little American schooner, blown high and dry into the German Consul's backyard; and about five hundred yards down, perfectly upright, masts standing, but never to go any more, was a smart barque—the *Brazileira*—only arrived the

day before ; and sunk alongside of her, in fatal embrace, was a good-sized schooner—the *Vau-Vau*—one of the German Company's mosquito fleet, carried to destruction by the larger ship falling athwart of her, when breaking away from her own anchors in the height of the hurricane. The *Apia*, a cutter of about forty tons, had disappeared *in toto* somewhere in the deep water.

Summing all up, the appearance of the harbour was about the most dismal sight for an insurance office that could well be conceived. The beach from one end to the other was strewn with all descriptions of wreckage and battered cargo thrown up by the waves. As a matter of course everyone was about, some helping to save cargo, and others apparently doing so, but in reality doing the other thing ; at all events, one is apt to doubt the integrity of purpose of an individual who secretes tins of kerosene and other such trifles in the bush to keep safely until claimed by the owners.

Turning towards the shore, the sight was by no means a pretty one. Uprooted trees lay all over the place ; roofs and verandas had been torn off or otherwise shifted from their proper locations. Here and there were native houses completely overturned, even in some parts open palings had not escaped.

The path of the destroyer was distinctly visible on the side of the mountain, where the dense bush looked quite black and burnt up, as if a hot iron had been passed over it. Its course, however, was very capricious, for at points some fragile building would

be standing, not one bit damaged, while ruin was spread broadcast within a few yards all round it. My own house was a specimen of this, for although only a weak framework building, which must have succumbed had but a quarter of the storm burst on it, yet it stood uninjured, whilst orange trees of a large size within twenty yards at the back were torn completely out of the ground, and the outside halves of trees about the same distance in the front were thoroughly denuded of branches and leaves as if by fire passing over them. Immense quantities of native produce—such as bananas, bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts—could not fail to have been destroyed all over the group, putting the natives to sore straits, as events like this happen so very unfrequently that they do not make provision for them.

We heard afterwards that the island of Savaii to the westward had suffered most severely, the whole force of the storm bursting directly on its west and north coasts. In fact, there a clean sweep had been made of nearly everything, including many European houses.

The loss of life, considering the severity of the storm, was providentially insignificant, consisting of three whites, about seven Samoans, and a boat's crew of black labourers, who started for Apia from the west end of Upolu and were never more heard of. They must have been blown right out to sea.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Modern Pirate—Bully Hayes—Very like a Bishop—Steals a Barque and Cargo—A Coolie Spec—Bankok—A Trial Trip to Hong Kong—Diamond cut Diamond—Samoa—Tried and Acquitted—Strong's Island—Bailed-up—Hayes hunts himself—Under Arrest—Crafty Mr. Pease—Manilla Courtesies—Elopes with Yacht and Wife—Fatal Difference with the Cook.

To write an account of any part of the Western Pacific without some mention of its bold buccaneer and pet pirate 'Bully Hayes,' would be in the eyes of the old hands an unfriendly omission, tending to deprive that part of the world of the credit due to having been the scene of operations of their most cherished hero, whose doubtful praises are sung there to this day. Indeed, a failure to notice the misguided career of the above-named gentleman would be likely to go so far as to give rise to grave suspicions of the writer's never having been in the South-Western Pacific.

Samoa was quite a favourite place with 'Bully Hayes,' and one which used to see a great deal of him, and is where he chose to leave his legitimate wife and family during his protracted absences.

There are also residing there several people who formerly accompanied Hayes on his cruises, and who, whilst not excusing him from any of the undoubted rascalities he was guilty of, yet cannot be found to speak of him in any worse terms than as a reckless, devil-may-care sort of man of wonderful ingenuity and resource, to whom nothing came amiss in the way of business, which word with him meant a great deal more than is conveyed in its ordinary acceptation.

My informants told me that although more brutal than any beast when enraged, this pirate could, when he liked, assume a courteous behaviour and address positively fascinating, and calculated to deceive even the greatest sceptic. Although self-educated, he could converse fluently and cleverly on all ordinary topics, and if he were judged from his handsome and gentlemanly personal appearance, the lie direct would be given to the multitudinous reports of his lawless habits.

To see in the year 1876 an elderly well-dressed man, in missionary black frock-coat and tall hat, with a flowing gray beard sweeping his expansive chest, above which smiled a handsome and benevolent countenance fit for a bishop, and be told that the entire person was that of an undoubted pirate who was far from being free from suspicion of having committed murder, would astonish any man in his sober senses; yet such was 'Bully Hayes' in his best rig on shore in the Colonies.

Where Hayes received his initial lessons in

practical piracy is not known; but report says that the simple robbery part of the profession was commenced in the bosom of his own family, where he began life by robbing his father at his home somewhere on the Mississippi.

In the year 1868 he is found in command of a lumber barque in San Francisco, from whence one night, instead of going alongside the wharf and discharging, without troubling the Shipping Office for clearance or putting the Customs to any inconvenience, he slipped off to sea, cargo and all, which he sold somewhere in Mexico.

The next thing heard of him was at Macao, where he obtained a charter for the conveyance of two hundred and fifty Chinese coolies to Sydney. At that time the New South Wales Government, alarmed at the invasion of this species of labour, with the view of putting a check to it, had imposed a poll-tax of £5 per head for each immigrant Chinese.

Hayes, in addition to the passage-money, was supplied also with the amount of capitation demand to pay on landing. This was too much temptation for him, so he determined to secure all that extra for himself, even if he had to throw his cargo overboard and invent some expedient for the theft. His acute ingenuity soon supplied him with a means to the desired end.

Arrived off Sydney Heads, he started all his water-casks in the hold, and then hoisted his ensign jack-downwards in signal of distress. A tug soon came out to render what assistance might be required, and

seeing the barque pumping perfectly clear water from her sides, was convinced that she had sprung a serious leak, and offered to tow her in. Hayes, however, apparently to save salvage expenses, which most likely would have been claimed, refused the offer, saying that he thought he could keep the leak under, and bring the ship in all right next morning if the captain of the tug would take charge of and land his cargo of coolies, for whose safety he seemed most humanely anxious.

It was arranged that the tug was to come out again after landing these men, when, if the leak was not thoroughly got under, the captain should have the job of towing the barque in. The too confiding man agreed, and having completed his mission, returned to the Heads, where there was no barque at all to be seen, and reported the disappearance.

Whether the ship had been overpowered by the leak and gone to the bottom or not was unknown for some time afterwards, when the lighthouse-keeper gave evidence of her having made all sail from shore as soon as the tug disappeared round the Heads, and by the time of her return being well below the horizon. To make the matter more complete, the tug-proprietors had to pay the capitation money which Hayes had omitted to hand over with the coolies.

He next appears at Bankok, where, taking a fancy to a smart British schooner lying in the harbour, he determined to possess her at his own price. Arranging with his mate, who was a fit and appropriate

second for so talented a chief, to take charge of the barque and meet him at his favourite place of rendezvous, Strong's Island, he landed, and making himself agreeable to the schooner's owners, soon managed to gain their confidence, and made them proposals to buy the craft at a tempting figure, but first of all demanded and was granted a short trial of her seagoing qualities outside the harbour. In the meantime the barque departed in charge of the mate to carry out his part of the programme.

Hayes now took out the schooner to put her through her paces, which he did so well that she never came back, but went straight on to Hong Kong, where our friend sold the cargo of rice and then cleared out in a most correct manner, although, no doubt, he did not furnish the authorities with his real destination, Strong's Island, where he duly found his precious mate and barque awaiting him.

Loading up the schooner with island produce, he despatched her in charge of his accomplice to Hong Kong, with orders to dispose of the cargo and to return immediately. The mate thought this an opportunity not to be lost, and exceeded his chief's orders to the extent of selling the vessel as well as the cargo, pocketed the money, and cleared off—not, however, to Strong's Island.

Hayes next turned up in Apia, in Samoa, where he was found by an American man-of-war which had been searching for him all over the Pacific. He was arrested, and brought to trial for his misdeeds; but for some inconceivable reason was acquitted

and set at liberty by the United States authorities, both naval and consular.

Soon after this he was made aware that a British man-of-war, the *Pearl*, was making impertinent inquiries as to his whereabouts, with awkward reference to the lengthened trial trip of the Bankok schooner, which caused him to confine his cruising ground to the more retired parts of the Pacific. He, however, was not idle during the whole of this semi-retirement from high-class business, occupying his time in collecting, by means of forged orders, the island produce he could find ready for shipment at the various island agencies for commercial firms, which, however, never reached their headquarters either in dollars or kind.

After a lengthened course of dodging, he found himself and barque blockaded at Strong's Island by H.M.S. *Pearl*, which, taking up a position right in front of the only opening in the reef, cut off all hope of escape with the ship. Hayes saw that at the very least he should lose her, but was determined that no one else should benefit by his loss, so, cutting the cable, he let her go bodily on the reef, where she broke up and sank.

He then, with the greatest assurance in the world, although there was not the smallest necessity for this bravado, at the risk of being recognised and captured, took his boat, went off to the man-of-war, and impudently offered to pilot her under the reef, informing the captain that he thought Hayes was on shore, but had sunk his ship and intended leaving for another island as soon as possible—in fact, describing truth-

fully his own position. His manner was so childlike and bland that no suspicion as to his real character was for a moment entertained, and Hayes, taking an affectionate farewell of his hunters, left coolly in his whale-boat, and with his crew passed over to an adjacent group.

How he got another vessel history does not relate. That always seemed to be a very easily solved question with him; the fact remains that he soon did get another, and put in an appearance at Pago-Pago, in the island of Tutuila, in Samoa, with a schooner, having on board a lot of Pacific islanders he had kidnapped from a neighbouring group, intending to sell them as labour to the German plantations in Upolu. 'Mauga,' the native chief of that district, ascertaining that these men had been forcibly taken away from their homes, and knowing that Hayes was wanted for various little things, seized him, and sent him over to Apia for disposal, where, for want of proper accommodation for detention, he remained for some time a prisoner at large, awaiting the arrival of a man-of-war to put him on his trial, for which Hayes, although loudly proclaiming his innocence, had no intention of stopping should he get the chance of escape.

An opportunity shortly did occur, when a schooner arrived, owned and sailed by as great a ruffian as himself, though very much meaner and inferior in method, named Pease; a man who afterwards got his throat cut, in payment for some native iniquity he had committed. It was suspected that Hayes would

try to get away with his friend, so a close watch was kept for some time, which, however, was somewhat relaxed one evening, when it was thought that from the darkness and stormy nature of the weather no vessel could ever find the reef-opening and get out; nevertheless, the next morning it was found that Pease had levanted in the night, and with him Hayes. It afterwards transpired that the former—some time during the day—had, unobserved, laid out a long line to the mouth of the entrance, and, feeling along that in the dark, was able to hit off the right spot, and clear out with his friend.

Pease was quite well aware that he and Hayes could not live together long in the same ship, without the latter getting the upper hand, so he inveigled him on shore one day in Fiji, to help steal a ship for him; but returning to his own on some excuse, set sail, and left his friend behind to his own resources. How he got away from Fiji is not generally known, but soon afterwards he was reported to the Spanish authorities as suspiciously cruising with a new schooner in the vicinity of the political convict depôts in the Philippine Islands, and a man-of-war was sent to look after him. She found him on shore at one of these depôts, from whence some hundred convicts had escaped in his vessel. He immediately laid a formal complaint to the Spanish captain, claiming compensation for the loss of his schooner, which he averred had been stolen by the escaped prisoners, who, overpowering the crew, had sailed off, leaving him on shore, where he had gone

to enjoy a bath. He was not believed, his story bearing ugly traces of collusion, and accordingly was conveyed to Manilla, tried, and imprisoned; and, after having undergone a year of rigorous confinement, he was released, apparently in a dying state, and left the group as a distressed American seaman. He soon, however, reaped the benefit of his unwilling sacrifice, and reappeared at his old haunts with ten thousand dollars cash, three chests of clothes, and many valuable instruments, no doubt the price of the liberation of the Spanish convicts; but how and where he got paid, to this day remains a mystery.

His last exploit, which ended fatally for him, was on a par with his former ones. He had drifted back again to San Francisco, where the authorities appear to have been contented to let bygones be bygones, and not to visit him with their disapproval of former mistakes. Here he made the acquaintance of the owner of a yacht, who took a great fancy to him, returned by Hayes taking a still stronger fancy to his craft, to the extent of intended appropriation on the first favourable opportunity. He not only admired the yacht, but also the owner's wife, with whom, as soon as she was prepared, he levanted on his unauthorized cruise to the sunny South; and one fine morning the owner found himself minus both wife and yacht, in which the amorous pirate was enjoying his, perhaps, twentieth honeymoon, in peace with all the world except his own cook, with whom he violently quarrelled somewhere off the Marshalls. On jumping down the companion-ladder to fetch his

revolver, for the purpose of convincing the bad man of the error of his ways, he received from the aggressive *cordon bleu*—who had the bad taste not to give his master time to expostulate with him in his usually convincing manner—such a crack across the head with the iron tiller, as effectually put an end to this famous man's troubles and passion at one and the same time.

In spite of his many ruffianisms, some of which were of so gross a nature as to preclude mention, Hayes had many friends even amongst those whom he had swindled, at all events in Samoa. When discussing any of his rascalities in company, it was always thus: 'Oh, never mind that.' And then would follow instances of humanity, daring, and good-fellowship that in the eyes of the community completely overbalanced anything to his discredit; although these very people knew right well that Hayes would have victimized any one of them if he had only had the chance.

The only persons safe with Hayes, friends or foes, were those who had nothing to be stolen or wheedled out of. Even members of the crews with whom he had sailed, in spite of the cruel treatment they one and all had received at his hands—as was instanced at his trial on board the U.S. war-ship *Narragauset*—could not be induced to give evidence against or speak a bad word of him. This may perhaps have been from the danger of self-crimination, but still, although there is no danger from him now, the fact remains the same.

Hayes was commonly believed to have indulged

somewhat in murder, and it is on all sides said of him that when in the mood, he would as soon kill a man as talk to him; yet I never heard in any conversation a positive statement of his having done so.

Hayes was, according to report, very much married —not taking into consideration native wives, of whom he had at least one in every island he haunted—and has left all over the Pacific a numerous progeny of half-castes. His legitimate wife, a New Zealand lady, was residing in Apia with two lovely daughters —the belles of the South Pacific—and one son, when I arrived there, but about a year afterwards left for Fiji. Hayes, in one of his playful moods, is said to have attempted to obtain a divorce from the whole of this family after his own fashion by upsetting the boat in which he was rowing them outside the inner reef of Apia harbour; but to his disgust he did not obtain his decree, for they all got safely on shore.

CHAPTER XXII.

To Mulifanua—Aoba Boys' Dance—Long Legs—Musical Instrument—War-dances—Resisting the Devil—Tapa Manufacture—Mallet Music—Samoan Music—Mat Drum—The Syrenic Accordion—The Jew's-harp, its Guile—Return to Apia—Sunday Lecture—Secrets of the Boudoir—Ladies Dressing—Horrible Hats—Male Attire.

Some little time after this, I accompanied the doctor in one of his periodical visits to inspect the imported labourers on the German plantation at Mulifanua, where we remained the night the guests of its courteous manager.

In the evening, for our amusement he induced the Aoba boys from the New Hebrides to give us a specimen of their dancing. It is not often that they will do so, and this time 'Long Legs,' their chief boy, said he was sick, and would not perform. In consequence, it required great persuasion to get them to dance at all without their best man; but eventually the 'corps de ballet' was assembled, and the fun began.

It was a beautiful bright moonlight night, and everything could be seen almost as plainly as in the daytime. The musical instrument used was of the most

primitive description, and consisted of a thick length of bamboo held at the ends by two boys, upon which two others beat their hardest, and at times their quickest, with two short pieces of wood by way of drum-sticks, keeping up a rattling tattoo during the whole operation.

The overture had scarcely begun when the sick man, 'Long Legs,' carried away by the soul-stirring rattle of the sticks, rushed off to his house, soon to reappear on the gay and festive scene in full dancing costume—having on little more than a coat of grease, some feathers in his hair, shell-rattles on his ankles, clashing at every step he made—and rush madly into the middle of the fray, when the sport began in real earnest.

All those who possessed head-dresses had mounted them; all who had guns appeared with them in their hands, and those who had none provided themselves with sticks to represent that more lethal weapon, for the possession of which most of them were undergoing three or more solid years of foreign toil.

The motions in the dancing were, for the greater part, indicative of fighting in the different postures of their style of attack and defence, ever keeping time most correctly to the rattle of the bamboo-stick drum. The different steps and measures it is impossible to describe with any hope of their being understood; but every change in cadence or disposition was according to some fixed rule, for with the varied tunes and rolls beaten on the bamboo, so the steps

changed to quicker or slower, and the accompanying song took up its new metre.

Every now and then two or three of the main body of the dancers would burst out and career furiously round and round the army as though they were skirmishing, waving their arms and guns in a most frantic manner. Occasionally the whole mob would advance with a rush, while the singing and drumming would increase in volume, as if in triumphant charge. At other times the company would retire in haste; the music then would become low in tone and almost cease, indicative, I imagine, of a strategic movement to the rear. The whole of this time 'Long Legs' was careering in wild energy in every direction, giving his people a strong lead in all departments of the business.

A great many dances were gone through. One of these was intended to illustrate the evil spirit roving abroad, seeking whom he might devour; the idea evidently being that unless he could find an isolated individual he could do no harm, and that so long as the people kept together they were safe from him. The fugleman, representing 'Old Nick,' goes away to some distance, and hides behind a bush. The main body of the people then, scattered loosely about, commence a glad sort of song and dance to the thumping accompaniment of the bamboo drum, to represent, I suppose, a village population innocently enjoying themselves in the evening in their far-away home in the New Hebrides.

Suddenly a terrific yell is heard and a gun fired,

causing the frightened villagers to draw close together for mutual protection, facing towards the point of danger. The music at the same time changes to a tone indicative of alarm, the bamboo rattling out famously as loudly and quickly as the professors can manage to do it. All the time the dance and chant are kept up, the solid phalanx facing towards the enemy.

Another louder and more hideous yell is soon heard, and amidst the furious rattling of the drum, the screams of the singers and vigorous stamping of the dancers, the devil with arms spread out claw-fashion rushes upon the devoted crowd, which, keeping face towards the demon, presses closer together and shuffles back in a motion expressive of horror, with a very quick short shuffling of the feet, exactly similar to the retreating movement to be seen in the ballet at home.

'Auld Clootie,' not succeeding in his first attempt, now dances all round the different sides of the square, as if searching for a break in the defensive line to burst through and capture a soul or two; but whichever way he turns the dancers face him, advancing when he retreats and shuffling back when he charges on them, the whole performance being thoroughly illustrative of resisting Satan. All this time the chanting and dancing are furiously kept up.

At last, as it were in despair at not being able to snatch a meal, Satan resigns the attempt and sails round and round alone, desponding and defeated, with arms high in the air in imitation of the flight

of a flying fox or bat; and so well is this done that no one could fail to recognise at first sight what the movement is intended to represent. He really did not appear to rest on the ground at all, but sailed round and round the crowd continually facing him, in a most marvellous manner, with scarcely any perceptible movement of his feet.

Whilst waiting for the cool of the evening to proceed on our return journey, we strolled on to a Samoan town, where we were initiated into the mysteries of Tapa-making by three ladies whom we found noisily at work over its manufacture. Tapa, as the native cloth is termed in the Samoan language, is manufactured from the bark of the 'Ua,' or paper mulberry tree ('Papyrifera Broussonetia'), cultivated especially for the purpose. The tree is raised from cuttings, and has a very rapid and upright growth, putting forth few lateral branches. When it arrives at about four inches in girth, it is cut down and carried into the village by the men. From this point it is handed entirely over to the women for preparation and manufacture. The bark is now in its entirety stripped off the sticks, from which, when freshly cut, it separates itself readily, as also does the inner white bark from the valueless outer skin. The former is then steeped in water, generally being anchored down in the river with stones all night to soften the fibre. The next day will be seen scattered in every direction along the stream, sitting in the water with all sorts of sun-shade contrivances, picturesque groups of girls and women of all sizes and ages, with sloping boards in

front of them on which each strip of bark is successively placed, and with constant application of water scraped with a 'pepe,' or cockle-shell, until all the vegetable mucus is separated from it, and there remains nothing but a spongy white material ready for the next process. It is now taken to the house, and, on a rounded hard-wood log kept for that special purpose, is pounded with wooden beetles, both ribbed and smooth, until the bark is greatly expanded, which can be increased to any reasonably desired extent, of course proportionate to the thinness wanted.

The sound of fifty or sixty of these mallets all going at the same time in one village is by no means unpleasant to the ear, the resonant clash of the hard woods producing somewhat musical notes. At times, the tapping will be very mixed, without the least suspicion of regularity; at others, more especially following a general lull, the performers will start afresh, keeping most excellent time, evidently in some previously concerted accordance, and with some generally known measure. Oftentimes, previous to knocking off work for the night, a regular concert will be arranged, in which all will join from one end of the village to the other, with a pleasant and most novel effect. Each piece, when hammered out to the requisite thickness, is spread on the stones in front of the house to dry; and when a sufficient quantity is ready, the ladies proceed to stick the pieces together with arrowroot-gum, layer over layer, and overlapping side by side, until a cloth of proper thickness and size is manufactured. It is then painted with the various

pigments at their disposal, of any colour and of any design that may be thought fit, made up into large rolls, and deposited amongst the roof-beams for future personal use or barter whenever it may be required.

Before the arrival of the Jew's-harp and the penny tin whistle, the only sound-giving instruments in use by the Samoans were the wooden drum and the conch-shell; but whether these articles can be classed amongst musical instruments is a matter for grave doubt. The former consists of an oblong block of some resonant wood, rounded off canoe-shape at either end, but hollowed out, leaving a considerable thickness of wood all round. They are made of all sizes; the larger ones rest on the ground, the hollow part upwards, and being struck with a heavy wooden mallet emit a booming blunt sort of sound, which can be heard to a great distance. Every town of any respectable size has its drum for summoning the inhabitants at the chief's will, or to give warning that something unusual is happening. The small ones are carried in the hollow of the arm, and struck with a hard-wood stick. These are only used in schools to call the scholars to attendance. There are generally three such, of different tones, in each establishment, which, being played with some degree of consonant observance, produce a sound by no means unpleasant to hear, in spite of the rudeness of manufacture. The conch-shell is used, as it is all over the Pacific Islands, more as a war-trumpet than anything else. With the roll of mats or big

bamboo, on which time is beaten for the Siva dancers, the catalogue of Samoan noise-producing instruments is complete.

The whistle is a distinct nuisance everywhere; the native idea of perfection on this offensive article is confined to what can be tortured out of three or four notes in a studied and dismal manner.

The Jew's-harp to Samoans has a use above its musical properties. Two natives may be sitting in the same room with you, innocently—as you may suppose—lost in rapture in the seductive strains breathed through this old-time instrument. You, in your simplicity, would never suspect that these two ingenuous savages were communicating with one another through the medium of this harmless article of South-Sea barter; but, nevertheless, they are doing so. You may have been but the moment before reading them a strong moral lecture, the righteousness of which they acknowledged; and you will little suspect that, under the disguise of an excruciatingly executed 'Hold the fort' or 'Yankee Doodle,' a conversation is being carried on, your improving lecture turned into ridicule, and arrangements are in course of formation for your future confusion in the most musical manner at their disposal. Jew's-harping is also a favourite way of arranging elopements. A skilful harper, unless very carefully watched by some one up to his little game, will easily manage to breathe out in the form of sweet music all that he wishes to say to his sister sinner.

Before midnight we were in the boat again, on

our way back to Apia, where I arrived on Sunday morning, just in time to receive a lecture from a Samoan lady friend of mine, whom I found interviewing my black boy, on the bad habit and horrid example of travelling on Sunday. This lecture was not, however, an honest one, but was merely a blind introductory to leading up to a roll of gaudy-coloured ribbon that she knew I had, a piece of which she badly wanted to smarten herself up in female rivalry with some unknown in to-day's church parade; and she did not leave until she got it.

Sunday is a great day with all Samoans. With the exception of the intervals of sleep, so necessary to their existence, hymn-singing goes on very nearly from the first thing in the morning till the last thing at night. Really the Sunday in and about the schools begins on Saturday evening, when, as a rule, they carry on practice to a late hour.

Samoans, as is the case in more civilized parts, take advantage of church-going to parade all their finery, and it is with a goodwill they do so. About 6.30 in the morning the bell rings, and off all troop, with Bible and Prayer-Book carefully wrapped up in a clean pocket-handkerchief, exactly as may be frequently seen in England, to the church for morning prayers; but being so very early, I suppose the ladies are in no more than a studied sort of half-costume, though still slightly in advance of the usual week-day attire.

Returning in about the course of an hour to their houses, a few hymns are indulged in, and perhaps an exhortation from the head of the house. Domestic

affairs and gossip now fill up the interval, until it is time to prepare for the regular morning service. It is then, if one happens to live in the immediate vicinity of a native establishment, that all the mysteries of the boudoir stand a good chance of being revealed.

About half an hour before church-time, all is bustle and hurry amongst the dark fair ones; a rush is made for the boxes, and the house soon presents the appearance of a very much disorganized milliner's shop. If there is not sufficient accommodation for dressing within the house, the outside will do just as well. They have but little *mauvaise honte*, and are not in the very smallest degree inclined to sacrifice their once-a-week chance of displaying their finery to any false pride.

The native costume is soon thrown aside, when the preliminary snow-white garment takes its place, to be followed by petticoats, and over all a long flowing dress, generally of some gay-patterned muslin; and in course of time, amidst the almost deafening laughing, chattering, chaffing, and hooking and tying one another up, the bevy of damsels stands completely metamorphosed in semi-papalagi (foreign) costume, resplendent with every hue and colour of the rainbow, and all looking and feeling as proud of themselves as they well may.

After careful, but uninvidious, inspection of each other, and a good deal of good-humoured chaffing as to relative appearances, and sly references to the donors of such and such ornaments, during which

one good-natured girl may often be seen stripping herself of some little finery of her own to adorn a companion, they troop off to church, the smallest ones leading, the biggest bringing up the rear.

Some of the Sunday dresses, more especially the simple white flowing muslin ones, suit these girls to perfection, and show off their always good-humoured, never ugly, and frequently very handsome, brown faces to great advantage. Ofttimes, however, the whole pleasant effect is woefully discounted by the atrocious specimens of hats they will insist upon wearing, or by some loud flaring ribbon ornament quite out of keeping with the admirable and becoming simplicity of the rest of their attire.

No colour or mixture of colours can be too loud for some of the middle-aged beauties or old women, and the more elaborately hideous the head-dress, the more it appears to be appreciated. Nothing suits them better than their own style of coiffure and head-dressing, first introduced, I believe, by the missionaries from Tahiti, which consists merely of combing the hair smoothly back from the forehead, and either plaiting it in one or two queues neatly tied with a piece of ribbon, or confining it with a high comb.

With flowers and variegated leaves, in the harmonious arrangement of which they are past-mistresses, coquettishly entwined in the folds of their raven locks, they look really well. Very often, as on gala-days, entire coronets of bright-coloured flowers are worn, when the effect is most perfect. All the ladies who can afford it, on Sundays as well as on other show-days,

wear stockings and shoes, with the usual result of all foreign innovations in the way of dress, namely, that of totally destroying the natural grace of movement of the individuals using them. Like their white sisters, they will endure any amount of pain and discomfort in order to be fashionable, as clearly evidenced by these at least weekly boot-wearings. Many of the girls in the vicinity and town of Apia will wear corsets, the most useless article of dress for them at all, for their figures most certainly, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, do not require improving; and if they did, all the effect is cancelled by wearing a loose flowing robe over the wretched contrivances.

The dress assumed by the men does not depart so far from the native style as that of the women. Those who do not affect trousers and boots, worn only on Sundays, are improved rather than otherwise by turning out in pure white 'lava-lavas' with white shirts to match, worn almost invariably, 'à la beachcomber,' tails outside. Black coats are greatly affected by the native pastors and teachers, in imitation of the white missionaries, whom they would entirely copy had they the means for so doing. Some men consider their Sunday appearance improved by the wearing of old uniform coats, both naval and military, with trousers to match, or otherwise, just as chance may rule. These valuable properties, finished off with boots of any size worn only once a week, most successfully transform a decent-looking man in the week-day to a hobbling guy on Sunday.

Immediately after church the congregation return

home, or perchance to the schoolhouse, when they indulge in another hour or so of singing, after which, if there is no other church in the vicinity, off comes all the finery, to be hung up in convenient places all round the house, and once again the girls resume their natural graces. It is most amusing to see them cast their skins. It is done in one tithe of the time it takes to adopt them. Great care is taken of the abominable hats and muslins, but very little mercy is shown to the boots, stockings, and stays. The first two are dragged off viciously and consigned anyhow anywhere; and the stay victims wrestle out of their unnatural bondage with sighs of satisfaction loud enough to be heard all over the town. Attired then easily and simply in their snow-white garments, with either white or coloured 'lava-lavas,' they do that which seems best in their own eyes. Some go to bathe, some to sleep; some sit round and talk scandal, much after the style of their white sisters after church at home, when bonnets, appearances, etc., are criticized; others go visiting, while the rest pass away the time with that usual Sunday afternoon amusement, flirting.

So the time passes until the bell goes for evening worship, when stays, boots, muslins, hats, and all the detestable paraphernalia of the morning's exhibition are once more requisitioned, donned, and off they go in a crowd, following the native pastor, who importantly stalks ahead, armed with a large umbrella and a lot of books. Returning in about an hour, away

flies all the finery again, this time to be relegated to the family boxes, not to be brought to light until the next Sunday or gala-day. The various companies generally resolve themselves into a meeting of song, and sometimes keep it up well into the night, to the edification or otherwise of their neighbours.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Murder again—Headless Girl—Tapitouean Sign-Manual—Trial—Suspensory Arrangement—Black-faced Police—Chief Justice shows Signs—Important Arrival—Interested Philanthropy—Five Hundred Dollars' Worth—Those Consuls—Private Annexation—Colonial Misrepresentations—To Utimapu—Bulli-ma-cou—Solafanuas—New Britain Labour—Caroline Islanders.

29th April.

A MURDER season now appears to have set in with some little vigour, for this afternoon a Tapitouean labourer deliberately chopped his wife to pieces, and killed outright a girl who was with her, on the Vaivasa plantation close at hand.

These men are notorious for possessing the most ungovernable tempers, and will on the slightest provocation use their long bush-knives without favour on all near, and slash right and left so long as the fit remains. It is a species of temporary madness which overcomes them, and which is closely akin to the Malayan 'running amuck.'

This man, however, was especially noted as an exceptionally quiet and well-behaved specimen of his kind, and was in the second term of a voluntary service. In the interval he had been servant to our

Judge, whose employ he left, smitten with the charms of a lovely creature of his own nationality working on the plantation, and for whose sake he had bound himself to serve on the same place for the term of her engagement.

The morning of the murder he told her that when the bell rang to knock off labour he should kill her, and it was not for want of trying that he was not as good as his word. With a creditable regard for punctuality and his long eighteen-inch bush-knife, as soon as the bell rang he slashed the unfortunate woman in a horrible manner, leaving her for dead, and on passing out from the house he finished with making two slashes at a wretched girl standing close by, the first lopping off her arm, and the second leaving her a headless trunk quivering on the ground. These natives are most expert with their knives, as many an overseer knows to his cost, and with their excitable temperaments are much too ready to have recourse to them.

The murderer, on committing the crime, took to the bush, and, after roaming about for a few days, was captured in a Samoan house, much to the relief of the plantation overseer, who, recollecting some few differences still remaining unsettled with the criminal, had not felt it prudent to live on the ground-floor of his house, but took to the roof until all was safe.

A Samoan trial under white supervision was held, and the prisoner was convicted and duly sentenced to death. When asked whether he had anything to say, he replied:

'If you think I have done anything to be killed

for, you can kill me. If you think I have done no wrong, I will go back quietly to my work. I don't care which it is, but I know that my laws are not like yours.'

On the morning appointed for the execution the natives at Mulinuu were very busy, feeling themselves sufficiently expert in the hanging business to take the matter entirely into their own hands; but, of course, they must indulge in variations, and, just the same as in their cricket, introduce all sorts of picturesque innovations.

The Government police, in whose hands the final avenging of the law was left, had specially got themselves up for the occasion—naked to the waist, and oiled to the highest degree of perfection; and, I suppose to add a suitable solemnity to the ceremony, they had painted their faces entirely black. Armed with their rifles, and fully accoutred, with their cartridge-belts buckled round their bodies, they busily skirmished all over the place, arranging the crowd with an air of the greatest importance.

Soon the condemned, having arrived by boat, was escorted up to the scaffold and seated at the foot of the ladder of the gallows, on the platform of which two Samoans with shining black faces stood ready to receive their victim. A bench was then brought out and placed in full view of the gallows, on which the King and some of his principal men took their seats.

Everything was now ready, but the Chief Justice

'Suetelé,' who had been told off to make an improving speech with a live subject on the use and abuse of knives in general, could not be found. On being searched for, it was discovered that he had gone to church in town, from whence he sent word that he would not come until he had had enough of it. There was no excuse for this sort of conduct, for he himself had appointed the time.

It really had a much more weighty significance than was appreciated by those not acquainted with the recent doings of the Samoan Parliament. Demonstration of self-importance had something to do with it, but that was not all. He had seized upon this opportunity to show his political resentment to some Government measure that had been of recent discussion and was going against his wishes, well knowing that this public display of disregard would be fully understood by parties to whom it would not be etiquette to speak on the matter. Many useful hints of the real Samoan state of affairs can be gathered from watching carefully the movements of the high chiefs and officials; and they themselves, judging from their own standard, derive all sorts of ideas, mostly erroneous, from observing the mutual relations of the Consuls or their commerce with the many doubtful strangers visiting the group.

To while away the time whilst waiting Suetelé's pleasure to appear, one of the Taimua rose and inflicted a long speech on the assembled mob, who paid no attention whatever to it, any more than did the condemned, who sat in the full public gaze

smoking a cigarette, and chatting with his attendants as though nothing extraordinary were about to take place.

At last, after quite an hour's delay, up swaggered the Chief Justice, and without the slightest apology delivered his oration, within one minute of the finish of which the murderer was hurried up the ladder, the noose adjusted, bolt drawn, and he was hanging lifeless.

On the 29th of this month, a messenger from Mulinuu came and told me that a man had arrived from New Zealand, who was making speeches to them, such as they did not like. The King wanted to know who the man was who had told him that he was of higher rank than anyone in the islands, a great legislator in New Zealand, and the accredited envoy of a party of rich merchants in Auckland, who, from their love for the Samoans and hatred of oppression, had sent him to return them the five hundred dollars that the High Commissioner had—illegally—fined them for the riot and damage at Magia. But before he handed this over he would like to meet them all together, and thoroughly explain the disinterested goodwill of his senders, and make known just a trifling condition attached to the monetary transfer.

On inquiry, I found out that this unexpected burst of philanthropy was not quite so disinterested as it appeared to be at first sight, but covered some ulterior design for solid profit on small investment. He wanted the Samoans to act as a Government, and

put him on the land, to the expulsion of those in charge. This was the mild condition attached to the restitution of the five hundred dollars. He informed his astonished hearers that many eminent lawyers had been greatly shocked at the illegal conduct of the High Commissioner in fining them for doing what they had a perfect right to do, and that they, together with some rich merchants, in order to show their disapproval of such oppressive measures, had determined to return them the money that they had been robbed of. The orator went on to say that if the High Commissioner said that he came from the Queen, it was a lie; he did not do so, and had no authority from her.

He then proceeded to demolish the Consuls, taunting the natives with being afraid of them, and politely compared them to so many lamps, which being turned up by their masters shone brightly, but when turned down went out and stank; and as to the British Consul, they were not to care a bit for him—he would settle him, whether he had a man-of-war or not; and the good merchants had much more money than he had to fight with. In fact, what with his speeches and bribes, a less sensible people than the Samoans would have committed themselves in a very short time. They fooled him to the top of his bent, let him go on until they got all they could, and then requested me to protect them from his importunities.

Having failed to make a capture of the natives in his philo-land-grabbing venture, he turned his attention to annexation to New Zealand, and, with the aid of one or two local celebrities, began to scheme for

some means of making something out of it. Soon there began to appear in the public prints outrageously misleading statements, making it appear that the Samoans universally were most anxious—in fact quite mad, for Colonial attachment. It was said Protestant, Catholic, and 'wild natives'—whatever these last may be—alike desired it, speaking for a whole nation, when the writer had been in only two towns in the group, one of which was notoriously opposed to annexation in any shape. In one of these letters it was stated that the Samoans quite understood the New Zealand system of government as it had been explained to them, and were marvellously attracted by the native branch of the legislation, more especially that part which treated of the vote and dispensation of moneys for native education.

In all these reports the leaven of truth was microscopic, the smallest remark or circumstance having been so ingeniously built upon, to produce the wished-for effect, as to make the original intention or fact quite unrecognisable, and unceasing was the abuse of Consular despotism and oppression, as destructive to whites and natives alike.

By these specious productions, and schemes continually working both in Samoa and Auckland, the general public were led to believe that the Samoans were dying for annexation to the Colony, which was most certainly not the case at any time. Some few might have expressed themselves favourably in that direction, under the influence of dollars, present and prospective, but never even then openly; and most

decidedly there was never in my time any movement in the smallest degree approaching a representative desire to belong to New Zealand.

It was owing to the working of these 'qualified' reports that the New Zealand Government applied for permission to send their steamer to Samoa and hoist their flag, and even had steam up ready to start on receiving the anticipated favourable reply. Had the request been granted, they would not, however, have had the pleasure of seeing their flag flying on the islands, for on the first report of their arrival in the neighbourhood, the Germans were quite determined formally to annex the whole group, and very glad they would have been of the excuse.

To-day, the 1st of July, I walked, accompanied by the Judge, on a tour of inspection to the German coffee plantation at 'Utumapu,' perched in the ranges immediately behind us, and under the management of a British expert. Going along the beach for about two miles, we turned inland at right angles through the 'Fangalei' plantation, and travelled upwards through a lovely well-grassed cocoa-nut plantation on a nicely laid-out road, bordered for a long way with that most valuable friend, the bread-fruit tree, in whose ranks, however, the late hurricane had worked awful havoc, to the great loss of the food-supply for the year.

Travelling up we passed several mobs of well-bred cattle, looking as plump and sleek as could be desired in any part of the world. The curious word 'Bullima-cou,' applicable both to the meat and the animal,

has its origin from the date of the arrival of cattle in Samoa. On the first animals being landed the natives inquired what they were, and were told that the beasts they saw before them were a bull and a cow ; so combining the two English words they made one of their own, by which such animals are known to this day. The dictionary-manufacturers endeavoured to get the Samoans to adopt the word 'povi,' an adaptation from the Latin, but with no success. 'Bulli-ma-cou' it was in the beginning, and that will it remain while they have a language of their own.

We also saw some horses, mules, and donkeys, all looking in thriving condition. For the former the Samoans have adopted the manufactured name of 'Solafanua,' literally meaning 'Land-flyer.' If they had been let alone they would without doubt have adopted some word similar in sound to the English one, which in this, as in many other cases, would have rendered the language more understandable to foreigners. The original horses were imported from New Zealand and New South Wales, but from continual inbreeding have deteriorated very much.

We saw an uncommonly fine body of about sixty New Britain labourers on the plantation, some of whom had served a term in Queensland, and could speak English. They informed us that they had enlisted on the German labour-trader which brought them, to go back to Queensland, but were fraudulently brought to Samoa, the truth of which statement is borne out by their asking, when landed, if the place was Queensland ; but of course the poor

fellows were quite powerless, and had to go to work.

This is but a single instance of many such cases. They were really a fine body of savages, and they very coolly told us that when they got back they would shoot and eat some one in revenge for the deceit practised upon them. The labour overseer was pointed out as a most superior man from the Carolines, and the only survivor of twenty-five who arrived at the same time. He, too, died before I left Samoa.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Utumapu again—Regions Below—Light *v.* Gloom—Fall-climbing—Razor-edge—Stone-heaving—Nineteen Hundred Feet of the Wrong Height—Terrible Travelling—Tropical Freezing—Eagle Mosquitoes—*En route* to the Silver Thread—Beautiful Bush—Banyan Trees—Head of the Silver Thread—Halfway Down Fix—Stinging Tree—Foot of the Silver Thread—Camp out.

TOWARDS the end of the month, intending with C., the plantation manager, to make a voyage of inspection into the ranges at the back, I went again to Utumapu, stopped the night, and the next morning, accompanied by two others, who turned up just as we were starting, and three Solomon islanders for bush-clearing and to carry our food, we took to the track right across the ground lately cleared for the extension of the coffee-planting.

All over the new clearing were indications of its having been the site of a large and populous town, house-platforms and stone-heaps being found thickly piled everywhere. The natives themselves had no tradition of any town having been there in days of yore, but the traces were too plainly to be seen to admit of any doubt. It must, however, have been a very long time ago, judging from the enormous

size of the timber that had been felled round about.

Plunging into the bush at the head of the clearing, we made straight inland, where the mountain-swells were rising higher and higher above one another, until they reached the backbone of Upolu some seven or eight miles off. For some time it was almost flat, but very slow travelling, having to cut our way step by step through a most troublesome vine creeping along the ground just about knee-deep; but soon this ceased, and we travelled along in the forest quite comfortably on a sort of pig-track.

The large trees were beautifully clad with creepers of all sorts, whilst from their branches hung festoons of lovely mosses forming fairy caves amongst the thick green foliage; and every here and there some parasitic fern-growth would suggest the head-dress of an Indian warrior keeping guard over the treasures stored within these sylvan bowers.

In time we came to the edge of a very steep gully densely clothed with stunted bush, quite unlike the ordinary growth on the side-hills, and which at times broke into sheer precipices of about four hundred feet deep, generally finishing with a ledge of rock, below which again the bottom of the ravine was invisible, hid from sight by the tops of the immense trees growing far below.

It being impossible to descend to the regions beneath at the first attempt, we skirted along on quite level ground covered with trees of a much more recent date, and crossing over the head of a lovely

little stream—which, throwing itself over a sheer fern-clad precipice, dashed itself into myriads of feathery sprays quite three hundred feet below, thence disappearing through the giant tree-tops—we came to a palpably artificial mound of very ancient date with a few cocoa-nuts sprinkled round about, surely the site of some former house of importance.

Just here we found a spur running down in very steep decline to the unknown depth below, no doubt in days of yore trodden by the strange and forgotten denizens of the clearing above. Down this we very cautiously descended, and in about half an hour arrived at the wedge-like bed along which flowed a busy wicked-looking stream, much broken in its course by many opposing rocks, over which at times it showed signs of having dashed in triumph in its dark and troubled journey towards the haunts of man.

A dense gloom pervaded this spot, the sides of the ravine being too steep to permit any direct sun-ray to penetrate its sullen-looking recesses until it reached its most perpendicular height; while in strange and grand contrast, a few yards higher up, where the gully made an abrupt turn eastward, leaving a fair entrance to the early morning sunlight, a glorious bar of liquidly transparent gold shot right across our dismal shade, and bathed the steep hillside in pleasant warmth and shining beauty.

It was indeed a strange sensation to realize our surroundings. Here, right before us, were living light and deadly darkness opposing each other to the

tea soon under way ; and at the same time, on the national table-cloth appeared a liberal show of ironclad of all sorts, and biscuits of the toughest naval brand. Tea declared ready, we fell to with a will, and before we finished the troubles of our bearers were very considerably lessened.

In about half an hour we continued our voyage of discovery, following up the bed of the stream, determined if possible to trace it to its source. Over hundreds of the prettiest but most hopelessly indescribable little peeps, sometimes in thick gloom, at others in bright sunlight, just as the tortuous winding of the gully would have it, we struggled onwards, having every now and then to perform wonderful feats of climbing in getting round some waterfall. The beautiful points of these when seen from below lessened considerably in our eyes with the difficulty experienced in heading them, and some of them were fairly abused ; but then at the time we were hanging over them with every chance of a forty-foot drop, under which circumstances I think one might be excused a revulsion from appreciation of the beautiful sight as seen in safety from below.

Pursuing its course, the stream made interminable bends, both to the right and left, with the greatest abruptness, every new curve appearing to close in the ravine entirely ; only to disclose a succeeding reach to be explored, but never the desired ending, or rather beginning, we were in search of. Pounding along in this manner without any sign of nearing our object, it became necessary, if we intended to reach

home that night, to turn back, and so we commenced a retrograde movement, and followed for some time the route we had come by. In a moment of mental aberration we determined upon taking a short cut home, as we thought, and selected a likely-looking spur leading, we fondly hoped, to the line of ridge from which we had originally descended, which it didn't; so carefully by unanimous vote we selected the wrong one, and commenced our toilsome march skywards. From below, the appearance of the sky through the fringing trees gave us strong belief that we should not be long before reaching the top; but our hopes turned out to be very illusive, for each sky-line that we saw was but the boundary of one level, to be succeeded by many others in the most disheartenningly regular rotation.

As we strained away upwards the path kept continually narrowing, until at last we were travelling along a regular razor-edge with a sheer fall of many hundred feet on either side, and nothing to break it until reaching the tree-tops spread out like a wavering variegated carpet far below. Every now and then the inherently destructive inclination of the Britisher to smash something would cause us to lose much time and strength in halting to loosen huge masses of rock from the edge of the cliff, and hurl them down the tree-covered gully. Lying down flat, we gazed at the resistless mass crushing its way down the steep sides, clearing a wide road in its course, until with repeated and increasing bounds it would make one prodigious spring amongst the tree-tops with a thundering crash

as its heavy weight rent the opposing branches and disappeared from sight, leaving the spot where it made its violent entry a dark mark on an evergreen ground. Many were our regrets that we had no dynamite handy for a grander display than our puny personal efforts would command. Perhaps, however, it was lucky for us it was not so, as we might have travelled a little farther than our earthly home, with an uncomfortable start on the journey.

Every now and then, as if the track were not narrow enough, a great tree would spring right out of it, its roots depending on each side of the razor-edge in a vast network, through which we had to struggle to resume our journey on the other side, and whilst doing so we were hanging immediately over the precipice, resting only on the mazy entanglement. It was very ticklish work at times, but on we struggled, yet still the top appeared to be as far off as ever ; and to make matters worse, the windings appeared to be leading us once more directly inland, and we soon were conscious of having got into the figurative 'wrong box.' As is usual on such occasions, we bandied the blame from one to the other, until we lapsed into sulky silence ; only agreeing in one thing, which was to get to the highest point as soon as possible, and find out what chance there was before us of ever reaching anywhere near home that night.

It was of no use whatever to return on our tracks ; our only chance was to plod on and trust to luck to hit on a spur that would lead us to our homeward way. The greatest nuisance was that we were not

by any means prepared for camping out, and intending to be home before dark, had on nothing but our linen clothes, a very poor protection from the cold sharply felt after sunset in the hills; besides which, we had neither food nor liquor of any description, having provided but sufficient for one meal.

On we went rising higher, until at last we mastered the fearful hill; but although we were at the top, nothing could be seen for the dense bush, so climbing a tall tree I took a sight of the country, our aneroid showing nineteen hundred feet of elevation. One glance was enough to put to flight all hope of ever getting home that night, for between us and our haven of rest, to be seen a long way off, lay an interminable stretch of hills and gullies, not affording one single point to pitch upon as indicating a road more favourable than another. No plan of action could be formed but that of blindly plunging onward in the proper direction; so descending the mountain in the nearest available spot, we took up our weary line, not at all pleased with our trip so far as we had got.

The confusion of the country as seen from above was nothing to what it was in reality down below. From the heights the loose rocks were invisible, but at the bottom we fully appreciated their qualities of obstruction. There was always some new spur to get over; the whole form of the country appeared to be alike, and what idea of direction from landmarks we had cherished from the summit was soon lost: and the sun beginning to get low, I suggested that we should accept the inevitable, and camp whilst we had

light. My sulky mates, however, would not listen to it, but would insist upon going on to the bottom of the gully, where before we could make any attempt at settling down, darkness had overtaken us. They had not been used to bush-travelling, hence the trouble that now they regretted, until the morning, when, with one half frozen and the other half devoured by mosquitoes, we were all in as despondent a condition as any party might well wish to be.

It was pitch-dark in less than ten minutes after halting, when all hope of collecting enough wood for a fire was dismissed. What we had had time to collect would not keep alight without continual blowing, which soon exhausted all the available lung-power of the party; even that of the black boys, who stuck to it bravely for some time, but had finally to give in. We had not a drop to drink or bit to eat, and sleep was entirely out of the question, for the awful mosquitoes, whose terrific buzzing gave one the idea of a sonorous home in the drone-pipe of a cathedral organ, and against whose biting powers I don't imagine a tin of ironclad would have been proof, let alone cotton clothes, so well did the eagle-sized vampires enjoy our society. It was soon bitterly cold, and not being able to move about for the loose rocks and trees, we felt it severely.

The silence of the bush, barring the demoniacal mosquito music, was intense, and how wearily the miserable hours did pass, until the first faint dawn appeared, when we could at least stamp about to restore the circulation of our almost frozen limbs!

It does seem rather odd to chronicle freezing experience in the tropics, but that such experience was ours I shall for ever have the most vivid of uncomfortable recollections.

As soon as it was light enough, conscious of having laid up a good store of rheumatism for the future, we got our stiffened limbs in motion, working hard in the supposed direction of home and breakfast.

In about four hours we struck a stream which we determined upon following in its downward course, as, no matter where it went, it must at some time or another bring us to the coast, and, as luck would have it, we had hit on the very one which ran beneath the Utumapu plantation. Soon we cleared the bush, and arrived at the house, bathed, and set to work to devour everything eatable within reach, and then stretched ourselves comfortably on the veranda, enjoying the pleasant breeze blowing straight from off the glorious bright blue sea, ruffled with tiny white fine weather wavelets.

Returning to Apia the same evening, I found the Judge, who had obtained a day's leave from his judicial duties, anxious to make a trip we had long contemplated, to find the waterfall so conspicuous in the ranges at the back of Apia; finding that I had nothing particular to do for a couple of days, I agreed to start with him on this new voyage of discovery, and accordingly early the next morning saw us, with two bearers to carry our things, on the Moutuatua road, *en route* to our destination.

As is usual in Samoa, when the least thing is

to be done, there is always some sort of dodgery brought into play, and our boys declared that the only road lay through the bush town of Magiagi, instead of going straight on. It was of no use disputing, if we wished to start that day, so each mounting one of them pick-a-back we crossed the river Vaisigago, and were soon at the town in question.

We soon got on the tramp again, following a bush-track running parallel with the river, which could be heard roaring through a rocky gully on our right hand. By-and-by we came to a decent tract, still following the course of the river. The bush was very beautiful with all the glories of Samoan forest colouring. Fern trees, like so many huge feathery umbrellas, were picturesquely scattered in groves along the path, or gracefully leaning over some quiet crystal pool away from the river's troubled course, made a retreat from the sun and heat worthy of the Naiads' Queen in her most fastidious frame of mind. Such peeps were so wondrously beautiful, that in truth I should not have been at all surprised to have seen one of these mythological personages at any point of the river.

Beautiful trees of all sorts bordered in profusion the banks, amongst which stood out in all its remarkable uprightness the 'musu-oe,' with its glorious dark-green crest; and every now and then, but at long intervals, would appear a banyan, covering with its aërial roots an immense amount of ground. Amid the branches, some eighty or ninety feet in the air, grew in wild luxuriance great lance-shaped ferns, whilst

pennons of delicate lace-like hanging mosses fluttered and waved amongst them with the slightest breath of air, giving the otherwise immovable whole a sense of life and being. The curious 'ivi,' with its immense flat buttresses supporting as it were the ragged trunk above them, was seen in great numbers; whilst the wild orange, with its dark olive-green foliage and golden fruit, was scattered promiscuously throughout the entire forest.

About four miles from our starting-point we came to a dry branch of the river, which we followed for some time on the rough loose boulders in its bed; but we left this soon, and cutting our way through a troublesome network of ground-vines, arrived at the foot of a steep slope, the side of one of the spurs running down from the mountain; and here began our rough work. It was very steep, but we managed at last to make the ascent by clinging to the roots of the trees, and passing ourselves from one to another in our course upwards, until we came to a bald headland standing boldly right out from the bush, with a beautiful view of the Vaisigago valley, with Apia and the sea a long way off.

After a short spell we again plunged into the bush on an unused track, and in about half an hour, ascending gradually the whole time, came across an old native shelter under the shade of the largest 'Talia' tree I have ever seen, covering with its gnarled and twisted branches quite an extensive camping-ground, and affording a grateful shelter from the blazing sun.

After two hours' more tramp on an easy track I

began to think that we had gone back quite far enough for the fall, which we had plainly heard all along on our right, but to which we could see no approach as yet. I questioned our guide, who naïvely informed me that never having been here before he did not quite know where he was, but would go and look for a road, when we could follow. Letting this useful man go, after waiting for some time without his returning, we voted the fellow a humbug, and determined to cut a way of our own down to some river or other, which we knew must eventually lead to the fall.

In spite of the protestations of our remaining boys, down we went, and an awfully rough time we had of it. The descent was almost perpendicular, but what the depth was we could not judge, for the bush was so thick as to prevent our seeing more than a yard or two below us. Time after time we were swinging on to tree-roots or vines, kicking out vigorously for a foot-hold below, and when that was obtained, transferring our grasp to the next tree. Striking out a path for myself, and going on for a time, I slipped from my hold, but landed, after a short astonished drop, up to my middle in the mud of a bamboo swamp. I knew then that I must be close to the river, so wriggling myself clear through the entanglement I came out on some river or other, but whether it was the one I wanted I had no means of ascertaining. Just above me was a beautiful waterfall, about fifty feet high, the rocks rising in single columns perpendicularly on either side, with a cool and refreshing pool at the foot.

In about half an hour I could hear my lost companions shouting above the falls, and on returning the 'cooey' soon had the satisfaction of seeing them peering at me over the edge of the tumbling water; but although we were only a few yards apart in a straight line, there was no possibility of their reaching me without taking to the bush again. I signalled to them to come round and down to me, which, after some consultation for choice of route, they did, and in a good quarter of an hour, cutting their way through, they arrived at my landing-place.

We then followed the stream down, being convinced that the fall must be below us, and that if we were not on the river itself we must be on one of its feeders.

In about half an hour we came to our long-looked-for cascade, tumbling over the edge of a precipice which closed in the entire valley like a wall, impassable at any point but by the lofty heights on either side. The place where the fall itself occurs is a water-worn reft in the solid rock, through which the river takes its desperate leap of quite four hundred feet, and flashes so brightly in the sunshine to the observer at Apia. From thence is to be seen the whole course of the Vaisigago valley, with the sea brightly blue beyond. When gazing into the giddy depths below, where the largest trees appeared like small shrubs, the thick body of water continually passing by us appeared in falling to get thinner and thinner, until, dwindling to a silver thread, it ended in snowy-white fleecy mist—the spray dashed up by the heavy falling flood.

Having sufficiently inspected this beautiful fall from the top, we determined to push on, find some way down to the foot, and camp there for the night; but this was easier said than done. For quite an hour we kept persistently working our way along the mountain-side without a chance of turning off to our left, where we could find no break in the precipitous decline. Eventually the country improved so much as to permit of our commencing the descent, clinging on to the gully-side like so many ants; but after a short spell of this sort of travelling, finding it not to improve, we turned up again until we got right to the top of the spur.

It was now imperative that we should get to some place to camp for the night, so after going a little farther on we determined to make another attempt to reach the water, and down the side of the hill we plunged again. Our boys objected strongly, and wanted to know what was the use of going down where no reasonable creature had ever been, and to a place which no doubt was full of devils; but that did not stop us, and before long we were at our old work, swinging, clinging, and tumbling about from tree to tree and root to root.

About half-way down our journey was, to all appearance, brought to an end, for we had come right on the top of a great precipice, the steep spur having slipped clear away, leaving a drop of quite two hundred feet. This was a regular fix, and just as I thought we were getting on so well; but on casting round for a way down, I spied a small ledge to the right which

I thought might be made passable, and by crossing over one small corner of it to head the precipice. It was dangerous, but we determined to try it rather than go back beaten. The Judge suggested sending the boys over first to test its safety, but all three declined the honour; and being in no position to enforce our orders, one of us had to go, and as the nearest, off I started and got a real benefit. The first plunge landed me in the middle of a copse of stinging tree all but over the ledge, which gave my bare arms such a poisoning as I did not get rid of for four days. However, I managed to make the passage in safety, and was soon followed by my companions. Working slowly along, we at last burst through a lovely patch of fern trees on to the stunted black lava cliffs, between which foamed and boiled the continuation of the stream that we had left above.

We now set off to find the foot of the fall we could hear thundering down close at hand, and shortly we stood in its wonderful presence. The fleecy-white mist, as seen from above, now appeared in all its reality in the form of an immense ever-rising fountain shower of feathery spray dashed up by the everlasting crashing of the superior waters from their giddy height into the pool below. Immediately over this lovely sight hung suspended a glittering border of prismatic hues, changing every moment, and dancing and quivering in the sunlight.

The sun was now falling fast, so, retracing our unwilling steps, we fixed upon a spot for camping about a mile down the stream, where we soon con-

structed a banana-leaf shelter, and after a bath and change of clothes, a fire was lighted, tea made, and duly discussed with ironclad concomitants. We then fought the day's doings over until dark, when, wrapping ourselves in our rugs, we retired to our lairs, and were, in spite of the somewhat rough rocky mattress, soon fast asleep.

At daylight we were all up, and after a grand breakfast of 'bulli-ma-cou' and hard tack, resolved ourselves into a committee of ways and means, how to get out of this newly discovered country. It had been our intention over-night to follow the stream down into civilized parts, but we did not go far before we were convinced of the total impracticability of that scheme, for the river followed a most tortuous course with cliff-sided falls at every step.

There was nothing left but for us to face the mountain-side again, and to take our chance of any sort of country we might meet. About two hundred feet up, hearing a shout from the Judge, I turned round to see what was the matter, and found that his Worship had got himself very cleverly mixed up in a root, and could move neither one way nor the other without help; and to stop the very unjudicial flow of rhetoric that he was indulging in I sent my boy to give a hand in extricating him. He put his load on the ground to obey orders, and that was the last I saw of all my kit, frying-pan, kettle, and all, for the bagful merrily bounded down towards the foaming river, and no doubt some of it reached Apia in spite of falls and precipices.

The Judge extricated, once more we set off on our toilsome upward journey with a goodwill, and the country improving, in about an hour's time we got to the top.

Somewhat recruited by a longish rest, as luck would have it we struck the path we had come up by, on which we comfortably travelled, descending lower and lower until the main body of the Vaisigago was met with, where, having no hats or clothes to make anything like a creditable reappearance in Apia, we halted until dusk could let us go in unobserved, and thus we wound up a very interesting two days' trip of discovery.

One of our boys on this trip was a very amusing and devil-may-care sort of fellow, who could speak a little English. He was originally brought up as a teacher in the London Mission College at Malua, but for some reason or another became a Roman Catholic, and began training with them. He said, in answer to a question as to which he preferred, that he thought the Roman Catholics were a jollier lot; but after all, the only difference he could see was that when a Protestant he had to row the missionaries about, but now he was a Catholic it was one of the Fathers; and wound up by saying that he would soon try the Lotu Tonga (Wesleyans), as he was getting tired of his wife, and his bishop preached against divorce.

CHAPTER XXV.

Consul in Office—Liability to Insult—Rights of the Britisher—Piratical Visitor—Consuls under Review—Wild Female—British Fetishism—Arrogant Consul—Family Biography—Half-caste Quandary—Consular Mild Deceit—Beauty in Tears—Swimming on Shore—Mr. B. Brown—Wife-retrieving Bureau—A *Rara Avis*—Marriages in Samoa—Attempted Matrimony at Long Range.

14th August.

To-day was destined to be indeed a typical Consular one, and can be taken as a fair sample of many that the British official in Samoa has to endure. He does his best to put up with the multifarious, absurd, and vexatious domestic squabbles he is for ever being dragged into, whether authorized to interfere or not, and will not shirk the trouble, if he can personally arrange any dispute amicably to avoid litigation.

All this any Consul, who takes a proper interest in his people, would bear with equanimity; but it is very hard to have patiently to endure the gross personal insults occasionally heaped upon him by some wrong-headed ruffian or other, just fresh from a spree, who may choose to thrust his unnecessary presence on the office, for the ventilation of what he invariably proclaims to be his 'blanked' rights as a Britisher.

The first thing after opening the office this morning, I had the pleasure of a visit from a piratical-looking individual, rather the worse for wear, who staggered up to the door, as he said, for the purpose of giving me a bit of his mind, which he did in his most flowery vernacular, all about a matter which had happened more than a year before, but which had returned to his half-maddened brain during his morning's finish up. Not wishing to afford the natives the sight of the British Consul having a pugilistic encounter round the flag-pole, a proceeding I felt very much inclined to indulge in, I was forced to suffer the brute's abuse, who for about half an hour, from the outside, poured all sorts of sailor-like bad language through the open door. At last, shouting frantically that he was not afraid of and knew more than any 'qualified' Consul that ever was, and that he would have his 'somethinged' rights if he died for them, he left for the nearest grog-shop, saying that he would return soon and finish the call.

This sort of Consular business, as may well be imagined, is not amongst the most pleasant experiences of the Samoan post, but is—or rather now it would be more correct to say 'was'—not uncommon, and was most particularly hard to bear. Badgering a Consul was considered a legitimate sport in Samoa, in season all the year round.

I had not long got rid of my complimentary friend, and settled down as comfortably as I might to the routine work, and had just handed over the ship's papers to a captain about to leave the port, when in

rushed a white woman in a great state of excitement, and so full of something she wanted to say in a hurry, that the words had become jammed and not one would come to her relief. I tried at once to detain the captain, whom I knew to be a family man, and of course acquainted with all this sort of thing; but he most ungallantly bolted and left me to my fate, saying that 'she was one of his passengers, and he imagined that he should have his full share of the sample he saw before him in due time, and that would be enough for him.'

Handing my visitor a chair and a fan, I sympathetically inquired in what way I could oblige her, and whether she was in much pain. The latter compassionate inquiry, I suppose, was the cause of her nearly frightening my life out, for it sent her into a fit of hysterics and copious weeping that I was perfectly powerless to assuage, for want of practice in such things. This interesting state of affairs lasted for about ten minutes, when the patient became a little quieter; so, taking advantage of the lull in 'the kicks and the weeps, I put on my official manner and formally demanded her business, and out came that shudder-creating, oft-sung note of future trouble to Consuls, generally ten times more significant of coming woe when from the lips of one of the fair sex, 'I'm a British subject;' necessarily followed by the ominous refrain, 'and I want my rights.'

We had now got as far as the usual way of commencing Consular business in the South Seas, even

to the grim scowl at the guiltily shrinking official whose principal employment is popularly supposed to be that of preventing his countrymen from enjoying the privileges they continuously taunt him with their paying for, and yet getting nothing out of him but 'bloated arrogance.'

Again I inquired what I could do for a lady in such apparent distress, and received as reply her entire and complete family history, not omitting a graphic description of her last baby. All this, no doubt, would have been most interesting to a family man, but was wasted upon a bachelor; and not being able to bring home to my mind any particular analogy between domestic history and my Consular duties, in my best business tone I insisted upon my valuable time no longer being trifled with, and could plainly see that she scorned me, the hired despiser of a free people's rights, and in her inmost mind thought but little of the specimen before her of an official upon whom a venal Government had lavished its untold gold, wrung from a suffering community.

At last I got her to the point, when I found that I was required, as myrmidon of a paternal Government and guardian of the 'fetish' of British subjectism —which in the Pacific is, when threatened as a bogey, both to erring nations and individuals, as terrible a menace as writing to the *Times* is at home—to exercise my jurisdiction by insisting upon a young lady whom she called her daughter, and who had fallen in love, and would insist upon stopping behind to get married, to return with her in the ship just leaving. Here

was a pretty little family affair to settle, without anything to be found in the instructions bearing on the subject.

On receiving further particulars of this sad case, I discovered that the girl was a half-caste, whom I had frequently seen about Apia of late. I did not think it quite safe to venture upon a question as to how this condition of things had come about, or whether her husband was of the proper 'fetish' to justify my interference as a British official. Being convinced that a little mild deception would save me from awkward consequences, should I have the misfortune to thwart the desires of this stalwart lady, and at the same time satisfy all nationalistic requirements, I said that I would go down and expostulate with this unnatural child.

In the meantime, I suggested that my visitor should take a walk until I came back, which I determined should not happen until I had seen the ship well out at sea, even if it took a week to go; so, carefully locking up, I went townwards, whilst my client, cheerfully trusting in the Consular arbitrary powers, strolled in the opposite direction. Halfway down the beach I met the girl in question hurrying up to me to complain that my client of just before was detaining her box, and was about to take it away with her in the departing ship.

With tears and sobs she pleaded her sad case in the centre of a rapidly increasing and sympathetic crowd; so, saying something to the effect that I would see about it, I rushed off and shut myself

up in a friend's house down town for protection, from which I never stirred until I saw the departing vessel well outside the reef, when, emerging, I found that affairs had settled themselves without my help, and that the young woman had remained behind, also her box.

My client was very cunning to the last, for, finding how I had failed her, she pretended to give way, and asked the girl to come off to the ship and get her box. When the girl arrived on board, the mother told the captain that the Consul had ordered her to be tied up and taken away, on which the daughter pluckily settled the question by jumping overboard; and the captain throwing her box after her, they both came on shore together, and the happy union came off soon afterwards.

I had not long been back in office after the last occurrence before a real beachcomber, rejoicing in the name of 'Blackguard Brown,' arrived on business, but he, in spite of his uncomplimentary prefix, was not a bad sort of fellow. He was universally admired for his fluency in British expletive, which from long and arduous practice had become as natural and requisite to him in properly explaining himself, as ordinary unadorned language is to the untutored mind. He meant no more when employing terms that would make the hair on some people's heads stand on end with horror, than those same people would if they were talking over the same matter in the best and purest English. Costumed, as is fashionable, in dungaree blue pants, shirt—worn tail outside—

rather grimy, unkempt, and barefooted, he strolled into the room, shook hands, and sat down.

After five minutes' discussion of the leading topics of the day, commented upon in his highest style of sultry verbal fireworks, he came at last to his business, which was that I should find his wife for him, she having run away. This is another sort of special duty expected of the British Consul, and was, in fact, with the earlier ones—when fees were retained—a recognised practice, but one which the natives need not have paid attention to, as it had not the smallest shadow of authority.

I informed Mr. B. Brown that the Consulate was not a wife-retrieving bureau, and declined to meddle with his connubial infelicities in any way, which caused the worthy man to excel his very best performance, not intended offensively, however, in beautifying the too simple inquiry, 'for what he had paid his money to be married in the Consulate if he could not recover his wife on her running away with a nigger;' and off he went grumbling, but none the worse friends with me for not acceding to his request.

Simultaneously with B. Brown's departure was the arrival of quite a different sort of applicant for Consular assistance, whose story is really too refreshingly cool and startlingly ingenuous to be omitted from a record of sultry climes and island guile.

This *rara avis* was a youth about nineteen or twenty years of age, presenting a plump fresh English country face with a trusting eye, but evidently very bashful—a rare circumstance in the Pacific with any-

one out of arms, and the only instance I ever met with in my experience. Neatly dressed, bowing his way awkwardly into the awful presence—not of recent date recipient of so much polite consideration—and blushing violently, he took the seat proffered him. This bright waif, a most remarkable exception to the general run of his congeners, was the son of an old British resident in Savaii, the adjoining island, where he had passed nearly all his life boat-building and carpentering, and must have been very well looked after to have preserved so great a show of honest simplicity.

I could not keep my wondering eyes off this modern phenomenon, so contradictory to all island tradition, not being able for a long time to realize how on earth such an amount of genuine artlessness could ever have reached Samoa in a white skin. He was respectful in manner, and most wonderful of all, unlike all the rest of his class, did not want his 'blanked' rights; which, after what I had gone through in the morning, set me to work wildly speculating what more terrible experience he intended to submit me to. Consequently, for the moment, I lost a good deal of my confidence in the impressions I had formed on his first appearance.

He sat still for about ten minutes without saying a word, but evidently trying his best to open a conversation, blushing most violently each time he glanced at me. Taking pity on this solitary specimen of shyness, I opened the ball, and inquired what he wished, for beyond 'rights' I was unacquainted

with anything that a British subject wanted in Samoa, and these some certainly did not get. If he had wished for any of them, he would have been at work abusing me long before, and by this time I should have been compared unfavourably with the Czar, Bulgarian atrocities, Nero, and every bloated tyrant that his knowledge of ancient and modern history would furnish for my regulation; but he answered in lowly modulated tones: 'If you please, sir, may I get married?' Again a fresh experience! Here was a boy who had done me the honour of adopting me for his father! What a curious wind-up to a very variegated day! I had been told that I was no good, and only fit for the shambles; I had gone through the pantomime of paternal duty in reducing a disobedient child, of the serpent's tooth order, to submission, with no very grand success, after enduring a whole family history; I had been engaged as an expert in the recovery of runaway wives business, and now was requested to answer a question usually asked of the paternal relative interested.

Informing him that I knew of nothing in my regulations—paternal though they might be—that constituted me his family, he explained that what he required was to get married. Now it was all plain sailing; but unfortunately for him I held no warrant for the performance of the ceremony. He then said that he did not care a bit about the warrant, all he required was the ceremony; on the strength of which both he and the girl would be quite contented to live happy, etc., for the conventional ever after. But I

had to decline to conduct a bogus performance, and referred him to the missionaries for further advice.

From the time of my first taking office in March, 1882, until the middle of 1885, no British subject could contract a legal marriage in the Navigators group, the authority being a personal one, and none having been issued to me. During all that time I had many applications from Britishers, desirous of forming *bonâ-fide* alliances, to be married in the Consulate —the only place where a legal ceremony can be performed—and was obliged to refuse them through possessing no authority. Both the missionaries and the Consulate had frequently applied for facilities for such performance, but until the latter end of my stay none such arrived. The applicants in consequence were obliged to content themselves with other ceremonies of no legal value to them as British subjects, and their children could not claim the protection of the flag, nor succeed to property except by special mention in will.

There are still living in Samoa respectable families who, during the regime of a former Consul, with all the prescribed Consular ceremony, contracted what they thought marriages recognised by British law; but to their disappointment it turned out that the said Consul had no warrant, consequently these marriages were null, and the children of them illegitimate, and unable to claim British nationality, and this from no want of precaution on the part of the principals. There was some talk a long time ago of passing a short Act for legalizing these marriages,

and privately I was desired to inform these people that such would be done; but up to this date nothing further has been heard in the matter.

On leaving me, this youthful innocent went straight off to the missionary—who, although an ordained minister, was no more authorized to perform legal marriages than I—who tried to persuade him to wait until a Consular warrant should arrive; but if he was shy and retiring over everything else, yet he appeared quite determined upon the sacrifice, and doughtily expressed his intention of doing without the ceremony if he could not get one soon. This sort of thing was most repugnant to the missionary's ideas, who at last—without pretending that his ceremony would have any legal significance, although a moral obligation—consented to perform one on condition that he should be re-married in the Consulate when the necessary authority should arrive, a proceeding which, under the circumstances, I could see no objection to, but of course could not sanction officially.

A day was appointed for the ceremony, when at the time named appeared the youthful bridegroom, looking as neat, shy, and guileless as ever; he was asked to take a seat, which he did, and set to work blushing as vigorously as before.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, and no fresh arrivals; yet there sat our friend, without the slightest show of that impatience usually attributed to gentlemen about to take the fatal plunge, and beyond a few monosyllabic answers of 'yes' and 'no' to the

various inquiries about the weather, or some such trifle, he had maintained a satisfied silence.

Rather weary of waiting, the missionary observed, 'They are a long time coming,' but only to receive the curt answer of agreement. In a short time he essayed another question—'How long do you think they will be?' with the response of inability to estimate from the imperturbable would-be Benedict, who had not moved one iota from the first position he had taken up.

At last the missionary became impatient, and asked him where she was staying.

'Who?' said the youth.

'Why, the girl you want to marry.'

'Oh! she's at Sāfātā.'

'What!' cried the parson; 'have you come here for me to marry you to a woman sixteen miles off on the other side of the island?'

'Yes,' replied the innocent. 'I didn't think you would want *her!*'

He was turned out to fetch her, and in the course of a week returned, and went through all the marriage ceremony that, most likely, he will ever undergo.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Roman Catholic Talolo—Brilliant Processions—Master of Ceremonies—Privileged Samoans—The Kava-chewing—Delicate Work—My Share of the Feast—Furious Cannonade—High Mass and Processions—Protection *v.* Free Trade—Cunning Councillor—Fish Robbery—Falelatai—Origin of Names of Islands—Woman's Rights—Back to Apia.

28th July.

To-day, by invitation of Monseigneur Lamaze, the Roman Catholic Bishop, I was present at a large 'Talolo,' or food-distribution, at which natives from all parts of the group were to attend in honour of the foundation of a new cathedral, the corner-stone of which was to be blessed on the morrow with all pomp and ceremony.

The place of meeting was the square at the side of the present church, at the far end of which the lines of the new cathedral were marked out, with everything in preparation for the next morning's function. All round the sides of the square were decorations and innumerable flags gaily flying, and on the site of the new edifice was raised a line of green arches, gay and glorious with bunting of all colours, whilst over the centre arch floated proudly the episcopal banner.

Running down the side of the church was a raised platform, in front of which on lofty poles floated the English, United States, German, French, and Samoan national emblems. Here were assembled the Bishop, the Consuls, Magistrate, and all the principal inhabitants of the town; and seated on the space in front of them were the girls of the convent school, looking as neat and as nice as they always do.

About four o'clock the proceedings commenced, when village after village, bearing every sort of food, both European and native, began to arrive. Filing slowly through the gates two-deep, dressed in their best, the ladies of each town, followed by the men in similar order, wonderfully got up and oiled, led by the maid of the place in her most gorgeous array, parading the wealth of the village on her person, marched round the square, chanting loudly, and not unmusically, the particular song of their district. When they arrived in front of the daïs the song, without any warning, culminated in a loud triumphant shout, and breaking up the regular order of march, all rushed forward; then, placing their offerings on the ground, they retired immediately a short distance to one side, and became spectators of the many similar scenes now following each other in quick succession.

The kaleidoscopic moving panorama of the brightest colours and snowiest whites worn by the golden-featured assistants in the ceremony, never still for one moment, was perfectly bewildering. The eye could not rest for a single second, but involuntarily

continued to travel from one attraction to another in quick succession, leaving its owner in a pleasant confusion. Every present circumstance seemed to blend as happily as the ever-changing colours passing rank after rank before one; whilst the weird chanting, as the gay troupes approached one by one, fell most pleasantly on the ear.

The last town having deposited its offering, the whole crowd withdrew to the sides of the square, but still preserved its sections, leaving the ground in front of the platform strewn, without the slightest semblance of order, with yams, taro, bananas, biscuit, big and little pigs cooked whole, salt junk, tins of salmon, turtles, fish, and many other eatables.

The master of the ceremonies now appeared on the scene, and, with the aid of his assistants, sorted out this varied mass of provisions, and loudly proclaimed the quantities of each sort. Just before the sorting began, I observed two of the most disreputable and dirty-looking natives that I ever saw mount our platform, and make themselves quite at home right in front of the Bishop. Anyone, as I did, would have taken them for men of very low degree, and felt inclined to have them turned out of the place of honour; but as soon as the crier had finished calling over his list, these men showed that they were not ordinary mortals, but of some importance, at all events in such shows as these. They suddenly stood upright, and after emitting a string of the most horrid yells, rushed off the platform and commenced grotesquely capering amongst the piles of food, play-

ing all sorts of absurd antics. When they had taken good stock of all that was there, they each selected what pleased them, and retired with the plunder.

These distinguished men were two of a privileged town or family, who, for some great service done in years gone by, enjoy the hereditary right of taking their choice of anything that may be seen at a ceremonial. It is said that they can take the best mat at a funeral meeting even from the corpse itself.

On our platform, to relieve the monotony of the food-counting, the Bishop ordered Kava to be chewed, and soon had four of the nicest of the convent girls working away at the material. There was nothing strikingly beautiful about any of them, but one could not help remarking that four more pleasant-looking faces could scarcely be found anywhere. All their motions were natural and graceful, their dress as neat as could well be; they formed a group that would attract the attention of any man. I must admit, however, that there was one period during the Kava-manufacture that was not prepossessing, when their faces underwent something of a change or temporary distortion, and looked anything but agreeable. But how could girls, let them be ever so good-looking, appear pleasant with their cheeks distended by huge balls of chewed root nearly ready to discharge into the bowl?

In the meantime the confused mass of eatables had been counted out, and now began the delicate and difficult business of distributing it to the various sections present in such a manner that the dignity

and importance of each chief and district might be properly recognised. This, as may readily be imagined, requires the most exquisite tact. The smallest proceeding on the part of the distributor is most closely watched by all present. On these occasions an insult, intentional or otherwise, can be given or taken with the greatest ease, and they are often taken advantage of for that purpose. The master of the ceremonies can cause a row between any two sections by favouring one more than the other; and in fact these meetings are frequently used for the publication of political feelings, and although assembled on a peaceful basis, many a fight has been begun at a 'Talolo.'

When all was prepared the apportionment was proclaimed. First of all came the Bishop's share; then the Consuls', of which my portion was two pigs, three fish, and a lot of taro; then the shares for the various sections. As each division was named, representatives came from the crowd and carried their portions off to one side, and so on until the ground was clear.

As soon as all the names had been called it became apparent that something was wrong, for out in the square were left two portions which no one had come to claim. Some time elapsed, yet no move was made, when suddenly an excited native arose, and with fierce gestures poured a torrent of words upon the devoted head of the master of the ceremonies—who, by-the-bye, was the Chief Justice, rather a bad man to quarrel with—who replied, to all appearance, with equal warmth.

The two speakers, it was now seen, were representatives of the two most bitterly opposed political factions; so of course the conversation lost none of its verve in consequence, and it looked rather as though the row were intentional. After a tremendous lot of talk and excitement, the indignant disturber of the peace—who it turned out had considered himself slighted in not having received a share consistent with his dignity—after abusing the distributor, gathered together his people and departed in great anger.

The other case of refusal was of no great importance and very easily settled; it was merely that two towns in one small district were included in one portion, but being politically opposed, objected to have their identities merged.

In the afternoon we once again assembled in the church square, when, after High Mass, the Bishop in full robes with mitre and crosier, in grand procession, chanting the services, marched round the boundary-walls of the new building, pausing at certain points to sprinkle them with holy water and mutter some special prayer or other, and then proceeded to the final operation of lowering a stone block and giving it the Papal benediction, when, service having been held over it, one of the fathers made an address in Samoan to the assembled crowd, and all dispersed.

Once more I wondered why it was that all Samoans were not Catholics, for here was everything most dear to the native mind. Gorgeous processions, banners of every hue gaudily waving, dresses and robes of the most brilliant colours, chanting, and mysterious

swinging censers, all before them; yet Catholics still remain in the great minority, and show no signs of increasing. It certainly is most inexplicable, more especially when the dismal asceticism of many of the native pastors, who rule their communicants with rods of iron, is taken into consideration. The natives are not so much interfered with in their habits by the priests. Kava-drinking is not discouraged, for they all, from the Bishop downwards, enjoy it in native fashion; nor do the fathers interfere with the dances or songs of the natives, which are rigidly discountenanced by the Protestant party; and last, but not least, they do not condemn the practice of tattooing, which, from its very first arrival, the opposition Church has endeavoured to put down.

In September, having a little difference to settle with the 'Faipule' (district councillors) of Aana, the westernmost province of Upolu, who had been bribed by an American to order their people to sell their produce to none but him, under the penalty of fine and imprisonment, I started off in my boat, intending to prolong the expedition down the coast. I had already made complaint against this sort of trading, but only with the effect of getting the native Governor 'Saga' fined ten dollars by his own court for tearing down his own proclamation ordering this restricted sale; but immediately afterwards another one appeared, signed by himself, fining himself the ten dollars and reiterating the prohibition. Of course the whole thing was a blind to afford him the excuse of coercion.

On my arrival at Vaiāla, where these gentlemen held their court, I found them assembled in solemn conclave; having just built a gaol, they were busy consigning people to its retirement in red-hot haste, for with them a prison is of no use unless full. I soon began my business, which they seemed pretty well prepared for, and asked them whether it was true that they had forbidden their people to sell produce to anyone but the American trader, to which they at once said 'No.'

I knew they were fencing, so went on: 'You have not then forbidden them to sell to the British?'

'No.'

'Or to the Germans?'

'No.'

'Well then, what is the meaning of your proclamation posted on the trees?'

'Oh, that means we have ordered our people to bring their produce to us, their rulers.'

'And then what do you do with it? Do you keep it for the Americans?'

'Yes, we do; but that is not forbidding them to sell to your traders.'

I informed them that I should have to report that the Samoans did not observe their treaty obligations, which gave freedom of trade to all alike, and was just about to leave, when one man said:

'It is true we have made an agreement with the American for two months to make our people give him all their produce; but wait until the end of that time, and we will give the next two months to the British.'

This gentleman I had to reprove severely, as his speech was nothing but impertinence, trading upon my supposed ignorance of the copra (cocoa-nut) seasons. The American two months would have finished up the producing-time, which would not have come on again for some six months or so.

Proceeding up the coast just beyond Mulifanua, we fell in with a large Manono fishing-party, which had evidently been very successful. I had with me this time an awful old pirate of a Samoan, called 'Johnny Adams,' for a boat-steerer, whose face beamed with delight when he saw the opportunity for plundering, justified by Samoan custom. He was a bit of a chief in his own town, a position that he took full advantage of upon the smallest pretext.

A few of the canoes had left the fishing-fleet with their share of the spoil, and were making their way quietly to shore. On meeting the first boat Johnny stopped, and without the smallest ceremony took a couple of fine fish, and, to my astonishment, performed the same operation to a second and third without the slightest murmur from the owners. A fourth shared the same fate, when, on my stopping this sort of robbery, he tried to persuade me that the fishermen would feel insulted if I passed without taking toll.

We soon got quite near the main body of the fleet, consisting of some thirty canoes of large size, to whom the wretched old plunderer made a speech, which he wound up by saying in English to me, 'Now they can't help it.' What he said the old

rascal would not tell me, but the effect was that fish were literally poured into my boat until I had seriously to object to any more being brought, and steered on our way, much to the regret of Johnny, who kept muttering, 'They must do it; they can't help it,' and would, if left alone, have annexed all the fish the men had.

About an hour before sunset we arrived at 'Falelatai,' and put up at the house of 'Anei,' one of the chiefs of the place, where we had a bowl of Kava, bathed, and had dinner. We were, as usual, escorted to the bathing-place by two young ladies carrying our towels and clean things. Arrived there, I found to my dismay that I had left my 'lava-lava,' the wearing of which is imperative in a public bathing-place, in the house. On requesting one of the girls to run back and get it for me, she, going into the bush out of sight, flung me out her chemise instead, which having put on, to the amusement of the other occupants of the pool, I performed my ablutions, carefully wrung out the garment and tossed it back, and the kind young woman re-entered upon the scene as smiling and as attentive as before.

The next morning it was too rough to continue our voyage, so we determined to stay and amuse ourselves by observing the natives, who certainly did not seem inclined to kill themselves with hard work. Judging from a foreign point of view, the Samoans are about the laziest people on earth; they must have been also the happiest—that is, before the arrival of the whites.

They have a fine climate, abundance of native food requiring no cultivation whatever, such as cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit to be had simply for the gathering, the former not even asking for the exertion of cooking. The sea produces fish in abundance, and the reefs afford many other edible animals, the capture of which is merely classed amongst their national sports, whilst the cultivation of the taro and yam require but a minimum of labour; and then, even if all these resources fail, there is still left the wild yam in the bush, to be had for the searching, and the tamu, a giant sort of taro, which no drought can ever kill.

Their clothing is made either from leaves plucked in the bush, or from the bark of the paper mulberry-tree (*Broussonetia papyrifera*); but this manufacture being essentially a female occupation, the men have plenty of time to sleep. Cutting timber for house-building and the erection of houses is the men's duty, but the thatch-making, carrying, and plaiting, the weaving of the venetians for the sides, and the carriage of beach-gravel for the floor, belong to the women's department. Planting, cooking, and fishing are performed by both sexes alike, and it is no shame for a high chief to assist in the family cookery, or to play second-fiddle to a professional carpenter in the building of a house. Canoe and boat building is the business of a few experienced men, who get very well paid for their trouble; but house-builders are perhaps the men of the most importance in the community.

Women and girls, the first thing in the morning,

after rolling up the sides of the house and putting away the sleeping-mats and mosquito 'siapos,' will pass an hour or so weeding in front of their houses, gossiping the whole time. As soon as the sun is up, they discontinue this until the evening. During the day they do odd jobs of sewing, fetch water, make mats, or, in the proper season, beat out the mulberry-bark to make 'tapa.' All this, with visiting and receiving visitors, and a good amount of solid sleeping, finishes their day. The young girls are always in requisition to chew Kava whenever and wherever wanted.

In the proper season, from early morning to perhaps the middle of the day, they will, both men and women, cultivate their taro and yam patches, or clean out the banana plantation ; but in these occupations there is no real labour, so beneficent is nature in these islands.

In the evening the men will assemble in village council, when island politics will be gravely discussed, and the affairs of the town put in order. At these meetings the members almost always bring with them little bundles of cocoa-nut fibre, which while listening or even talking they plait into sinnet, or native string. To any settled steady work it is quite impossible to bring the ordinary Samoan. He will start all right, but will weaken at it gradually day by day, until at last he will throw up the job altogether.

We found it quite impossible to get from them any idea as to their age. You may ask an old man to all appearance about eighty how old he is, and he will, after considerable thought, absurdly reply that he

does not quite know, but may possibly be as much as eight or nine, although he will tell you that he is very aged.

With regard to dates, it is equally impossible to fix any past occurrence by the calendar; even with the most intelligent it can only be done approximately. If a past date is required, the answer will be, perhaps, 'That was shortly after the hurricane,' or, 'It was just before Seumanu's big house was built'—but rarely anything clearer.

Another very curious thing which invariably strikes a stranger, and is the source of many mistakes, is the use of the positive to assert a negative, as, 'Didn't you do that?' answered by 'Yes,' which does not mean that the action referred to was done, but that it was not—meaning, 'Yes, I did not!'

During the day we learnt, in course of conversation with the old people, stories of how the islands acquired their different names. It appears that Pulotū and Pāpāteā—which, from what I could gather, meant the east and west—fought together, the latter becoming completely routed in the fight, and all were slain but three couples who took to the sea, swimming for safety. These were 'Tu' and 'Ila,' 'Uu' and 'Polu,' 'Saa' and 'Vala,' who landed on three different islands, to which they respectively gave the names of Tutuila, Upolu, and Savaii.

The names of the different provinces of Upolu were derived as follows: Thunder, lightning, rain, earth, and water, in fact all the known elements, combined in some mysterious manner, and produced a being

called Pēlē, who, direct from heaven, first appeared on Manu-ā, and from thence swam to Tutuila. Not being well received there, he travelled on to Savaii, where he married, and had four sons (there is nothing to show how the wife got to Savaii), namely, 'Tua' and 'Ana' (twins), 'Tuamasaga' (after twins), and 'Tolufale.' He crossed over to Upolu, where dying, he gave to his son Tua the east end of the island, at the same time presenting him with his yam-stick, indicating that he should be the agriculturist. To his brother twin he gave the west end, with his spear as the warrior of the family; whilst to the third son he gave the centre of the island, with his orator's staff and fly-flap to be the councillor. The fourth son was relegated to Mānono, from which advantageous position he was to watch and control the movements of his three brothers. From the first three are derived the names of the three divisions of Upolu, viz., Atua, Tuamasaga, and Āāna.

Mānono derives its name from a Fiji chief, who, becoming tired of Fiji, sailed away with an island in search of better quarters. He arrived firstly at Manu-ā—which throughout appears to be the starting-point of Samoan history—and not liking the situation, went on until he arrived off the straits between Savaii and Upolu, and, perceiving the value of such a location, remained there. Mānono means 'with Nono,' the name of the Fiji chief. Not long afterwards the island's sister in Fiji felt very lonely after the departure of her brother, so she came and placed herself close beside him, where she still is under the name of

'Apolima,' or the hollow of the hand, to which it is very appropriately compared.

During the evening we had an instance of the observance of rank in women, not by any means general in the Pacific. We were in the course of a conversation when a lady of middle age arrived to call, upon which everyone left the house, even the chief to whom it belonged.

The visitor was the highest in the district by birth, being, as was said, descended from the ancient gods; however, she was earthly enough for us, and chatted in a very lively manner for some time. She was accompanied by some eight or ten native women, who, as with the chiefs and their talking-men, did almost all the talking for her, one of them acting the part of buffoon, and perpetrating the most untranslatable jokes. She expressed herself as much annoyed at our not having come to her house, and ashamed at our present reception; and making us promise that we would shift our quarters in the morning, she stalked proudly away, followed single file by her string of attendants.

When she had left our host returned, and told us that it was etiquette for him to go out, even though it was his own house, from respect for her high rank; but if she had desired it he could have remained.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Savaii Squires—Sail for Savaii—View of the Island—Monkey Jack—Two Sorts of Patriarchs—An Awful Liar—Spanish Mike—Bad Travelling—Heat in the Scrub—'Latomai'—Pāla Pāla—Sufferings of the Boys—Lālātēlē—Fagamālo—Return to Pāla Pāla—Awful Back-track—In the Bright Lagoon—Mānono—The Lovely Sālu—Offer of Marriage—Moonlight—Arrive Home.

21st January, 1884.

LATE in December last year I had received news of the death of two of the old Savaii Squires, whom I knew to have been men of some property, and hearing nothing from their representatives, I thought it my duty to go and look them up personally; so accordingly, accompanied by the doctor, I took my boat down the coast to Mulifanua, where we stopped the night, intending to cross over to Savaii the first thing next morning.

At daylight, after having procured a boy acquainted with the reef passages, off we started; and clearing the Mulifanua reef on a nice smooth swell, with a good breeze, we flew past Apolima and Mānono, and after three hours' pleasant open-sea sailing, were under the protection of the reef once again off Safotulafai.

The view from the passage was very fine: the central mountains of the island loomed out grandly, their topmost peaks clothed with a pink-coloured mist, through which, however, their forms could plainly be traced. The mountains, starting with an abrupt descent from this cloud-line, melted away into the plain below in very gradual incline, densely covered with the dark and sombre bush, scarcely yet explored by the morning's sun. Along the beach, snugly secure at the base of the foot-hills, peeped out the houses of the various towns scattered broadcast on the bright white coral beach, and surrounded with their usual bread-fruit and cocoa-nut groves, in picturesque and quiet contrast with the wilder-looking background. Sprinkled about here and there, conspicuous in their bright whiteness of coral lime, were the houses of the various white traders of those parts, and the missionaries' dwellings and churches.

Skirting along the coast inside the reef, we doubled a long point, and coasting closely we at last arrived at 'Llanō,' the residence of 'Monkey Jack,' one of the 'Savaii Squires' mentioned before, where we landed, and were made very welcome by his widow. He was a very good sort of man, originally a stone-mason, to which fact no doubt is owing the solid-built house of masonry he had there, which was the only one undamaged by the late hurricane.

Nothing could have exceeded the kindness of Mrs. 'Monkey Jack' and her Samoan daughters-in-law, three of whom were most remarkably well-mannered, handsome specimens of the race, and would have

reflected credit on any family anywhere. This is generally the case where the white man brings up his family according to his own ideas, and does not descend entirely to the native style of life, and leave all his domestic arrangements to his Samoan wife.

Grandchildren and other relations were sprinkled all over the place, and from the fact that the old man had reared ten children, all of whom had married early, the relations, from a Samoan point of view, would have filled a considerable-sized town.

Having to go farther up the coast upon a similar errand, and the eldest son of the family not being at home to do business with, I decided to proceed on my journey. The only question was, whether it was better to go by boat or across country; and the uncertainty of the weather, aided by the awful lies of an old rascal of a beachcomber called 'Spanish Mike,' who assured us that by starting early we could get to Matautu overland by three o'clock in the afternoon, and the fact that I myself was always inclined to exploration, decided us to adopt the latter plan. This fact-perverting Mike also entertained us with a choice selection of stories, especially designed for strangers; but finding us somewhat sceptical, he left soon, and we retired with innumerable 'moe leleis' from the Monkey Jack brigade, who were wildly proud of their British origin.

We travelled along the beach through one continuous line of villages for about two miles, until we came to a town called 'Pua Pua,' when we struck into the bush, and our troubles began; and it was

not long before we wished we had taken the bearers' advice, and not listened to that perjured Spanish Mike.

Our course lay straight inland over the most awful path I ever had the misfortune to travel. At its best it would have been bad enough, being in a thin bush, with the sun red-hot above, and composed of loose scoria rocks swaying under every footstep; but since the hurricane, as our bearers had warned us, trees had been thrown across it every few yards, making progression one continuous effort of crawling under and climbing over, or else a sort of tight-rope performance the length of some slippery trunk, to land upon some abominable rock.

After travelling thus for two hours the trees ceased, when we crossed about two miles of scrub and tall grass full in the blazing sun, without the slightest shelter or breath of wind. Our guides appeared to feel it as much as we did, which, at all events, was some satisfaction, for they, right as they were about the villainous road, were quite wrong about the cocoa-nuts we should find.

Having struggled across this great Sahara of scrub, we came to the tall bush again, and welcome indeed was its shade, although the heat was still intense. Still more grateful was the sight of a clump of cocoa-nuts, which were immediately robbed of a few of their treasures, as we greedily assuaged our thirst with their cool contents.

Here we determined to rest for an hour to recruit a little, after the rough experiences we had gone

through, and which I for one now wished we had never commenced; and to find out what more evils were before us, we set to work cross-examining our chief guide, but could get nothing more satisfactory out of him than the usual 'latomai' (near). Everything was that infernal 'latomai'—where we were going, where we had come from, and far beyond; but one thing was very evident to us, viz., that we should get no farther than Pāla Pāla that night, if we ever got there at all.

Sufficiently rested, off we went again through the same old programme of over, under, and along logs, occasionally having a rest in hobbling over stages of loose hot scoria rocks, varied, however, now and then, with a wade knee-deep in beastly black mud pools; and thus it continued until we came to the course of a dried-up river, now but a chain of shallow water-holes.

Pāla Pāla was 'latomai' here again; but we paid no more attention to that fraudulent word, for Pua Pua, from whence we had come, was 'latomai' too. The only place that we could get the wretches to say was 'mua mua' (far off), was Apia, in the other island.

We derived some encouragement from the signs of soap-suds round the edges of some of the smaller puddles, indicative of washing having recently been done there, and consequently the presence of houses in the neighbourhood, which we fondly hoped might prove to be Pāla Pāla; and a native coming in sight at the time, our hopes were confirmed. So we tubbed, changed our clothes, and proceeding on our journey,

shortly arrived at the bush town of Pāla Pāla, beyond which neither ourselves nor our boys could go, if we would; so we took up our quarters at the teacher's house, as tired out as we well could be, and retired to rest under a mosquito-net spread for us by our kind hostess. Tired as we were, we could not get to sleep for the fearful noise made by the mosquitoes. Our eagle friends of Utumapu were nothing to these demons, who, in their bloodthirsty determination to get at us, literally shook the curtain.

Our bearers in the morning complained bitterly of their sufferings during the night, for they, poor fellows, had no screen, and were pretty well worried to death.

We got on foot again shortly after daylight *en route* for Matautu, where resided the people I wanted to see, and found the road a great improvement on yesterday's hard travelling. Here the inhabitants had taken some trouble to improve their tracks and keep them clear. About a mile from Pāla Pāla the road crossed an almost dry river-course, whose deep water-cut gorges, however, clearly indicated that at times there must be a terrible amount of power shown in its passage to the sea. It is furrowed out of the solid black lava rock, rising in sullen perpendicular cliffs on either side, on the top ledges of which are to be seen all sorts of débris left there when the river is running its highest.

Following down the right bank, continually passing through luxuriant plantations of taro, yams, bananas,

etc., we recrossed the river-bed, with a town situated on either bank; thence travelling onwards through a rich country teeming with all sorts of native foods, we arrived on the coast again at the town of Lālātēlē, where we halted for a moment. Thence our road lay along the beach through village after village, until we arrived at Fagamālo, the place of my destination. Here was the house of the deceased, a very nice one built upon the European model, where resided his widow, who made us quite at home; and after Kava and a meal, I finished my official business, and by three o'clock we were on our way back again to Pāla Pāla, in spite of all sorts of invitations to stop for a day or two and see the country.

Arrived at Pāla Pāla we remained during the night, and by daylight were at the river on our way back to Pua Pua, and, after the experience of our awful passage up, in no happy frame of mind. At the river we breakfasted, and started on the struggle home. Being now in better walking trim, we did not suffer so much as in coming; but still it was trying enough, and glad we were to get back to Llanō, vowing never to take that route again. Careful inquiries were made for that vile Spanish Mike, but he was not to be found, no doubt not considering it quite safe to present himself for personal congratulations on the wonderfully good road on which he could get to Matautu by three o'clock in the afternoon.

At Llanō we took to the boat again as far on our homeward track as Fagā, the residence of a young

half-caste friend of mine, where we slept, and continued our journey the next morning. Passing the pretty quarters of the London missionary in residence, we looked in for a visit and to transact a little business I had with him, and after breakfast got under way for the passage through the reef. It was a splendid bright day, but there was not a breath of wind as we rowed slowly over the still, crystal-clear waters of the lagoon, admiring the beautiful coral formations so distinctly to be seen in the depths below.

With awning spread, it was pleasant indeed to let the eyes rest upon, not gaze at, the brilliant panorama continually passing shorewards, where everything looked so peaceful and inviting. On the reef-side, although there was no wind, the large swells were dashing themselves to pieces, rebounding heavenwards in wreaths of feathery spray, all quivering and trembling, suspended in the hot air in ragged and flickering outline for moments at a time, whilst the hoarse whispering of their booming crash on the jagged coral barrier soothingly reached the listening ear, and enhanced greatly the wondrous sense of dreamy repose suggested by the beautiful *entourage.*

When we got near the reef it became necessary to stop dreaming and attend to realities once more, especially as we had carefully selected the very worst time to make the passage, viz., low tide. Although quite smooth, the swell was breaking rather heavily from the outside; but with a little care and the pilotage of one of the crew—who, I believe, knew

nothing at all about the place, and left us on a rock for a moment right in the middle, which, however, the next breaker took us off—we got through all right, and soon were balancing about on the oily swells on their way to annihilation against the ever-opposing coral.

As there was no wind to fetch our destination, the far-off island of Upolu, and no guarantee at this time of the year that our smooth water would not be raging in wrath at any moment, we thought it advisable to make the open sea-voyage as short as possible, and steered straight for Mānono, which, with Apolima on her right hand, stood about six miles off. Approaching the protecting reef we could see no spot quite clear of white water, so choosing the most likely place, I went in the bows to pilot, leaving the doctor at the helm.

On the top of the first wave we got on all right, going in at a grand pace ; but as it passed ahead of us it bared a great coral rock right across our direct run in. I shouted out for the helm to be put right over, and the port oars to pull a hard stroke or two, in spite of the danger of bringing the boat broadside to the next roller ; but before that could be done it was on us, and instead of smashing us to pieces on the obstacle, took us up and actually threw us right over it into smooth water. I don't mean that it threw us right over a dry rock, but that on its crest we rode over it ; had the boat not been a most buoyant one, we should have arrived in the lagoon in rather a different state of repair.

Rowing peacefully up the lagoon about a mile off shore, we doubled the south-east point and put in to pay a visit to our old friend Leiātavā Sau-Sau, the Governor of the island, and have a talk with the lovely 'Sālu,' his daughter, who did us the honour of chewing a bowl of Kava for our refreshment. She was a fine tall specimen of a native girl of rank, but was so intensely high-bred, that during the earlier portion of her youth no one could be found good enough to marry her; and now in her Samoan middle age her people were beginning to feel that she had depreciated somewhat in value as a tribal article of barter, and were anxious to get her off their hands at a reduced price. Whether it was to be taken as a compliment or not, I don't know, but she was offered to both the doctor and myself, the former for choice, as a really good matrimonial speculation; but in each case the kind offer was declined. She was a very good-looking girl and with grand manners, but had been greatly spoilt by European admiration.

At sunset we left the hospitable little island, which we last saw from the distance standing out in beautifully clear outline in the sheen of the rays of an intensely silvery moon, sparkling and dancing merrily on the rippling water, until vanishing in the warm depths of Savaii, faintly to be distinguished afar off. After a charming trip in this glorious moonlight, we arrived at our starting-point, Apia.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Bad News from Tutuila—Manumā *v.* Lei—Old Grudges—Title Names—Declaration of War—Malietoa and the Consuls—Arrival of H.M.S. *Miranda*—Distinguished Old Soldier—Reception Fono—Words upon India—Battles in Tutuila—Entrance to Pango—Fagotogo—Butcher's Bill—Armed Natives—The Two Maugas on Board—Both Sides of a Big Gun—Very nearly a Fight on Quarter-deck—Return with Hostages.

November.

In the beginning of this month we had disturbing news from Tutuila, where it appeared that two of the chiefs of Pango Pango had come to loggerheads over who was the real owner of the name of 'Mauga,' the ruling title over the whole bay. These two were separately known by the suffixes of 'Manumā' and 'Lei.' They had never lived quite peacefully together since the last war, having fought on opposite sides.

Mauga Lei, more a schemer than a warrior, very jealous of Mauga Manumā—who, as the King's man, swaggered over him, and flew the Samoan standard at his town of 'Fagatogo'—laid claim to the sole right to the name of 'Mauga,' which of course was resisted by 'Manumā,' and resulted in the interchange of hard words.

'Lei' claimed the succession through being the son of the sister of the old 'Mauga,' a right which in some parts of Samoa is recognised, whilst 'Manumā' stood upon his right as direct heir and son of the late chief, duly named by him on dying. Titled names and claims thereunto have been more fruitful of wars, either for the actual ownership of lands or mere title, than any other subject in all periods of Samoan history.

There are two sorts of title names in use, equivalent to class distinctions in England, some of which carry considerable privileges with them—viz., local and family names; and immediately following these in rank comes the Sula Falé, or head of a family.

The first kind is given by the people of the place to the man whom they consider to be the fittest to hold it, perhaps the most successful warrior, or the wisest councillor; and although the name may be given to anyone, yet it is rarely bestowed out of certain families connected with the place, and traditionally supposed always to supply a man fit for the position. Should he after selection misbehave, the name may be taken away from him by the people, who will then appoint another in whom they have more trust. This custom of shifting the name from one man to another has given rise to many complications in land-claims, both intentional and accidental.

With regard to family names, it is optional with a father whether he leaves his name to his eldest son, or to any of his male children. He will, if so disposed, with the view of leaving the family affairs in

abler hands, give his name to a perfect stranger, who thenceforward takes charge of the whole family, and is looked up to as its head. Such a man cannot, however, by will or otherwise, on dying, transfer the name to anyone else ; it must of necessity revert to the eldest son or direct heir, who, in conjunction with the rest of the family, in case of the misbehaviour or indifference to the family interests of his father's nominee, can take the name away and retain it for himself. The advantages of a name are very much counterbalanced by the duties and responsibilities connected with it, the least of which is the feeding and housing of relations, however remote, whenever they may demand it. It also entails the principal expenditure in entertaining visitors.

Manumā and Lei at last got to blows, after a most curious interchange of letters, ending in one from Manumā, who had conducted his case with great fairness, declaring that his opponent wrote letters that were not meant to be understood, and over which he did not intend to bother his head any more, but should fight him—and he did.

His Majesty, taking a most serious view of the situation, asked the assistance of the Consuls in preventing the further spreading of this fighting ; having no man-of-war in harbour or within reach, we were not able to help him, but promised we would do so on the first opportunity.

About noon on the 13th the cry of 'Sail ho!' brought all idlers to the beach to look at the pilot's flag-staff, on which floated the signal for a man-of-war

in sight, and in about half an hour the Union Jack was run up, announcing one of John Bull's cruisers in the neighbourhood; and once again our hearts were gladdened with the sight of the meteor flag of Old England, of which too little is seen in these waters, floating proudly at the peak of H.M.S. *Miranda*. She had on board as passenger a distinguished old soldier, Sir Frederick Haines, the late Commander-in-Chief in India, to whom the natives at once took an immense liking.

On the next day we paid an official visit to the King and Government, who at a full representative meeting received Captain Acland and Sir Frederick with all honours, and expressions of lively satisfaction at their visit.

After the usual compliments were paid and acknowledged, the King mentioned his trouble in Tutuila, and said that he had asked the Consuls to assist him once, and wished to do so again now a man-of-war was in harbour.

The official palaver finished, we rose to go; but they would not hear of it until Sir Frederick Haines had spoken a word or two to them about the Indians, of whom they had read a great deal in the newspapers.

The General made them a short and very friendly speech, to which they listened with the greatest attention, treasuring up especially the account of the millions of natives who in India lived contentedly under British rule.

Malietoa lost no time in preferring the request for

help, of which he had given us notice; and on Saturday, the 17th of November, it was agreed between the three Consuls that Malietoa's request should be granted, and H.M.S. *Miranda* being the only man-of-war in port, that she should proceed to Tutuila, and endeavour to put an end to the fighting. Two engagements had been fought, in which some twenty or thirty had been killed and wounded, one town completely burnt, and another partially so. The King was afraid that if the disturbance was allowed to continue it would spread over the whole group. I was requested to go with the *Miranda*, and act in the name of the other Consuls in endeavouring to put an end to the danger.

During the afternoon, the German gunboat *Hyæna* arrived, when it was thought that the success of the expedition would be greatly enhanced by her accompanying the *Miranda*. The two flags being seen together, bound on the same errand, could not fail to have the greatest moral effect upon the belligerents.

At half-past nine in the evening, the *Miranda* slowly steamed out through the passage, closely followed by the *Hyæna*, with the German Consul on board. We also carried two native commissioners, sent by the King to convey his commands to the fighters, which were to the effect that both the chiefs who were at war should cease fighting, and come to Apia to reside for a year, during which time he would assemble a court, and make full inquiry into their rival claims. These two chiefs were Seumanutafa, the Governor of the Tuamasanga, the central province

of Upolu, a man of influence; and Lavati, a talking-man from the King's native district 'Faasaaleleanga,' in Savaii, and perhaps the finest orator in all Samoa, which is saying a great deal in a country where all men can speak.

The next morning we were standing into Leone Bay, quite close to shore, so as to give the people a chance of seeing us pass along towards Pango Pango, in order that they might go overland to that place if they wished to meet us.

Arrived off there, we had a very fine view of the two mountains standing on either side of the entrance to the harbour, each, I should say, quite two thousand feet in height.

About one o'clock, p.m., we slowly steamed through the entrance, here nearly three-quarters of a mile wide; and passing by a pretty little island called Goat Island, we dropped anchor in twenty-one fathoms of water, almost a third of a mile from shore on either side, whilst the head of the bay was to be seen about a mile farther on. Although no harbour could be more completely land-locked and wind-sheltered, the reports from all sides, I am afraid, are much exaggerated; yet, all the same, the harbour is a very complete one for steam-ships. It is most effectually protected from the wind by the precipitous hills that surround it, and, if not quite capable of containing comfortably that very hackneyed quantity, 'the united navies of the world,' a very large amount of shipping of any known size could shelter there with ease and safety.

The scenery is at the same time grand and pleasing. On all sides, but especially on the west, the hills spring straight out from the water almost perpendicularly, rising to a great height, densely covered with dark bush. Wherever there is any place that may be termed a beach, there is built a cluster of houses, or even a single house, just as the space available will admit. On a little level ground on the east side is situated the village of Fagatogo, the headquarters of Mauga-Manumā. At the very end of the harbour is, or rather was, the village of Pago, the town belonging to the rival candidate. We had anchored right abreast of Fagatogo, over which floated the Samoan flag. At the north end of the little bay is the village, a collection of some twenty or thirty houses in the usual Samoan style. The eastern end looked rather the worse for wear, having been burnt down two days before, when Mauga-Lei, as in duty bound, returned the visit that Mauga-Manumā had previously made to Pago. Half of it, however, was still in good repair, the intentions of the visitors having been successfully resisted before they got through with their work.

As soon as we found where the two belligerent chiefs were, and had ascertained somewhat of the nature of their quarrel, we sent a letter on shore to say we wished them to come at different times next day, to hear what we had to tell them. We found that they had already indulged in two fights, killing some twelve outright and wounding a great many more. They ingenuously informed us that they had

arranged for another *rencontre* to-morrow, which, out of respect for us visitors, they would put off for a day or two.

At the bottom of the harbour is, or rather was, the village of Pago, the residence of Mauga-Lei ; but beyond sundry heaps of ashes, the former town was represented only by the church, and the native teacher's house. There was nothing else standing ; Mauga-Manumā's war-party had had a parallel effect to that of a cloud of locusts in a corn-field. He was so very complete in his work that he even burnt the houses of several of his own men in Pago.

The next morning, the 19th, we went on shore early for a fresh-water bath at Pago, where a small river ran into the bay, and to inspect the scene of battle.

Manumā certainly had made a clean sweep ; and it was very sad to see the cocoa-nut, bread-fruit and other food trees destroyed on all sides. A lot of noble savages were scattered about the village, all carrying firearms of some sort or another, from the homely single-barrel shot-gun to the seventeen-shot Winchester. There was not the least excitement amongst these gentlemen ; they one and all spoke about more fighting in just as ordinary a manner as they would about their breakfast. After a short talk with the maid of the village, who had just come over the hill from Fugasā, a village on the other side of the island, we returned on board to prepare to receive our visitors.

About ten o'clock off came Mauga-Lei with his

talking-man—it is not the correct thing for a chief of note to talk for himself. He at once started off at score a long dissertation about his right to the title in dispute, which was, however, cut short by our informing him that we were not here to settle that question, but to stop his fighting, and to convey to him the order of the King, which was then handed him to read and answer. After considering the matter for about a quarter of an hour he replied that he would obey, and go to Upolu with us, to remain one year. He then left to prepare for departure.

About two o'clock the other fighter, Mauga-Manumā, came on board to hear what we had to say to him. He was a much more picturesque and practical-looking warrior than his opponent, who is more learned than robust. Manumā and his attendants looked as useful a lot of pirates as anyone might wish to see. We then repeated all we had told the other man, and went through the ceremony of presenting the King's orders, with the same result of his promising to comply with them. The two fighters and their people were then allowed to go on shore; but, thinking it advisable before leaving that there should be some sort of general recognition of the restoration of peace, both parties were requested to come on board the next day and become formally reconciled.

The next morning at the appointed time our friends arrived, each chief with a considerably increased retinue. To prevent a possible *émeute*, one faction boarded the ship on the port side, the other on the

starboard, and they were told off to corresponding sides of the quarter-deck—a great gun in the centre, trailed fore and aft, very appropriately dividing the two.

Coming off I noticed that some few of the young bucks were in full war-costume, with their faces painted black, indicative of their having slain a man—not quite suitable for a peace party, where they were sure to meet with the relations of the defunct—so I ordered them to wash off their colours before coming on the ship. They obeyed without the slightest hesitation. Any other distinctively warlike symbol was also laid aside; but we did not object to their clubs, which they carried in the manner of a cane, though their glances at one another showed that it would take but very little to induce them to use the clubs for their legitimate purpose of pounding one another to jelly.

Sitting on the deck, each chief, closely attended by his talking-man, slightly in advance of his party, they formed a most picturesque, hard, and useful-looking gang, and thoroughly Samoan. Not a scrap of European costume was to be seen upon them; their lava-lavas (waist-cloths), the only garment they wore, were of tappa (native cloth); their bodies were shining with oil and adorned with garlands of high-scented leaves and bright-hued flowers and berries.

In spite of the nature of the meeting—intended to bring deadly opponents together to reunite the ruptured bonds of brotherly love—the side-glances

which they every now and then threw at one another over and under the separating midship-gun were obviously anything but pacific. Whether they loved one another or not, it was our intention that, at least, they should go through the form of reconciliation, being sure that with the removal of the two chiefs they would settle down in peace until their return.

Through the Rev. Mr. Phillips, of the London Missionary Society, who had volunteered to come with us from Apia in the capacity of interpreter, and whose influential presence was of the greatest value, he having been resident for a number of years amongst these very people, we addressed the assembly, pointing out to them that this sort of disturbance could no longer be endured, calculated as it was to set the whole group of islands once more in a blaze from end to end, and destroy all the good work that had been achieved during the four last years' peace. Thinking that perhaps if they gave us the trouble of visiting them again on the same errand all might not end quite so peacefully, we asked them to shake hands and live quietly together for the future.

The great fear now was that, in their replies to us, they would wander off into argument—a practice very Samoan—over the merits and demerits of the cause of quarrel, which might, instead of consolidating a peace, inaugurate a renewed little war. And so it very nearly turned out. One side had no sooner begun a speech through its talking-man than such an argument as was feared did commence, when, one and another hastily joining in the wordy war,

abusive epithets and taunts were freely exchanged, until it really appeared that the quarter-deck of H.M.S. *Miranda*, on a peace mission, would be chosen by these gentle savages as a fit and proper battle-ground on which to batter out one another's brains. The row became so loud, that, shouting at them proving of no avail, the ship's bugle was sounded; and silence being obtained, Captain Acland read them a lecture, not quite from the Book of Job, telling them that any-one who in any way was found guilty of interruption was to be thrown overboard. It was noticeable that during all this Babel the chiefs sat perfectly unmoved in stolid dignity, and having had experience in the result of the talking-men's orations, we now put a veto upon anybody but the principals speaking, which they did with great effect, and with the good result of a hand-shaking all round, and promises, both verbal and in writing, not to recommence any disturbance.

Having accomplished our mission we steamed out of harbour, leaving the *Hyæna* to follow us the next day. On arriving in Apia, we informed the King of the success of our efforts, and received his thanks.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Troublesome Inquirers—Taupō Visitors—Kava—Duties of Taupōs—Severe Boudoir Discipline—Taupōs Political Valuables — Bread-fruit — Odoriferous Food — Bananas — Yam-growing—Taro—Pork a General Lever—Pig related to Man—Fat Pigeons—Fishing on Reef—'Peasoopo'—Tinned Chinaman—Dog-eating—Samoan Cookery.

THE departure of a man-of-war or distinguished stranger was the signal for a week's botheration. It was a period of cross-examination. 'What does the captain think of us?' 'When will he see the Queen?' 'Do the Indians speak English?' etc., was going on all day long, and never ceased until a decided refusal to answer any further questions was given.

About the middle of December I received a visit from three 'Taupōs' belonging to the villages across the river, who came in all state to invite me to a big dinner to be given on Christmas Day in their region. They were, as usual, very kind and most persuasive, would not take 'no' for an answer, and to give me time for consideration, and put me in a favourable state of mind, they set to work manufacturing a bowl of Kava for my delectation. In fact, I had the whole of a strictly conducted ceremony to myself, after which it was impossible for me to refuse, more

especially as they took the trouble to run through an interminable list of all the eatables for the occasion.

Taupō is the Samoan name for the maid of a village. Every village or town in the group of any position or importance has one, most frequently the ruling chief's own daughter, or one adopted by him. She is at all times a girl of high rank in the place itself or in that of her parentage. From the first day of her instalment to the day of her departure in marriage, elopement, or dethronement for bad behaviour—which in quite recent times was effected with a club—she is virtually the queen of the place. It is she who receives strangers on arrival in her town, makes Kava for them, and personally sees to their comfort and entertainment. Never from one year's end to the other is she permitted to be out of sight of her duennas, and when abroad she is invariably attended also by as many of her youthful companions as are available for the service, who follow her in single file wherever she may go.

She heads all processions and visits, and takes the leading part in all Sivas or native dances. Her attire on gala-days is of the gayest and most splendid description that her town can afford, and everything is ungrudgingly sacrificed that can add to the glorification of her personal appearance. It is she, on these occasions, who has mainly to uphold the prestige of the town, and well, as a rule, does she perform her duty. It is only when dressing for any ceremony that she appears to have no will of her own; at all other times it is quite the reverse. On these occa-

sions, a long time before the commencement of the ceremonial, her old women take entire possession of her, and on them devolves the exercise of the mysteries of the Samoan boudoir.

Everything is done for the proud damsel, who stands patiently suffering an amount of coercion, one tithe of which she would not permit for a second were it not part of her duties as maid of the town. She is first of all taken in hand by two or more of her duennas, who briskly shampoo her all over with sweet-scented oil until her warm-coloured skin shines like so much satin. At the same time another will be energetically brushing her jet-black locks, polishing them until the raven's wing is dull in comparison, and will afterwards plait or otherwise dress them in the manner that the combined wisdom of the old people, assisted probably by the suggestions of some twenty or thirty of her youthful companions, may dictate.

Now will follow the selection of dress to be worn, a task of no mean dimensions, with so large a critical jury to satisfy. All the finery available is brought to light, and the effect of dress after dress is tried, only to be discarded by a majority of votes, until at last something like an unanimous decision is arrived at, and the pride and hope of the town stands forth in all her conscious beauty both of attire and person, the purely native charms of which are enhanced or otherwise by 'papalagi' ornaments. Sometimes, indeed, the willing martyr to appearances is so severely dressed with fine mats, tapa, girdles, etc., as to render it a matter of impossibility to sit down without disturb-

ing the whole costume, and, in consequence, has to remain standing upright until it is time for her to take her proud place in the pageant she is to adorn with her presence.

The maid of the town, in addition to being the social pride of her native or adopted place of abode, is, in proportion to her rank and the importance of the town she represents, looked upon by her people as of political value, her friends being continually on the look-out for some marital alliance of consequence for her, whereby they may gain useful allies for troublous times; and many are the 'Fonos' assembled by the chief men to devise the means for attaining this end, so valuable in a country like Samoa, where in a moment one town may be set against another for the veriest trifle.

The staple foods of the country, which my visitors enlarged so much upon, are, of course, vegetable, and consist principally of cocoa-nuts, bread-fruits, bananas, yams, taro, all cultivated, whilst the bush affords many more edible articles, such as wild sorts of the last two vegetables mentioned. The cocoa-nuts, which grow most luxuriantly, before their value was discovered for oil-production, and consequent use as barter for strange luxuries, were in themselves both meat, drink, and fuel for the natives, to be procured by merely climbing the nearest tree.

Toddy is extracted from the wounded flower as it grows on the tree. It is not allowed to leave its sheath, being parcelled up with sinnet. A piece of the large bud is then sliced off, from whence drips

the sap—which, in the course of nature, would have assisted in the formation of the nut—into a bottle hung at its point. A single bud will yield about a quart per diem until exhausted, the end of the bud being pared off afresh each day. It is of a sickly sweet taste, and rapidly ferments, when an exceedingly intoxicating liquor is formed; not much used, however, amongst Samoans. It also serves the purpose of yeast in bread-making.

The bread-fruit is next in importance. These strikingly handsome trees, with their broad, glazed, dark-green leaves, flourish most luxuriantly everywhere, and provide an abundance of wholesome and favourite food for about six months of the year. The leaf is the usual Samoan plate, while the wood is much valued for its durability, and is proof against white ants. In seasons of great plenty, the Samoans put quantities of bread-fruit into large pits lined with banana-leaves, which are covered over and left for months to ferment, after which the stored food will last for a very long time. When these pits are opened, the atmosphere for a great distance all round is poisoned with the awful stench. The Samoans do not seem to mind this, but knead the stuff up into cakes, when, strange to say, it loses much of its offensive aroma in cooking.

Bananas and many other sorts of plantains are very plentiful, bearing all the year round, and are eaten cooked and cold with nearly every other sort of food, as potatoes are at home. Their cultivation is extremely simple and easy. There is nothing to

do but to keep the ground reasonably clean, and the trees free from creepers. Each stem will produce one bunch of an average of fifty pounds weight of good food. Once having borne fruit, the stem is cut down, leaving one of the suckers to take its place, and so on continuously. The long, broad leaf, sometimes as large as six feet by three, is useful for a great variety of purposes, from umbrellas to tablecloths, plates, cups, envelopes, and is a *sine qua non* during cooking operations.

Yams require a little more care, the bush having to be kept more clear to prevent their vines being smothered, and for successful cultivation they want hilling up when just starting into growth ; but still, the necessary work compared with that of other countries for similar cultivation is infinitesimal. With small trouble they thrive very luxuriantly, often reaching the weight of forty pounds. There are eight sorts of yams indigenous to the country.

The 'taro' (*Arum esculentum*) is a species of lily, producing a large bulb or root of very valuable food properties, containing much starch, and is perhaps the most life-sustaining of all Samoan edibles. There are many sorts of taro, both aquatic and dry. This, again, is very easily grown. On one root being plucked, it is only necessary to cut off the head with the leaves, thrust it into the ground, and there is the commencement of a new crop.

Besides these vegetables and fruits cultivated for food, there are to be found in the bush sundry other edible articles, such as wild yams, a chestnut, and an

enormous species of taro, called 'Tamū.' These, with oranges grown in profusion in the vicinity of the towns, make up a full list of Samoan vegetable foods.

The meat principally used is pork. Pigs take a very respectable position amongst Samoan riches. Poor piggy, as in Ireland, has, or is supposed to have, to pay for pretty nearly everything. He appears everywhere. Land and property are bought with him; fines are paid with him. No marriage-feast, or any other sort of social gathering, can come off without pork. He is of great use for bribery and corruption, and even, when quite young, takes the place of the lapdog with the ladies, who not only nurse him, but teach him to follow them in their walks abroad. Above all, his origin, if the Samoan tale be true, marks him out to be in some way related to mankind, he having in the first place proceeded from the maggots issuing from the heads of human beings, which a certain old cannibal of yore threw into a pit after having devoured the bodies.

Fowls are plentiful everywhere, whilst during one particular season of the year, pigeons in great quantities are to be procured in the plumpest and most delicate condition. The sea at all times supplies an abundance of fish; a large sort of gray mullet is particularly plentiful, and the rivers also produce a fair proportion of eels, small fish, and plenty of most excellent crawfish. On the reef at low water, turtle, large crayfish, bêche de mer, and many other molluscs dear to the native gourmand, are to be had for the collecting. Outside the reef, sometimes far out to

sea, go the bonito canoes in pursuit of the fish from which they are named, and which are captured by trolling with a bright pearl-shell hook on a long bamboo rod. It was from meeting Samoan canoes so far at sea that Bougainville gave the group the name of Navigators. In taking mullet, as many as fifty canoes are sometimes engaged at one time, the nets being carried between them. On a shoal being discovered in the shallow water, about five feet deep, the men jump out with the nets, with which they endeavour to surround the fish. When this is done they all stand round on the outside, and as the fish jump high out of the water to reach safety, they catch them very cleverly in hand-nets constructed for that purpose. A great deal of their fishing is done at night by torchlight, when the canoes paddle to and fro inside the reef, spearing any fish that may come within the circle of light.

They now, in addition to their native productions, use many foreign tinned meats and biscuits; but the Samoan especial vanity is tinned salmon, of which they are inordinately fond. All tinned meats, although the natives perfectly well know the difference between one sort and another, are included under the generic name of 'peasoopo.'

An amusing story is told about tinned beef in the island of Tutuila. It was about the time that the horrible discovery was made in San Francisco of Chinamen boiling down their dead to get their bones to send back to the Flowery Land. The Samoans are all very fond of hearing the 'nusipepa' (newspaper)

whenever they can get it read to them. Some one read the account of this to a party, and wound up, either by way of a joke or in good faith, by informing them that the Chinamen's flesh was then tinned for export to Samoa under the name of boiled beef. No more tins of that sort could be sold to Samoans from that day.

Amongst other delicacies must not be forgotten the various kinds of worms and maggots, the former procured from the reef, the latter from rotten wood, which form side-dishes at every well-regulated Samoan banquet.

Dogs, occasionally used as food, swarm everywhere over the islands, and are a great nuisance to travellers passing through native towns. No native feels quite furnished until he has one or more curs attached to his establishment, no matter of what sort or size. A dog's a dog with him, but I think a big one is generally preferred on account of there being more meat on him when called upon to supply the family supper. Some dogs are of use in hunting down wild pigs in the bush, the only sort of hunting to be got in Samoa. In the municipality of Apia dogs are taxed two dollars per annum, and all unlicensed ones are destroyed. The licensed animals have to carry a small brass ticket round the neck, a regulation which gave rise to some amusement in the town, which might, however, have ended in a serious disturbance. It was thus: a great many of the Roman Catholic boys wear small religious medallions round the neck. A lot of mischievous Protestant 'hoodlums,' having

nothing better to do, began to chaff them, and compare them to the licensed dogs, whilst those who had no medallions were told to go to the Court-house, and get permission to live in town. Complaint being made, this was soon put an end to. With cats, rats, and mice in plenty, a complete list of Samoa's four-footed occupants is supplied.

In spite of the introduction of iron pots and pans, the cooking by the natives of the present day is exactly the same as it was in the days of their forefathers; and judging from the result is in no bad style, either with regard to economy of labour or perfection of method.

The 'umu,' or oven, consists of a hole dug in the ground, about two feet deep for ordinary purposes, and lined with smooth stones. In this a fire is made, which having burnt out, the cavity is swept and lined with fresh banana-leaves. On these, done up in leaves, are placed the various viands to be cooked. A thick layer of more large leaves or cocoa-mats is then placed on the top of all, covered again with earth and stones, on which, if thought necessary, another fire is constructed. After this there is nothing more to be done but to wait patiently for the time when the contents will be required.

The way in which these ovens retain their heat is very wonderful. There is no trouble whatever after the oven is closed, and no such thing as overdoing although it often happens that the oven is left unopened for twenty-four hours or more.

Pork, fish, vegetables, fowls, and the many made

dishes peculiar to the country are all cooked at the same time, without mingling flavours, each separate article being wrapped in its appropriate leaf. When pigs of any size are cooked, their insides are generally filled up with hot stones previous to the oven being closed over them. Fish are cooked uncleaned, just as they are caught from the sea, but are plaited up very neatly in cocoa-nut leaves, which, adhering tightly to the shape when ready, are easily broken off, carrying with them the skin and refuse, and leaving the edible portion quite clean. Vegetables, consisting entirely of taro and yams, are scraped clean and placed in the oven as they are, from whence they emerge cooked in a manner which no European method can hold a candle to. The various made dishes are tied up in small bundles in portions of banana-leaves, and take their chance with the rest. The only one of these last which at all attracts Europeans, from any other motive than that of curiosity, is a dish named 'Palu-sami,' made from young taro-leaves, with the expressed juice of the cocoa-nut, mingled with sea-water. Bread-fruit needs only to be thrown on the ashes for a few minutes to receive all the cooking required by that most useful esculent.

The Samoans do not make an oven every day. Perhaps a family will not have one more than once a week, generally towards the end, when enough will be cooked to last for the whole interval.

During this long dissertation, I am afraid that the reader will have quite lost sight of the charming Taupōs, who, I may now say, for general information,

after a great deal of laughing, chaff, and joking, borrowed a dollar apiece from me—of course to be repaid the next day—and with a present of some tinned salmon and biscuit, passed on to put the next victim through a similar course of plunder.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Maid of Matafangatele—'May' Meeting—Use of Consulate—Picturesque Camping—The Tamaitai Dressing—Umbrella Tree—Missionary Gathering—Food Offerings—Fale-tele—Village Procession—Distribution of Food—Pretty Ceremony—Appearance of Consulate—Ornamented Orange Trees.

1st October.

THIS morning (the 22nd) I had scarcely opened my door when in bounced, in the greatest of hurries, the pretty little maid of Matafangatele, to be the first to secure for herself and friends the use of my house as a milliner's shop and general dressing establishment for the Mé meeting, which was to take place during the day on the Malae (village green) adjoining.

The Mé is the annual missionary meeting of the London Society, when all the natives assemble to hear the yearly report of the mission doings, and the amount of subscriptions that have been received from them, and during which various addresses are made and services held. It is the grand opportunity also for showing off; and great are the exertions made to raise the necessary dollars to appear fearfully and wonderfully adorned at this yearly festival. Each school or company of ladies, regardless of

expense, comes out in some distinct uniform, invented by themselves; and consequently, with few exceptions, no improvement on their national costume.

At first I refused permission; however, I could not in the end withstand the pretty pleadings of the graceful little creature.

It had become quite an established thing for inhabitants of all the outlying towns to windward to camp in my garden under the orange and bread-fruit trees, and from thence to issue in their different processions to the meeting held in the open under the shade of a beautiful umbrella-tree, where would be seated the missionaries, pastors, and all the notables of the place.

Shortly after my early visitor's arrival came deputations from all the other towns with the same request, and soon I had quite four hundred natives in picturesque groups camped all over the place. On arriving, they wore their ordinary everyday attire; but brought with them boxes, bundles, and parcels innumerable, containing their finery.

As the time for the ceremony drew near the bustle became intense—everyone was fully occupied inspecting and preparing the gorgeous raiment; and in almost as quick time as a transformation-scene in a pantomime, from a uniform brown and sober hue, the whole place was dazzling with every colour of the rainbow. The first thing, of course, was a parade of all the dresses and ornaments, presided over by the old women in attendance as dressers, who dealt them out as they thought fit to their impatient clients

standing around. The next operation was the dressing of the village maids, in which all took part, whilst they individually had no voice in the matter, but unconditionally surrendered themselves into the hands of their people like so many dolls to be adorned. When finished they were carefully placed on one side until the rest of the family had completed their attire, when with stately step, in single file, as proud as peacocks, the maid leading, tapering off from the youngest to the oldest female inhabitant, they trooped off to the meeting. The confusion of tongues was intense, scolding, exhorting, protesting all going on at the same time, at the highest pitch of the voice.

All this time I was of no account whatever in my own house, which was in possession of thirty or forty girls belonging to the *élite* of the district. They did not much care about the business part of the programme; it was the outing they were there to enjoy, and very thoroughly they seemed to appreciate the opportunity for the display of their new dresses and ornaments. My little Matafangatele friend had, on the strength of being first applicant, established herself as 'Tamaitai,' or lady of the house; and, as such, took possession of one room entirely to herself and dressers, who, taking her in hand, by sheer weight of oil and native finery soon reduced the impetuous little bronze nymph to perfect submission. She had no less than seven old ladies to attend to her toilet, who in about an hour turned her out in marvellous array, when she was carefully stationed on the veranda like a statue until her

escort was ready to follow her to the scene of display.

The place of gathering was the large 'Malae,' or public square of the village, under the spreading branches of a very perfect and beautiful umbrella-tree, whose horizontal boughs, covered with splendid olive-green foliage, spreading out in great symmetry, gave effectual shelter from the scorching rays of the noonday sun to about two hundred people. Here sat in serried ranks, bewilderingly resplendent in bright colours, as many Samoans as could be accommodated, the missionaries and native pastors occupying a sort of reserve from whence to deliver addresses.

Beyond the friendly shade of the tree were erected temporary shelters of cocoa-nut branches, laid over forked sticks, to accommodate the numbers who could find no room under its kindly shelter.

Soon every available space was occupied by natives in their best array, the men mostly in white, the other sex in every known colour under the sun; and conspicuous amongst them were the King and Vice-King, who, to add dignity to the proceedings, were escorted by some dozen of the Government police, dressed in an absurd manner in trousers and gray shirts, glorious in scarlet and blue silk fronts, and armed with their rifles, rather an anomalous sight at a missionary gathering. A few hymns were sung, and the missionaries gave their addresses, followed by the native pastors.

These proceedings took up about two hours, when

the meeting separated until the afternoon. All then returned to their quarters, where, taking off their finery for the time, the provision-baskets were unpacked; and assembled in their different sections under the deep shadows of the orange and bread-fruit trees, the food that each family or village had brought was carefully divided.

No sooner was this operation over than there commenced a general complimentary exchange of food between different families and villages; and even though the present was but a single banana, it was received, and a suitable acknowledgment made, as though it were the most valuable gift.

Amongst the many customs that command the attention of the student of Samoan life, there is none more interesting than the ceremony of presentation of food to visitors, to which I referred in a previous chapter. In the centre of each village there is invariably one big house specially built for the purpose of holding councils, and for the entertainment and lodging of visitors, and called the 'Fale-tele,' or big house. The new arrivals are immediately located there, where they are received by the chief of the town and the maid, one of whose principal duties is to look after the guests of the community. After a short conversation, during which very many compliments are interchanged, and the business upon which the visitors have come receives a preliminary discussion, the Kava bowl is produced, and the lovely maiden, with her dusky fair ones, will proceed to masticate the soothing root.

The beverage brewed, it is handed round by one of the attendant Hebes. In the meantime word has been passed throughout the village of the arrival of strangers, and in the course of time singing will be heard in the distance, at first very faint, becoming gradually stronger and stronger as the bearers approach the Fale-tele. At last the song bursts out quite distinctly, and coming towards the visitors is seen a procession, sometimes in single file, at other times two abreast, girls in front, chanting their pæans of welcome in a truly pleasing manner, the men's deep bass voices mingling in harmony with the shrill treble of the females. Not having had sufficient warning of the arrival of visitors, the procession is not in full dress; but even in the short time at their disposal, all have managed hastily to snatch some sort of bush ornament wherewith to deck themselves, and in many cases this unpremeditated adornment is more successful than effects over which much deliberate care has been taken.

All ages, sexes, and sizes join in the ceremony, and each individual carries something, let it be but a single taro or cocoa-nut. Arriving immediately before the visitors, who sit facing the donors as silent and solemn as though they were not aware of what was going on, the gifts are deposited in front of them with a final shout from the bearers, who then either disappear, or seat themselves in a cluster at some distance from the house.

One of the prettiest of these ceremonies—for pretty is the word the most suited, I think, to the *coup*

d'œil—that I have witnessed, took place on the occasion of a farewell visit to Apia of the chief of the London Mission. The quantity of food brought on this occasion was merely nominal, the principal object of the gathering being to show respect to their pastor; but as such proceedings in Samoa, as, indeed, in all civilized communities, are not correct without some connection with feasting, it was considered necessary to have the food gift on this occasion. Being a missionary affair, and held in the midst of the largest foreign settlement in the islands, the real native costume was set aside for such modern innovations in dress as are considered necessary by the mission.

The various villages within a few miles of Apia having marshalled their forces somewhere in the vicinity of the mission-house, donned their finery, and came in by turns, singing their distinctive songs in an extremely pretty and quaint manner, each song having a sort of chorus, or rather *crescendo*, at regular intervals. On arriving within sight of the house the order of procession was formed, advancing very slowly, two and two, the smallest girls leading, the elder ones bringing up the rear. After the women came the boys and men, in similar order. If the village was large enough to possess a titled maid, she, in all the glory of her proudest array, led her detachment.

I cannot, with any approach to clearness, describe the peculiarly plaintive and simple tone of the song. In my thoughts it seemed to be far away, yet the

singers were close at hand. Their personal appearance, too, was calculated greatly to assist in the formation of pleasant ideas. If 'papalagi' (foreign) costume is to be worn, they were attired just as they should be. The girls wore long white flowing robes, wreathed and girdled around with green garlands, many of them with necklaces of the scented 'musu-oe' and scarlet pandanus-fruit, or capsicum. Their hair, with few exceptions—viz., the village maids, who are privileged to indulge in eccentricity of coiffure—was drawn smoothly from off the forehead, plaited neatly into one or two queues, and adorned most tastefully with wreaths of lovely bush-flowers of every variety. On a single individual might perhaps be found every known natural colour, and, strange as it may appear to Europeans, all harmonizing.

Some of these dusky fair ones were really lovely, and well aware they seemed to be of it. Not a stray look could be obtained from any of them until the strict business of the demonstration was finished, when, having laid down their offerings, laughing and chaffing was the order of the day. The men also looked extremely well, generally clad in white, and profusely ornamented with garlands and necklaces, but not of so elaborate a nature as those of the ladies.

The meal finished, both ladies and gentlemen produced their tobacco and dried banana-leaves, and comfortably settled down to a quiet smoke.

Her Britannic Majesty's Consulate at this time presented a wonderful appearance. There was not a square foot of garden, veranda, or house that was

not taken up by natives, in more or less *négligé* costume, either calmly resting from their arduous morning's work, or vehemently discussing some absorbing topic of the day.

The orange-trees, in addition to the ordinary golden colours of the fruit, bore the appearance of most highly decorated Christmas-trees, fluttering as they were with garments of all tints and description, from the snow-white chemise to the glaring omni-coloured lava-lava of the biggest dandy native, hung up in their branches, whilst the owners took their ease.

In due time the dresses were again assumed, and off the crowd trooped to the village green for afternoon service; which over, best clothes were carefully stowed away, ordinary costume adopted, all packages were shouldered, and the various parties moved off to their own homes, but not before a 'faafetai' to the owner of the house, who was very pleased to have entertained so well-behaved and interesting a party within his domains.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Faithless Faa-Piu—Burial Ceremony—Samoan Hades—Spirit Journeys—Unburied Spirits—Extra Pressure—Deputations —Extraordinary Performance for a Government—Samoan Diplomatic Cunning—One-sided Agreement—Another English Petition—Paltry Charges—Kidnapping a King—Weber again—Flag-Hoisting—Nice Picture for a Friendly Consulate—Pulling down the Samoan Flag again.

NEXT morning, in spite of the emphatic promises of the apparently faithless 'Faa-Piu,' the little Matafangatele maid, my outside premises presented a very dreadful appearance of litter, with relics of the feasting and dressing scattered all over the place in unsightly confusion. However, I soon found that I had been blaming her a little too early; for in about an hour her people came with many apologies, and quickly put things straight.

The interior of the house required no arrangement, as that had been under her charge the whole time, and I must say to the credit of the company, a very mixed one, that although many trifles valuable to them were lying about, which they could have taken without the least risk of detection, there was not the smallest article missing; and with regard to my personal experience of the natives, I can say that

during my whole sojourn in Samoa, with my house and premises always open, and often for hours together without anyone in charge, I never detected the loss of anything beyond two towels and a flag-line, a very small allowance for four years anywhere.

To-day I was perforce a witness of a burial ceremony of modern times, held over the remains of a neighbour of mine, committed to his last resting-place just outside my compound. In old times, especially if the deceased had been a man of some standing, the funeral ceremony was of the most complicated description; even nowadays a great many ancient practices would be observed at the obsequies of a very high chief. The funeral ceremony of the present day is very simple, but always entails some mat-giving and feasting. The body is carefully swathed in mats, more or less fine, in accordance with the rank of the deceased. At the time appointed, which in this climate must follow quickly after the death, the body is carried in procession by the male relations to a shallow grave, generally as near as possible to the house in which the deceased had lived, and deposited on the ground. The mourners then sit down in two rows at the head of the grave—men on one side, women on the other—the native pastors conducting the ceremony taking up their position between them. A hymn is then sung, and the service read, followed by a short harangue. This over, the corpse is lowered into the grave, when, after filling it up, the male portion of

the company take their leave, the females remaining. These, under the instructions of the highest in rank, begin to plait into baskets the cocoa-nut leaves they have brought with them. When ready, all troop down to the beach in single file, and, filling the baskets with smooth black pebbles, return and heap them on the grave. As soon as a sufficient quantity is collected, they are smoothed out to the proper shape, the edge bordered with large blocks of coral, the grass carefully weeded round about, and all take their departure. In some instances bottles, ends uppermost, are planted all over the grave; and in the case of a chief of note, a solid concrete coffin-shaped block is erected over him, sometimes surmounting two or more terraces of built-up stones.

It is very observable that the Samoans, unless the graves are in the immediate vicinity of their houses, take little or no care to keep them in order, but permit them to be overgrown and decay just as nature wills it; but at the same time they always recollect where people have been interred in the very old times, and do all they can to prevent such spots from being disturbed. The graves are placed in close proximity to the dwelling-houses, in obedience to a very pretty native fancy, that it will please the departed spirit if the firelight of his former home should shine upon his last resting-place.

The ancient Samoan idea of what became of the spirit after death, was that when it had dissolved partnership with the body it travelled to the extreme west end of the island of Savaii, and from a certain

stone there leaped into a circular pool, which was the entrance to their Hades, called 'Pulotu.' Just on the edge of the plunging-place there stands a solitary cocoa-nut tree, against which if the spirit strikes it returns to the sick body, and the patient recovers. It was very much easier work for spirits leaving the body in Savaii to reach home, than for those who shuffled off the mortal coil in the other islands, who had to jump or swim from certain stones, pointed out to this day, before they attained the haven of rest.

I could never get any information from a Samoan of what would happen to an unfortunate spirit who might miss his aim at one of the appointed landing-places. I was always told that no such thing could possibly happen, for a spirit could do anything; although it was still true that they hit occasionally against the unhappy cocoa-nut in Savaii and returned. To go off successfully, however, the body must have been buried. The spirits of those who had not received burial did not go home, but wandered about disconsolately in the vicinity, calling out, 'Oh, how cold—how cold!' If anyone were to ask a Samoan the meaning of some strange noise in the bush, he would most likely get for an answer, 'Oh, that is the spirit of some poor fellow who has not been buried calling out his complaint!'

On the last day of the month the natives, who were now almost daily threatened with annexation, were put in the greatest state of consternation by the unexpected arrival of a new German man-of-war, when all

previous tall talk was redoubled, and they were told they had arrived at the last week of their independence. Everything concerning her arrival was, and had been, very mysterious, and the commander not making the usual visit of respect to the King, the native alarm rose to a most painful pitch.

The poor fellows had been for a long time hearing about Teutonic land acquirements and aspirations in all directions for the future, amongst which their own annexation had been mentioned as a certainty, not only as a punishment for commercial misdeeds, but also for having repeatedly dared to wish to be British, and to petition England in preference to the Fatherland. The German agents now went very busily to work, advising the Samoans to make perfect submission, and to offer themselves to the care of the strongest, which they said they were; but it was no use.

I myself was persecuted day and night by deputations from the Samoan Government, but could give them no help. Over and over again I was asked whether it was true that I had received orders not to object to the Germans doing anything they pleased, and that the Queen had given them up altogether, for so they were being told daily. They were ready, they said, to hoist the British flag at any moment, and to do anything rather than be taken against their will. When I told them that I had no authority to accept them, and that I could discuss no German subject with them, they would go back in despair to devise some means of avoiding their apparently certain fate.

A few days afterwards it did not surprise me to hear that they had gone to the German Consulate, and in the dust of the road performed the most severe abasement permitted by Samoan custom; but, nevertheless, they let it be distinctly known that it was only done in atonement for sins committed, and not as a sign of any wish to belong to Germany. All the *cognoscenti* were of opinion that this most extraordinary proceeding was merely one of the ordinary native schemes for putting off an evil day; but this time, as soon appeared, Samoan diplomacy was rather deeper than usual.

This submission had the intended effect, and pleased the Germans, who sent them back with a preliminary forgiveness, to be made substantive when they should agree to something further, which in due course would be presented to them for signature. They little thought that these very submissive gentlemen had but the day before drawn up the fullest and most complete petition to England that had yet been sent, and had forwarded it to the Governor of New Zealand, praying him to telegraph it to England so that they might get an answer back quickly, until which time they had determined to make it appear that they were inclined to do anything the Germans wished.

The something further appeared in a few days in the form of an agreement, which handed over the entire control of Samoan affairs to the Germans. This document was merely read to them; a copy for discussion was refused, and they were asked to

sign it on the evening of the second day, the intervening one being a Sunday. Should they fail to do this, they were told that there was one war-ship in harbour, and there were more coming.

This same night I received a visit from the King in person, begging me to help him in his difficulties, as he was now convinced that if I did not his worst fears would be realized; but I could give him no more assistance than before. He asked me whether it was a practice amongst white nations to make one another sign treaties without first reading and discussing their points; and many other questions equally reflecting upon late doings towards him and his people. And before leaving, said that his Government had unanimously decided not to sign anything whatever without first being allowed a proper and dignified opportunity for discussion, with liberty of action.

Two days afterwards the King sent me word that he and the Vice-King, fearing for their country, had at the last moment, and against the wishes of the Government, signed the German agreement; and in his explanation of having done so, for the first time he made me acquainted with what they had done the week before, forwarding me the following copies of the petition and other letters connected with it:

'*To her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.*

'YOUR MAJESTY,

'This is to make known to your Majesty that the King of Samoa and the chiefs of these islands

have sent a petition to your Majesty, praying that you would set up your Government in Samoa.

'We have sent that petition to the Governor of New Zealand, and have besought him to send it by means of a telegram to your Majesty, and make known to your Majesty that he has received our petition.

'We have informed your Majesty that painful anxiety has taken possession of our minds, because we are much afraid of Germany lest she should take our islands against our wills.

'Your Majesty, we are in distress on account of the Government of Germany lest they should take our islands.

'Therefore we have accepted another treaty with Germany.

'I wish to make clear to your Majesty, in consequence, that I have accepted that treaty against my will, likewise against the will of my Government; but I have accepted it on account of my fear.

'I have thought that should your Government be set up in these islands that treaty will be of no effect.

'I have entreated the English Consul here to make clear to your Majesty all the reasons of our fear, which have led us to accept the treaty; and to make clear to your Majesty the meaning of that treaty, and to inform your Majesty of myself and my Government, and our great desire to give our islands to the Government of your Majesty.

'I respect extremely the Government of your Majesty, and I trust that speedily you will receive our petition.

'I am,

'MALIETOA,

'*King of Samoa.*'

'Mulinuu, 12*th November*, 1884.

'*To W. B. Churchward, Acting British Consul.*

'SIR,

'I wish to inform your Excellency that I have written to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, and made known to her Majesty our petition which has been communicated to the Government of New Zealand, and is also mentioned in this letter.

'I have begged your Excellency that you would explain to her Majesty everything that gave rise to my receiving the agreement that was made last night with Germany, I and my Government having been much distressed lest our group of islands should be taken by Germany. I wrote yesterday to the German Consul to give me a copy of the agreement with me and my Government, but the German Consul replied that he would not give me and my Government a copy. Then the whole Government met together and deliberated what was right to do, and it ended in our rejecting the agreement, and it was not received.

'Notwithstanding that, our distress still continued.

'It was getting near the hour of night which was fixed to hold the meeting, and I walked on the road when Tupua Tamasese came down.

'He spoke to me with distress, and told me that same bad tale.

'I and Tamasese, bearing in mind the agreement, were very anxious; and I said, "Let us both go down and receive the agreement, in order that we may be in peace to-day, and let us wait for the decision of Great Britain."

'I beg your Excellency to make known to her Majesty the great love of me and my Government

for Great Britain, and also our strong desire to give up our group of islands to the Government of Great Britain.

'I hope in her Majesty.

'Do not bear in mind this agreement with Germany, for I am determined that when the Government of Great Britain is in these islands, then that agreement shall end.

'Let not your Excellency be offended, but do you make these things clear to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, and do you send this letter by the steamer at Tutuila.

'I am,

'MALIETOA,

'*King of Samoa.*'

I could now understand how it was they condescended to the humiliation in front of the German Consulate, a thing that astonished everyone, natives included; but it had the effect intended, of drawing public attention for a time from the action they really depended upon. The same explanation they gave for signing the agreement held good for the public submission—viz., that both these actions were of no real value, as after sending off the petition they were no longer their own masters, and whatever they might do after that was merely to keep peace until they received an answer.

The greatest marvel of all was that such an important act should have been done with the knowledge of so many, and yet kept a secret for a week; but so it was for twelve days, when one of the

scribes stole a copy, and sold it to the Germans for thirty dollars.

These proceedings naturally enraged the Germans, and what the unfortunate Samoans had had to submit to before was nothing to what they now had to endure. All sorts of paltry charges were made against them, and on every possible occasion they were accused of insulting Germany. Two of their most influential chiefs were publicly accused of insult in saying that Germany was a land of robbers, and had no religion. They did not deny that they had said something of the sort; but it really was this: One of them had said that the Germans were land-robbers, referring to many Samoan land-cases; whilst the other justified his statement by saying that several Germans had told him and other Samoans that they believed in nothing at all. These remarks were made in a private house in course of conversation, and not at all for public effect, yet were seized upon as causes of complaint.

Although almost abject respect was expected from the natives, very little was shown in return; for letters of the most peremptory nature were written to the King, whilst those from him complaining of the conduct of Mr. Weber, who had recommenced his high-handed proceedings of former years, were not even acknowledged.

This gentleman, who in reality was the moving power in all these new departures, one evening waylaid the King, and attempted to force him to sign a recall to the English petition, or send a similar one

to Germany, but without success; and although proper complaint was made of this, no official notice whatever was taken of such proceedings. He then with his widespread influence did all in his power to break up the Malietoa Government; and what with dollars, and working up the old Samoan family quarrels, did succeed in dividing it, and raised a rebellion.

All these acts, openly done, the German authorities could not see, but let Mr. Weber do exactly as he pleased, in spite of both white and Samoan representations. The fact is notorious that the rebellion was taken under German protection to forward the plans which they had failed to bring about in a peaceful manner through Malietoa; so they were determined to try other means, even if it cost another war. If the rebels assembled under the leadership of the family of the rival candidate for the throne could succeed in diplomatically ousting Malietoa, well and good—they would then have the German tool at the head of the Government, and do what they liked; but if a peaceful revolution could not be effected war was to ensue, when under the pretence of ensuring peace they would feel conveniently compelled to hoist their flag over the group, and then all would be as they desired.

Everything now appeared to have retrograded to the state of affairs that existed when Mr. Weber was Consul and head of the big German firm at the same time, and did exactly as pleased him. He would receive deputations and visit the rebels in a most

prominent manner, and his name was quoted from one end of the island to the other. It was, 'You must do this, or that, Mr. Weber sends word, just for the present;' or, 'You must clear up your town, and make roads, so that when the German men-of-war come, they may see that you are better men than the King's people,' etc.

To still further complicate Malietoa's position, at the end of January, 1885, the Germans attached the King's sovereign rights in the municipality of Apia—a mere farce, for he had no tangible ones at all—and hoisted their flag at the seat of Government, even cutting down the cocoa-nut trees on his Majesty's private property, and seizing his house as a barracks for a guard.

The same moment that the German flag was hoisted, the rebel one was displayed in actual warlike menace some fifteen miles down the coast, and the Vice-King left Malietoa to put himself at the head of the movement.

In hoisting the German flag in the municipality, the German authorities wished to show the natives the superiority of their nationality over both British and American, a fact that had been dinned into their ears for a long time before.

Another but less dignified method of illustrating the above was employed in the public office of the German Consulate, where a coloured cartoon from some English paper was prominently exposed on the wall, portraying Prince Bismarck sitting down in New Guinea or New Britain with his feet upon

the Union Jack, pointing contemptuously over his shoulder to Lords Granville and Derby, who are being turned off the place—and every Samoan who came near was brought in to see this precious picture.

The flag itself was a trap for the unfortunate King; for from being guarded by a body of eighteen men, they gradually dwindled down to three in number, who in time faded away to none at all, leaving the imperial flag to be hoisted in the morning and taken down at night by a black savage of a labourer from Mr. Weber's factory.

By this arrangement the whole premises were left unprotected for quite eleven hours of the day and the entire night, during which any man wishing to do Malietoa an injury could do it by damaging the pole or house, which would be put down as another insult, and visited with some other act of oppression.

The King wrote to the German Consul complaining of the unfairness of such a state of things, but received no answer; so for his own safety he kept a guard of his own police over the emblem of his own ignominious suppression.

The unfortunate monarch was never permitted to remain in peace, and every opportunity possible was taken advantage of for degrading him in the eyes of the people. He was forbidden to play cricket; his customary Samoan meetings were tabooed. He was once by an armed marine patrol made to pack up for eviction from Mulinuu, to which place Weber had raised some claim. At home the German Government had given assurance of the repudiation of the

Consular flag-hoisting action; but such never reached Samoa, or if it did, was of small avail. When Malietoa showed any intention to appeal to arms against the rebels, he was told that he would not be permitted to do so by the German man-of-war, on which the Government party drew a parallel between the condition of affairs in Samoa and Zanzibar, where the Sultan was not permitted, under threats of bombardment, to punish a rebellious chief who was taken under German protection.

This was the unhappy state of affairs in Samoa when I handed over office in November, 1885; but before I left the country, in which I had passed four pleasant years amongst a most interesting and amiable people, I was spectator of a final act of oppression, when the German Consul, acting for Mr. Weber, evicted Malietoa and his people from the seat of Government, in spite of a price formerly agreed upon being offered for its redemption. When the King shifted his quarters I saw the Samoan flag that was hoisted there, again pulled down by a party of armed marines, headed by the German Consul in person, who gained nothing more of the native goodwill by the manner he thought fit to adopt in announcing what he was about to do to a King who was ostensibly entitled to the highest respect through solemn treaty obligations.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Convict Importation in the Pacific—Arrival of a Stranger—Speculation in a Smithy—A Pool of Blood—Double Murder—Watching his Eyes—Discovery of Plunder—German Difficulties again—Partial Confession—False Accusation—Murderer commits Suicide—A Récidiviste—Four Years' Labour—Samoan Petition for my Stay—Official Leave-taking—Malietoa's Farewell Banquet—Farewell Dinner at Apia.

SHORTLY before my relief a tragic circumstance occurred, which tends to illustrate in the very highest degree the danger to all the Colonies and settlements of the Pacific, caused by the introduction in their midst of irreclaimable criminals, such as the convicts the French send out to New Caledonia. This makes one of the many instances which have been brought to notice to justify the action of the Australian Colonies in protesting against the further importation of such people. It was a brutal and revolting murder.

About four months before the event took place, a sinister-looking stranger had arrived from Fiji on the look-out for something to do. He had neither money nor recommendation, and beyond his having been last in Fiji, nothing further could be ascertained of him;

but he gave himself out to be a Frenchman. Wandering about in search of work as a blacksmith, he made the acquaintance of a Frenchman named St. Foy, an old resident in Apia, carrying on a business as a sort of general merchant, and who had the reputation of being a miser, and of keeping a considerable amount of money concealed about the premises.

This man occupied a good-sized house, built with the upper stories projecting considerably over the lower one, making a sort of a veranda, and it was on this overhanging part that he and a Samoan woman, the only other human being living in the house, usually slept. In course of time the stranger persuaded St. Foy to build him a smithy close to his own house, and start him in the trade upon certain terms; and from being next door and continually associating with him, both speaking the same language, the new man had every opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the position of things in the big house, and all the usual movements of his patron.

One morning it was observed that the Frenchman had not opened his door, nor had the Samoan woman been seen going to the cook-house to light her fire. As in all small communities, this little departure from a generally observed practice was taken notice of by the neighbours, who for some time restrained their curiosity, but eventually went to the house to inquire what was the matter. They were rewarded with the sight of a pool of blood on the ground

underneath the projection of the house; and whilst breathlessly speculating upon how that came there, they were joined by the smith, who appeared to be as much astonished as the rest, but who soon discovered the source of the horrible pool, pointing out that it had dripped through the cracks of the boards just above their heads.

On the arrival of the Magistrate the house was entered, and upstairs, on the floor, exactly on the spot where they usually slept, lay, in hideous pools of gore, with faces hacked to pieces in the most revolting manner, the bodies of St. Foy and the woman.

In the next room a chest was found with the lock burst, still containing three bags of dollars; but no one knowing how many the murdered man originally had, no one could say whether any had been taken out. One thing, however, was very evident, that whoever burst open the box was a man skilled in the use of tools.

Of course this created an immense excitement and alarm, and nowhere more so than amongst the Samoans, who were loud in averring that the nature of the murder was such as proclaimed it to be no native work. We well knew that if it were Samoan work it would soon leak out, and did not do much but keep a good watch all round and offer a reward for the murderer.

Our idea proved correct, for soon the woman with whom the blacksmith lived hinted that she could give curious evidence about the doings of her companion on the night of the murder, which were of so suspicious

a nature that the Magistrate arrested him. The man was detained while inquiries were being vigorously pushed in all directions, but with no avail, until one day the prisoner having been taken down to his house under escort to get a change of clothes, was observed to cast sharp glances in the direction of an old ash-heap just outside the forge, which from its insignificance had hitherto escaped search; he also appeared much interested about the condition of his furnace and bellows. These places were inspected, and a large number of dollars were found, which left no doubt of his having had some guilty knowledge of the murder, unless the presence of the money in his house could be satisfactorily accounted for.

On the next examination the Magistrate, having no powers to try such a serious matter, committed him for trial before the King's Court, the prisoner having no national representative in the group. Here came in another annoying and vexatious effect of the German Consul having attached the rights of Malietoa in the municipality. He had usurped the King's sovereign rights, amongst which, of course, was that of supreme court trials. He would not try the man himself, having no authority; and the British and American Consuls would not agree to the arrangement he proposed for the trial, for if they did so, it would be directly acknowledging the German right of usurpation that they had formally protested against, which was impossible.

In a day or two the prisoner confessed to a certain knowledge of some of the money, making an affidavit

that another Frenchman had brought it to him in the night. This man was accordingly arrested, strongly denying the assertion; and, as luck would have it, the very morning that the two were going to be confronted with each other, the murderer saved all political and judicial trouble, and restored the lost sense of safety to Apian society by hanging himself in gaol by the string of his hammock. It was subsequently officially discovered that the man was an old Communist in Paris; had served eight years as a convict in New Caledonia, for crimes of outrage; had to leave New Zealand from police pressure; and, finally, finished up his career by the atrocious double murder in Apia.

No one who was not in the place at the time can imagine the sense of relief experienced when the perpetrator of this horrible crime was discovered, and rendered powerless for further mischief.

This was my last unpleasant experience of Samoan life, and one I shall not easily forget; nor, I am equally sure, will the events of the last few days of my sojourn in Samoa easily pass from my memory, for as the day approached all my kind friends, amongst whom I could reckon none more warm and true than my Samoan ones, seemed to grow kinder.

I had laboured amongst them for the previous four years, striving always to instil into them personally a regard for British fair dealing by never neglecting impartial inquiry into the least of their complaints, and to deserve for Great Britain their respect as a nation, by observing British obligations

to them as strictly as I insisted upon the performance of theirs to the British; also by honestly, and as far as my official position would permit, doing all in my power to encourage them with my best advice and assistance in their efforts to establish a good government for themselves—and I am proud to say that in so doing I was most successful in gaining their thorough confidence and esteem for myself and my nationality.

They had, I knew, when they first heard of the likelihood of my being relieved, sent a petition praying that I might be left amongst them, and now were most anxious that I should remain in the capacity in which, in October, 1881, I was first recommended to them, the refusal of which appointment they had never ceased to think was not as it should have been.

My first leave-taking was on my officially introducing my successor to the King and Government, on which occasion, after her Majesty's Commission was read, many complimentary speeches were made and thanks given me for all my acts whilst in office. Requesting them to transfer to my successor the courtesies and kind regard I had all along experienced at their hands, which they cordially promised to do, I ended my official connection with the Samoan Government.

This was not, however, my last meeting with them, for a short time afterwards Malietoa and his men invited me to a farewell banquet at the seat of Government at Mulinuu, where I had passed many

an interesting hour studying the people I had thought I should have to pass a great portion of my life amongst, and whom I had grown so much to like. Such conduct, however, as it turned out, did not appear to please the powers that were, for it happened that many hints I had received from Germans to the effect that if I did not cease to oppose them in their native intrigues, my relief would be effected—warnings I could not bring myself to believe had any official significance—did prove true, and my official reign in Samoa was brought to an end.

The dinner came off with all the now familiar peculiarities of Samoan custom, and hecatombs of pigs, fowls, taro, yams, and other delicacies of the season; and many were the good wishes of the King and his men for my future welfare, and that I should some time go out and see them once again; and many were the courteous messages that I was entrusted with for the English people generally.

With a grand banquet given me by my good friends of Apia, when old associations, both of pleasure and pain, were once again discussed and dismissed probably for ever, my experiences in the Navigators came to an end.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Description of the Samoans—Disposition—White Intrigue—Adverse to Bloodshed—Respect for Property—Tattooing—Costume—Novel use for the Union Jack—Outraged British Sentiment—Success of Trade—Women's Dress—Head-dress—Hair-dressing—Language—Final Remarks.

THE Samoans are true Polynesians, of the lightest colour of the race, of grand physique, and of most prepossessing exterior and manner. With regard to both mental and social disposition, they hold the highest position in the Pacific. They are well affected towards strangers, especially the British, and from them missionary teachers have been drawn for service in all parts of the islands; even in New Guinea they are to be found. They are naturally of a simple mind, peaceable, hospitable, and generous. Though they have had a great amount of war amongst themselves, they do not love fighting for its own sake, and within the last twenty years their wars have been mostly the effect of mischievous white interference with native affairs, and thrust upon them by the intrigues of foreigners, who wilfully fomented mischief amongst them to serve their own purposes.

The Samoans respect the proprieties, and enforce a code of morals which, although not perhaps including every enactment desirable, has, nevertheless, operated to preserve their self-respect, and to render them immeasurably superior in the matter of good behaviour to most of the surrounding groups. In all their wars they respected the lives of non-combatants, such as infirm persons, children, women, and teachers. Before the arrival of the missionaries, they had but the mildest form of idolatry, and never were given to infanticide or human sacrifice in any shape. Treachery is no part of their nature, nor is ingratitude; they treat their women with great respect and kindness, and their children with the most extravagant affection. In a bargain their word may be depended upon, and they will never break a promise of which they have been truly made to comprehend the conditions.

Thus in all their land transactions no disputes subsequent to the original transfer have been known to take place in cases where the conditions of the bargain had been truly interpreted to the vendors. They have of late years been addicted to thieving from the plantations, but only food; and in most cases they justify themselves by saying that the land fromwhence they take the produce was stolen from them; and, on the other side, I have heard plantation-managers boast that their black labourers more than make up for Samoan pilferings in their leisure moments, and on Sundays. They have never, however, denied their liability to pay for the produce taken; but it is most wonderful to see how much a

cocoa-nut or a pig rises in value when charged against a Samoan out of the ordinary course of trade.

On the whole, throughout all their troubles they showed the greatest respect for the property of Europeans, and a very praiseworthy desire to bring to justice any of their own people who maliciously injured or annoyed them. War, which so demoralizes even the most enlightened of Christian people, could not fail to bring out in high relief many dark traits of former barbarianism in their character; but when free from its evil influences they have no sympathy with violence or dishonesty, and I believe that all British officers who have been brought into contact with them have found them generally courteous, right-minded, and open to conviction.

The men, in spite of missionary denunciation, still adhere to the practice of tattooing their bodies from the hips down to the knees, making a naked Samoan always appear as though he had on a pair of blue silk netted knee-breeches. A youth is not respected until he is tattooed, and can get no girl to marry him, but sometimes cannot afford to pay for the operation; an untattooed man is invariably a very poor one. A tattooer's profession is very lucrative, and generally descends from father to son. The instruments are various, of comb-like shape, made of human bone of different sizes, from two inches long downwards, to suit the various traceries required. The operation takes from two to three months, during which time the patients remain in the bush at some retired place. When a young chief is about to

be tattooed, as many of his friends as can afford it join in the party ; and so the tattooer is kept pretty well employed going from one to the other, doing a small piece at a time on each individual, and so permitting an interval of rest from the tiresome torture. All this time the relations keep bringing mats, money, and food, which if not produced with sufficient liberality the professor will strike work, and refuse to resume it until a proper present be made, which is always forthcoming, for no Samoan could face the shame of going about half-tattooed ; it would be worse than nothing at all, and an everlasting brand of cowardice and meanness.

Before the introduction of European goods, the costume of the Samoans consisted of solely a waist-cloth made of all sorts of bush-leaves, but principally those of the Ti-tree (*Dracæna terminalis*), grown round about their dwellings for the purpose. They also used mats of various manufacture, woven from different kinds of fibre to be found in the bush.

The leaves above mentioned are pointed and lance-shaped, averaging about eighteen inches in length by four in breadth, and richly variegated with colours graduating from a bright scarlet to a beautiful deep bronze-green. They are strung round the waist, hanging points downwards, and form by no means an unhandsome article of dress, which has the additional attraction of being thoroughly native.

Another remarkable kind of lava-lava—Anglicè, waist-cloth—is made from the large leaf of the Musu-oe, a bush-tree, from the flowers of which the Samoans

derive their most favourite scent. The leaves of this tree being passed through the fire, turn quite black. It is worn in a similar manner to the Ti girdle. Other sorts of leafy coverings are made from banana-leaves, and for temporary purposes, such as bathing, from the many vines so plentiful everywhere.

In their towns and villages, when not at work they wear the Siapo or native cloth, which is also used, formed into a rectangular sort of tent, to divide off the house at night into sleeping quarters, and act as mosquito-curtains. On grand occasions, such as the arrival of distinguished visitors, marriages, great feasts, etc., both males and females wear as many as possible of their very fine mats manufactured from the fibre of a species of pandanus, and which form their principal valuables. The costume *de rigueur* for high officials is now a white linen shirt and a lava-lava of the light brown tapa of the country.

Since the introduction of European and American calicoes prints of all descriptions are used for lava-lavas. The colours are generally of the loudest, and the patterns in many cases of the most fearful and wonderful description, only to be seen at the place of their origin and in the South Seas, where they form a leading article of barter. A favourite pattern not long since was the Union Jack *pur et simple*, which suddenly made its appearance in the form of big handkerchiefs, which were used either as lava-lavas or shawls. This novel pattern took well, and gave rise to considerable amusement on the beach, owing to the action taken with regard to its suppression by a

then resident, who promoted in no small degree the very thing that he wished to abolish by noticing seriously so trifling a matter. He saw in the use that this novel pattern of fancy goods was put to, an insult to his nationality; his British feelings being most fearfully outraged at seeing various odoriferous savages promenading the town innocently resplendent in the gorgeous combination of colours displayed on the meteor flag of Old England.

For some time he raged, seizing every native he saw wearing the rag, and despoiling him of his guilty splendour—of course paying him for it, or giving him something of less pronounced individuality in exchange. His black servants also, fired with the national enthusiasm of their master, were permanently in ambush behind the palings, swooping out upon each hardened offender who might pass, and whom they thought they could safely assault.

So things went on without any appreciable diminution in the numbers of perambulating Union Jacks; and no wonder, for of course the store-keepers had noticed this flag-hunting going on, and seeing so good a market, were supplying the fashionable article as fast as it became annexed, and were soon, in collusion with the simple natives, doing a roaring trade.

The climax arrived when a great buck native was seen in all the pomp and circumstance of conceit swaggering down the beach gracefully draped in the folds of a real Royal Standard. He soon got run in, stripped, paid, and kicked out; and lucky it was for that man that he could not be brought in amenable

to British jurisdiction, with our friend for Judge, as he would have stood a very good chance of being found guilty of high treason, and suffering the extreme penalty of the law.

The fight against trade at last proved too much for the champion of the integrity of the British colours, who, trying to persuade himself that it was, after all, only a native way of demonstrating preference for the Old Country, and perhaps an acute desire for annexation, gave up his 'Jehad;' but not before he had become the happy possessor of some hundreds of yards of Union Jacks, and a goodly collection of Royal Standards.

A noticeable thing with regard to costume in Samoa is that whereas all Polynesian foreigners sojourning in the group affect, if they can afford it, European costume, and turn out in full suits, hats included, Samoans have never yet shown an inclination to go beyond the shirt and body-clothes; but on fête occasions nothing is more pleasing to their vanity than to be able to strut about in full or partial naval uniform, with sword, and if with cocked-hat so much the better. The women, as a rule, dress exactly the same as the men; but of late years have taken largely to wearing long flowing cotton robes or white chemises, which, with a coloured lava-lava, make no unhandsome or unsuitable dress for a young girl in such a climate. Another article of female dress was coming greatly into vogue, just before I left Samoa, introduced from Tonga—a short, sleeveless bodice, rather loosely cut, trimmed with a lace

edging. Some of these bodices are of great splendour, made from brilliant silks and satins; a favourite material is black velvet.

Beside the fighting headdress of the chiefs and principal warriors, the Samoans have no purely national one—and this is only mounted on state or particular occasions. It is made of human hair, specially grown for the purpose, and kept carefully limed to bleach it to the required colour, a light auburn. When long enough it is cut and made into a sort of wig, and being fastened on the top of a warrior's naturally ample allowance, surmounting a bandeau of pearl-shell, with an aigrette in the shape of a round mirror clasping a bunch of the straight scarlet feathers of the boatswain bird fixed in the front, forms a formidable and most peculiar feature in Samoan full dress.

In ordinary life the head is seldom covered, but Samoans will at times, when the sun is powerful, wind pieces of Siapo (native cloth) round their heads in the form of a huge turban. In rainy weather, to prevent their hair from getting wet—a thing they abominate—they will use the young leaf of the banana for a covering, somewhat after the fashion of a sou'-wester. The leaf, of a most lovely green, is gathered in folds round the head, and tied there by a circlet of creepers or fibre, leaving the edges projecting from and round the head after the fashion of a Tudor hat. Mounted with a few bright flowers and ornamental leaves, which are sure to be added should any such be at hand, the effect is ex-

tremely pretty; and without doubt, if it were seen in civilized parts, it would form a model for a new craze in ladies' hats.

There are many other fashions in use, but all more for the sake of ornament than any other purpose, such as garlands of bright-hued flowers or variegated leaves. Sometimes a headdress of the withered leaf of the banana will be worn, which, although unattractive in colour—a dusty brown—is peculiarly striking from the wild appearance it gives the wearer. All these last fashions are varied at their own sweet will—of course, regulated by the material at disposal.

For church-going and special high holidays and junketings, all females who can afford it turn out in trade-hats of the most atrocious build and villainous blend of colours. There is not the most remote attempt to make them, either in shape or hue, agreeable to the eye—at least, from a European point of view; and consequently the certain effect of a native wearing one of these abominations is to make an otherwise good-looking girl simply hideous, and an ill-favoured one beyond visual endurance. However, these things are looked upon by the native pastors as a necessary missionary adjunct, and a *sine quâ non* to church membership. This is observed so far that should a member retire from her position she will more often than otherwise discontinue wearing her hat.

The Samoans have no regular or national method of dressing their hair; it is arranged according to each one's individual fancy; but one and all,

male or female, no matter what fashion they may affect, devote a considerable portion of their spare time to its cultivation and beautifying. One can rarely pass through a village without seeing some branch of hair-dressing, either cutting, oiling, combing, liming, or shaving. Flower adornments meet with general favour. A flower is never more than a second or two in the hands of a native before it is transferred to the hair. When feasting or visiting, coronets and garlands, most elaborately woven with the greatest possible taste from all sorts of bright-hued flowers, berries and variegated leaves, invariably mixed with the high-scented leaf of the Muso-oe, are worn by both men and women, who never lose an opportunity of so adorning themselves.

Another generally observed habit is, by the continued application of lime, to artificially produce a light-coloured hair, of the shade at one time so fashionable at home; or by the aid of a sort of clay, to stain it a deep red, a tint which, if I am not greatly mistaken, was also very much affected at one time in the Old Country, and produced by artificial means. The light colour is the most general, on account, I suppose, of its being at the time of manufacture the most useful. It is produced by plastering the hair once or twice a week with a thick coating, well rubbed and combed in, of lime burnt from the coral-rock. This is allowed to remain during the day, but is washed out in the evening, and in course of time produces the desired effect. Seeing the natives going about with snowy-white heads, one is quaintly put in

mind of the old *poudré* days. The men present the appearance of very much sunburnt barristers, only immensely more natural. When these white heads are set off with bright-coloured flowers and leaves, the effect, contrasting with the dark skin, is most striking. The *coup d'œil* of a young girl, with her good-looking merry bronze face surmounted by white hair, crowned with the scarlet flowers of the Hibiscus, or other vivid-coloured flowers or leaves, her supple form, untrammelled and undistorted by any of our so-called civilized improvements, dressed in her native style, is worth a journey to see, and to see is to approve.

The hair of the men, as also a good proportion of the women's, is worn short; but in war-time many of the former allow it to grow until it presents an enormous mop, kept together by a string, and very likely meant to deaden the blow from a club.

It would be impossible to describe the innumerable different methods of wearing the hair adopted in Samoa. One man will grow his hair for a year or two, keeping the sides and back closely clipped, whilst the hair on the crown is permitted to grow up, confined close to the clipped part, in the form of a great mushroom, about eighteen inches above the scalp, and which from being liberally treated with lime becomes quite blonde in colour. It is very curious to see this great bunch of almost white material standing straight out on a human being's head, from a parterre of quite dark and ordinary hair. In old times it was only certain chosen individuals

who were allowed to wear their hair like that, and when it became long enough it was cut and made into the wig or fighting headdress worn by the chief warriors.

Another man will be close-cropped, but leave one lock hanging down behind à la Chinoise, bleached or not, just as it may please him. Then, again, will be seen a gay young spark with a crest running lengthwise over his head, whilst a third will rejoice in a similar adornment breadthwise. In fact, any Samoan of the present day wishing to become a howling swell by striking out for himself some new fashion of wearing hair, would have immense difficulty in inventing anything that has not already been appropriated.

Amongst young boys and girls, the fashions are still more rich in variety. The fond mothers are never tired of arranging their children's hair in all sorts of curious devices. One of their chief objects in life appears to be the invention of new patterns for their progeny's heads, and what with complete shaving, long hair, short hair, pigtails, irregular tufts, blanched and natural colour at the same time on one scalp, the most cunning and wonderful effects are produced.

To describe the various patterns that may be met with in one day's march would be an interminable task, so suffice it to say that anyone taking an interest in 'barberism' would find in Samoa an inexhaustible field for inspiration; and could he patent all the tonsorial novelties that he would meet with

in one week, and induce their adoption in Europe, he would soon be in a position to retire from active life.

The Samoan language is very soft and liquid in pronunciation, which has deservedly obtained for it the distinction of the Italian of the Pacific, but is difficult of thorough attainment, owing to its many inflections and accents, one of which, in very many cases, if wrongly placed, would reverse the entire sense of a word.

It is also greatly a language of idioms, and the value or meaning of many a word has to be estimated and fixed by the context, correct practice of which is only to be attained by a long sojourn amongst the islanders. In fact, the oldest settler in Samoa has always something to learn in the shape of new words and idioms continually being introduced.

Of late years an odious practice of using the letter T as K has sprung up, but this is not used by any high-class men. Thorough acquaintance with the Samoan tongue is made still more difficult by two distinct languages existing, one for chiefs and another for commoners; and in some cases there are three different degrees of address according to rank. For instance, a commoner's wife is termed 'avā,' that of the head of the family 'faletua;' whilst the higher-class wife demands the address of 'Tamaitai.' A commoner has 'mata,' eyes, but a chief has 'fofoga;' a chief's food is 'taumafa,' a commoner's 'ai;' the axe of the latter is called 'toi,' whilst it would be considered disrespectful to

name that of a chief anything but a 'faasagaese,' and many similar distinctions.

Owing to there being no special difficulties of pronunciation, the language can be easily learned in a short time sufficiently for everyday wants to be expressed, but for anything approaching oratory it takes years to master.

The Samoans are, both in person and in their domestic life, most scrupulously clean, bathing never less than twice a day.

Finally, taking the Samoans for all in all, and judging from their past history and present condition, there is not a people more worthy of consideration and preservation, more susceptible of improvement, or more willing to be taught to take that position amongst the enlightened races that they have so often and so earnestly sought our help to win.

THE END.

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